

The NEWS and FASHION MAGAZINE of the SCREEN N.S.E.

# PHOTOPLAY

NOVEMBER

25 CENTS  
30 Cents in Canada



JOAN  
CRAWFORD

The STRANGEST FRIENDSHIP  
IN HOLLYWOOD



# "SMILIN' THRU"

A PICTURE THAT STIRS  
MOONLIGHT MEMORIES



*Norma Shearer*

FREDRIC MARCH

LESLIE HOWARD

*From the play by Jane Cowl  
and Jane Murn. Screen play  
by Ernest Vajda and Claud-  
ine West. Dialogue by Donald  
Ogden Stewart and James  
Bernard Fagan.*

*Directed by*  
**SIDNEY FRANKLIN**

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of "Grand Hotel" and many of the pictures which you have most enjoyed, believe that in "Smilin' Through" they have created the greatest love story the screen has ever known. We predict that this picture, with its moonlight memories, its tears and its romance will be one picture you will never forget. We predict that Norma Shearer to whom you have given great popularity will win your heart all over again.

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER TRIUMPH



# WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Hours at the Bridge Table . . .  
No time at all for her teeth and gums  
and she has "Pink Tooth Brush"!

LET her exercise her wits on contract all she wants to! But if she wants to be attractive when she smiles and talks, it would pay her to spend a few seconds a day exercising her gums!

People get a mighty good close-up of your teeth at the bridge table! How about *your* teeth and gums? If you have flabby, sickly gums—if you have "pink tooth brush"—watch out! Before long, you may be ashamed to smile!

Modern foods are too soft to exercise the gums properly. And when your gums become soft and tender, you're likely to find "pink" on your tooth brush pretty regularly.

Do you realize that "pink tooth brush" robs the teeth of their natural polish?—that it opens the way for gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even pyorrhea?—that it endangers sound teeth?

Do this: Clean your teeth with Ipana

Tooth Paste. But each time, rub a little *extra* Ipana right into those unhealthy gums of yours. The ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, sends fresh blood speeding through the gums, and helps to firm them back to health.

Start in today with this Ipana régime. Your teeth will be *so* much whiter and brighter! And if you'll keep using Ipana with massage, you won't have to give a thought to "pink tooth brush." You'll be rid of it!

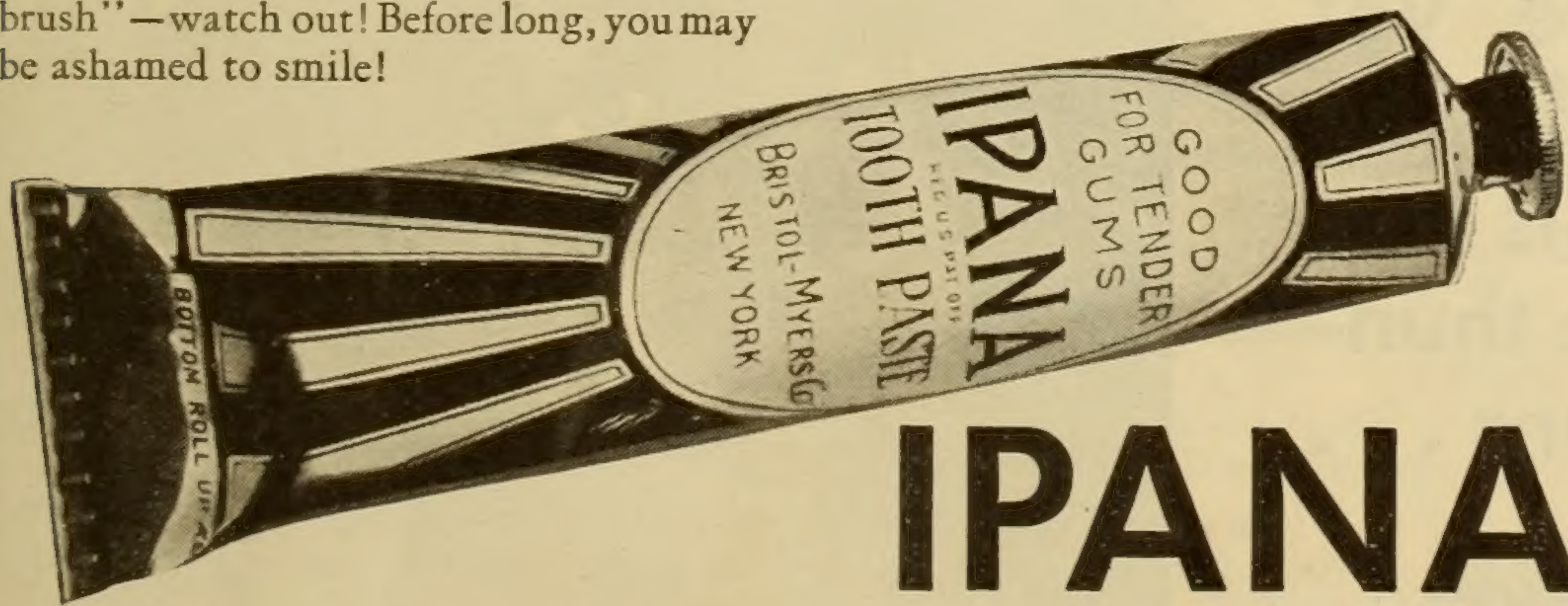
BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I-112  
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street .....

City..... State.....



## IPANA TOOTH PASTE

A GOOD TOOTH PASTE, LIKE A GOOD DENTIST, IS NEVER A LUXURY





# HELEN HAYES AND GARY COOPER

## "A FAREWELL TO ARMS"

WITH  
**ADOLPHE MENJOU**

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

*Adapted to the screen from Ernest Hemingway's Famous Novel by Laurence Stallings (Co-Author of "What Price Glory")*

Into the giant tapestry of a world in pain is woven the most tumultuous and passionate romance yet written or screened. The mad mating of souls lost for love's sake, to the thunderous roaring of guns . . .



*Paramount*  *Pictures*  
PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK



# PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLII No. 6

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*

November, 1932



**Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year**

1920	1921	1922
"HUMOR-ESQUE"	"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ROBIN HOOD"
1923	1924	1925
"The COVERED WAGON"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	"THE BIG PARADE"
1926	1927	1928
"BEAU GESTE"	"7th HEAVEN"	"FOUR SONS"
1929	1930	
"DISRAELI"	"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"	
1931		
"CIMARRON"		

## Information and Service

Brickbats and Bouquets . . . . .	6
Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems . . . . .	76
Questions and Answers . . . . .	88
Hollywood Menus . . . . .	101
Screen Memories From PHOTOPLAY . . . . .	124
Addresses of the Stars . . . . .	126
Casts of Current Photoplays . . . . .	130

## High-Lights of This Issue

Close-Ups and Long-Shots . . . . .	KATHRYN DOUGHERTY	25
Jean Harlow Continues Work in "Red Dust" . . . . .		28
No Chaplin Honors for Garbo . . . . .	AXEL INGWERSON	30
Ah! These Clever Hollywood Blondes! . . . . .	SUSAN MASON	34
Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood . . . . .		36
"I Surrender, Dear" . . . . .	LOIS SHIRLEY	40
The Strangest Friendship in Hollywood . . . . .	RUTH BIERY	46
"Youth Hasn't Changed" . . . . .	AS TOLD TO ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS	48
History Repeats Itself in "Rasputin" . . . . .		50
"Make My Willie A Star!" . . . . .	HARRY LANG	52
Lili Dramatizes Her Gowns . . . . .		54
They Say "No, No, Janet" . . . . .	KATHERINE ALBERT	55
Harold Offers \$1,000 to PHOTOPLAY Readers for Gags . . . . .		60
Seymour—PHOTOPLAY's Style Authority . . . . .		62
Lo, the Poor Russian . . . . .	GEORGE BRABANT, JR.	69
Make Your Figure Perfect by Diet, Exercise, Massage . . . . .	SYLVIA	72
The Hollywood Beauty Shop . . . . .	CAROLYN VAN WYCK	76

## Photoplay's Famous Reviews

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures . . . . .	8
The Shadow Stage . . . . .	56
Short Subjects of the Month . . . . .	121

## Personalities

The Return of Clara Bow . . . . .	HENRY CROSBY	27
Why Chevalier Sits Alone . . . . .	JACK GRANT	29
Whoie! Here Comes Joe E. . . . .	SARA HAMILTON	32
Ricardo is a Riddle . . . . .	EVALINE LIEBER	45
What's All This Chatter About Novarro? . . . . .	KATHERINE ALBERT	49
He Ordered Ham And Eggs . . . . .		70
She Won't Take Exercise . . . . .		70
She Reads Comic Strips . . . . .		71
He Yearns To Be Funny . . . . .		71
This Is Bob Montgomery . . . . .	SARA HAMILTON	74
Lew Wants Another Chance . . . . .	JACK GRANT	82

Published monthly by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING Co.

Publishing Office, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Editorial Offices, 221 W. 57th St., New York City

The International News Company, Ltd., Distributing Agents, 5 Bream's Building, London, England

ROBERT M. EASTMAN, Vice-President

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, Treasurer

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, President

EDWIN C. CRAWFORD, Secretary

EVELYN McEVILLY, Assistant Secretary

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; \$3.50 Canada; \$3.50 for foreign countries. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order. CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you.

Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1932, by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago



# The Audience Talks Back

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to suit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.



"There's a lesson for every woman and every man in 'Back Street,'" says one reader in a Bouquet letter. "John Boles and Irene Dunne made the *Walter and Ray* of Fannie Hurst's great novel seem vivid human beings, whose weaknesses and strength I could understand"

## THE \$25 LETTER

Time goes on, and once the thoughts of life's evening filled me with dread. I knew what it brought, for I had seen my mother when its shadows began to lengthen over her. Her work had been finished; her brood of children raised and in homes of their own. Before her lay the wait for death with nothing to fill it but memories. The children had taken the best years of her life and left only reminiscences. And endless recollection soon merged into senility.

Time swept on. I became a wife—mother—widow—grandmother. Do I live with memories? No! Around the corner is a little movie house. Each night I wash and dry my dishes, put on my hat and make a bee-line for it. Within those two hours I satisfy not only the beauty and romance I have been denied, but also the beauty and romance denied to my mother and my grandmother. The vitality of the talkies sustains me. With all of the sincerity which my eighty years are capable of, I thank the movies for making this pause between the end of one job and the beginning of another so pleasant.

MRS. ANNIE CATHER, Charlottesville, Va.

## THE \$10 LETTER

We're a bridge club of twelve girls, and over the refreshments we discuss the screen stars. We think, for instance:

That we'd enjoy the movies just as much if Garbo stayed home.

That Joan Crawford has a perfect right to experiment with her make-up; it's her mouth

and her own affair if she wants to make it bigger.

That the most interesting couple in Hollywood is Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons—we could go for Cedric ourselves.

That if Gary Cooper (our favorite) goes snooty we'll just change over without any trouble to John Wayne.

**B**ESIDES winning the \$25 prize, Mrs. Annie Cather's letter must win all hearts this month. Of the hundreds of interesting and sincere letters that come to us daily, hers is one of the loveliest tributes to the screen. Here's wishing you many more happy movie hours, Grandma Cather!

What an eloquent and often amusing exchange of ideas there are. Pro and con opinions are rampant on such films as "Horse Feathers," "Strange Interlude," "Life Begins" and "Love Me Tonight." "Back Street" brought nothing but praise, and "The Age of Consent" got a huge vote because of its sincere treatment of a vital subject. "Bird of Paradise" was lauded "because it is different."

Plenty of posies for players, too, with big red roses for the "glamour girls," headed by Garbo. And just wait until you see the newest exponent, Katharine Hepburn, in "A Bill of Divorcement" (reviewed in this issue).

That Constance Bennett begins to see the error of too much iciness and has begun to melt slightly—we go to see all of her pictures, but she never displaces Joan for a minute.

That Karen Morley, Kay Johnson and Peggy Shannon are actresses.

That in spite of her fine acting, something's happened to Norma Shearer; none of us like her as well as we did.

That Ken Murray in "Crooner" is better than Gable ever was.

That H. B. Warner is everything—plus.

That we'd like to see Joan Crawford and Gary Cooper play together in a picture similar to "Bad Girl"—a normal, healthy young couple, no neurotics or psychoses, just life, love and a couple of babies maybe.

LOUISE TROST, Jersey City, N. J.

## THE \$5 LETTER

May I speak as an advocate of the "shady dames" that some of the other readers seem to scorn? I should just hate to see Marlene Dietrich, Garbo or Constance Bennett playing sweet little innocents, even if they could! We have come to associate them with such fine films as "Shanghai Express," "Mata Hari" and "Bought," and we want to keep right on seeing them in the same sort of colorful rôles.

If all the heroines turn goody-goody, I shall have to take my modest shilling to church!

DILYES DINGLE, Portsmouth, England.

## "STRANGE INTERLUDE"

I think that "Strange Interlude" is one of the finest pictures I have ever seen. First honors should go to Eugene O'Neill and the producers who had courage and foresight enough to attempt an experimental picture. The masterful performances of the cast leave nothing to be desired.

We need more pictures like this one. They add new color to a film industry whose coat at times seems very drab.

D. OLIVER MERRELL, Lake City, Minn.

Why was Clark Gable chosen for the part of the doctor in "Strange Interlude"? Any one of a dozen able actors could have carried it off to much greater advantage—men with grace, charm and subtlety—he is not the type. He did not age gracefully.

Norma Shearer does a charming piece of work until her son is graduated from the university, at the age, let us say, of twenty-two. What need for his handsome mother, who took life very calmly after she decided not to take her lover or her husband seriously, to make up old enough to be her son's grandmother?

She wrecked an otherwise fine portrait by suddenly becoming old, decrepit and too utterly silly for words.

Women like *Nina* do not grow old quite that way—they get every care and even ride over others to get it. Her ghastly experience in her youth made her harsh and indifferent later on, and she would no longer permit things to grieve her. She was the object of much love and devotion. People like that age late and gracefully.

NEL M. LURRIE

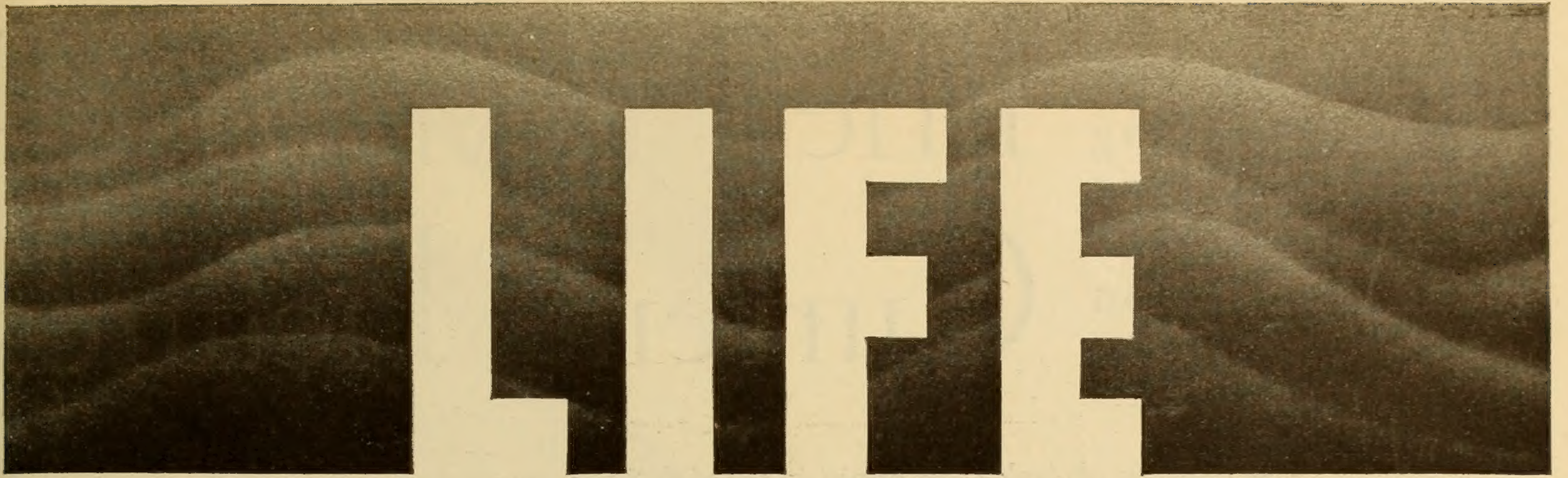
I don't think Clark Gable's rôle in "Strange Interlude" was suited to his type, but the fact that he made it so believable is a great tribute to his acting ability.

And one of your writers said recently that he isn't versatile!

JOHN ELDERMAN, Philadelphia, Penna.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14 ]





## • New York hails a new hit!

**"Life Begins" draws greatest critical ovation in years on Broadway. Read every word of these sensational opinions by famous critics—for every word says "You must see it!"**

"A film for all the women of all the world. And for every man born of woman, too. Startling, tensely dramatic, would wring weeps from a stone god—or a living one ... 'Life Begins' fulfills every promise, every hope."

*N. Y. American*

"Warner Brothers develop a new idea ... 'Life Begins' ... ought to be seen."

*Arthur Brisbane  
in his column "Today"*

"A true, simple masterpiece of motion picture drama . . . It is a great photoplay . . ."

*N. Y. Journal*

"Ought to make Hollywood sit up and respect itself."

*N. Y. Post*

"A searching human document that will stir the heart and mind and soul of every man and woman who views it . . . will linger in the memory of everyone long after most pictures have been forgotten."

*Film Daily*

"Refreshing, terrifying, astounding."

*Hollywood Reporter*

"Four stars . . . Film epic . . . Genuinely dramatic film."

*N. Y. News*

"Strong drama, powerful pathos, rich humor, everything which goes to make an entertaining movie went into this one."

*N. Y. Mirror*

**"'Life Begins' turns all eyes to  
WARNER BROS."**

*— N. Y. American*



With Loretta Young . . . Eric Linden . . . Aline McMahon . . . Preston Foster . . . Glenda Farrell  
Directed by James Flood . . . Co-directed by Elliott Nugent . . . A First National Picture



Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

**AFTER TOMORROW**—Fox.—You'll like this because it is clean, it has charm and is sincerely acted by Charlie Farrell and Marian Nixon. (May)

★ **AGE OF CONSENT, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Here's your chance for a true-to-life look at a co-educational college. And don't miss Dorothy Wilson, a newcomer, who does exceptional acting. (Sept.)

**AMATEUR DADDY**—Fox.—If you can imagine Warner Baxter mothering a brood of orphaned children you'll enjoy this. Great for the kids. (May)

★ **AMERICAN MADNESS**—Columbia.—Here is the first picture that looks "The Depression" straight in the eye. Don't miss it! Walter Huston's performance is flawless. (Sept.)

**AREN'T WE ALL?**—Paramount-British Prod.—Gertrude Lawrence in a very British, very, very talkie Lonsdale comedy. (Sept.)

★ **ARE YOU LISTENING?**—M-G-M.—Grand stuff behind the scenes of a broadcasting company with Billy Haines doing a straight dramatic rôle excellently. Madge Evans fine. (May)

**ARM OF THE LAW, THE**—Monogram.—A bunch of gold diggers chisel away in a fair mystery story. (July)

★ **AS YOU DESIRE ME**—M-G-M.—Garbo, Von Stroheim and Melvyn Douglas in a fantastic love story you mustn't miss. Garbo is marvelous. (July)

★ **ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE**—Columbia.—Courtroom drama with a surprise finish and grand performances by Edmund Lowe and Evelyn Brent. (July)

**AVALANCHE**—First Division.—The daredevil German flier, Ernst Udet, who appeared in "White Hell." There are gorgeous mountain scenic shots but story lacks emotional quality. English dialogue stilted. (June)

**BACHELOR'S AFFAIRS**—Fox.—Adolphe Menjou in a sophisticated and amusingly cynical piece about marriage and all that. (Aug.)

**BACHELOR'S FOLLY**—World Wide-Gainsborough.—All about honor among race-horse owners. With those two real-life romancers, Herbert Marshall and Edna Best. (Sept.)

★ **BACK STREET**—Universal.—Fannie Hurst's heartrending tale of unconventional love, in which Irene Dunne and John Boles rise to new heights. (Sept.)

**BEAUTY PARLOR**—Chesterfield.—Two little manicurists (Joyce Compton and Barbara Kent) find it pays to be good, even in a beauty parlor. (Oct.)

**BEHIND STONE WALLS**—Mayfair Pictures.—An impetuous woman shoots her lover. High tension drama is the result. Priscilla Dean is the attractive adventuress. Robert Elliott and Edward Nugent are fine. (June)

**BIG CITY BLUES**—Warners.—Just another version of the innocent youth in the big city—this time with Joan Blondell and Eric Linden. (Aug.)

**BIG PARADE, THE**—M-G-M. (Reissued with sound).—Sound effects skilfully added to an old favorite. (Aug.)

**BIG TIMER, THE**—Columbia.—A prize-fight yarn with lots of laughs. Ben Lyon plays a "ham" fighter and Constance Cummings is the girl. Good clean fun. (June)

★ **BIRD OF PARADISE**—RKO-Radio.—A real million dollar production with romantic love scenes, beautifully played by Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea. But the story seems out of date now. (Oct.)

★ **BLESSED EVENT**—Warners.—A real picture, with Lee Tracy hilariously funny as the big-shot chatter columnist. (Aug.)

**BLONDE CAPTIVE, THE**—Australian Expedition Syndicate.—An exciting travelogue in aboriginal Australia until the last reel, which is a bit thick. (May)

**BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES**—M-G-M.—Interesting backstage atmosphere. Marion Davies and Billie Dove play Follies Girls rôles and Robert Montgomery and Jimmy Durante furnish the romance and comedy. (Oct.)

**BORDER DEVILS**—Supreme.—Harry Carey as a cowboy in the Mexican Badlands. (July)

★ **BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE**—RKO-Van Beuren.—One of the most amazing animal pictures ever made, and absolutely authentic. (July)

**BROKEN WING, THE**—Paramount.—Love and adventure below the Rio Grande with Lupe Velez, Leo Carrillo and Melvyn Douglas playing the old hokum exceptionally well. (May)

**BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK**—M-G-M.—Sophisticated situations. Bob Montgomery wisecracks and you'll remember Heather Thatcher, Hollywood's only woman monocle wearer. (May)

— Seymour

tells what's new in  
Hollywood fashions  
in the enlarged

Style  
Section  
in this issue of  
PHOTOPLAY  
Magazine

**CABIN IN THE COTTON, THE**—First National.—Dick Barthelmess excellent in this well-told story of the Old South. Bette Davis and Dorothy Jordan add "girl interest." (Oct.)

**CARELESS LADY**—Fox.—Joan Bennett in a charming comedy with good situations and John Boles. (May)

**CARNIVAL BOAT**—RKO-Pathé.—Runaway trains and fist fights fail to lift this Bill Boyd lumber camp melodrama above the mediocre. (May)

**CHEATERS AT PLAY**—Fox.—Thomas Meighan works hard in an old-fashioned story about a reformed crook and his long lost son. (May)

**COHENS AND KELLYS IN HOLLYWOOD**—Universal.—A peek behind the Klieg lights and microphones. (May)

★ **CONGORILLA**—Fox.—Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson's adventures among a tribe of Congo pygmies in Africa. Great stuff! (Sept.)

**CONGRESS DANCES**—UFA-United Artists.—A pleasing picture made in Germany with English dialogue. Good performances by Lilian Harvey, Lil Dagover and Conrad Veidt. (June)

**COUNTY FAIR, THE**—Monogram.—Action and thrills galore. A race-horse story sprinkled generously with humor. Buster Collier, Marion Shilling and Hobart Bosworth give excellent performances. (June)

**CRASH, THE**—First National.—Yes, it's about the Depression. But it's even more depressing to see Ruth Chatterton and husband George Brent wasted on such an unbelievable story. (Oct.)

**CROONER**—First National.—Hands a loud but amusing razz to radio crooners. David Manners plays the college lad who croons his way to fame, and Ken Murray and Ann Dvorak help make it entertaining. (Oct.)

**CROWD ROARS, THE**—Warners.—Some of the best auto race track stuff ever filmed. Uh-huh, Jimmy Cagney socks the girls. (May)

**CRY OF THE WORLD, THE**—International Film Foundation.—Propaganda against war, made from newsreels of the years since 1914. (July)

★ **DANCERS IN THE DARK**—Paramount.—Jack Oakie turns in a great performance. Miriam Hopkins is the dime-a-dance girl. (May)

**DANGERS OF THE ARCTIC**—Explorer's Film Prod.—If you're an ardent travelog fan, you may want to add this to your collection. Not unusual. (Sept.)

★ **DARK HORSE, THE**—First National.—One of the funniest films in years—a political satire with Warren William and Guy Kibbee. You must see this. (Aug.)

★ **DESTRY RIDES AGAIN**—Universal.—The king of Westerns is back. Kids shouldn't miss Tom Mix and Tony. (May)

**DEVIL'S LOTTERY**—Fox.—Winners of the Calcutta Sweepstakes find themselves together under one roof and the consequences are thoroughly amazing and interesting. Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen. (May)

**DEVIL AND THE DEEP**—Paramount.—Introducing Charles Laughton, an actor you'll remember. Triangle stuff, with Laughton a jealous, crazed submarine commander, Tallulah Bankhead the wife and Gary Cooper the lover. Breathtaking undersea shots. (Oct.)

**DISCARDED LOVERS**—Tower Prod.—Fast-moving and novel mystery story. Natalie Moorhead is the vamp who pays the penalty. Good cast and direction. (June)

**DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY**—M-G-M.—Jackie Cooper's best since "The Champ." All about what happens to children when parents divorce and marry again. Lois Wilson, Lewis Stone and Conrad Nagel are the grown-ups. (Oct.)

**DOCTOR X**—First National.—Something new—a murder mystery in Technicolor with plenty of thrills. (Aug.)

★ **DOOMED BATTALION, THE**—Universal.—A breath-taking picture photographed in the Austrian Tyrol. Terrific suspense when an Austrian soldier has to decide between love and duty. Victor Varconi, Luis Trenker and Tala Birell. (June)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10 ]





# CLARA BOW

IN

## **CALL HER SAVAGE**

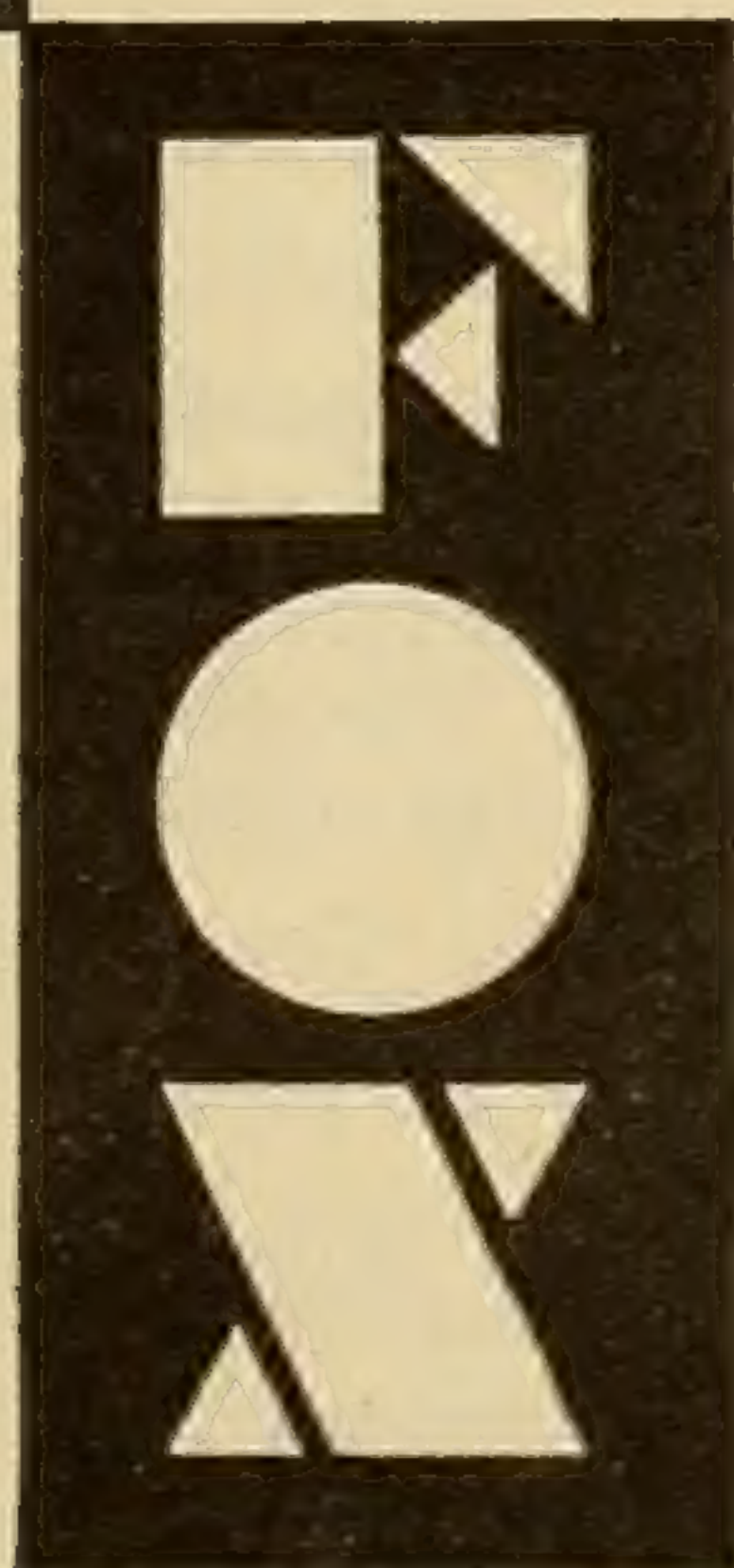
Best-seller by Tiffany Thayer

**SHE'S BACK!  
A GREATER  
CLARA BOW!**

The most important picture announcement of the current year. The answer to the overwhelming world-wide Public Demand for another Clara Bow picture.

Here she is! A New and Greater Clara Bow—revealing an amazing and brilliant dramatic ability, giving a performance that places her high among the screen's greatest emotional actresses.

Another triumph for FOX.





# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

**DOWNSTAIRS**—M-G-M.—Jack Gilbert does his best work in a long time as a chauffeur who bestows his attentions on both his lady boss and her maid. (Sept.)

**DOWN TO EARTH** — Fox. — In which Will Rogers gives some good advice about the depression. An entertaining little film. (Sept.)

**ESCAPADE** — Invincible. — Pleasantly sophisticated, about two men and a girl. (July)

**FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE, THE**—First National.—Joan Blondell in an exciting and realistic story of yellow journalism. (May)

**"FAST COMPANIONS"**—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "The Information Kid.")—Mickey Rooney, an eight-year-old, is the big surprise and Tom Brown and Jimmy Gleason are a great pair. Packed with horse racing excitement and fun. (June)

★ **FIRST YEAR, THE**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell in a story about the treacherous quicksands of marriage's first year. Well worth seeing. (Sept.)

**FLAMES**—First Division-Monogram.—If a fire engine siren thrills you, this picture is just your meat. Johnny Mack Brown is the hero. (Aug.)

**FORBIDDEN COMPANY** — Invincible. — Just another story of the rich young man and the poor girl. Ho-hum! (Sept.)

**FORGOTTEN COMMANDMENTS** — Paramount.—C. B. De Mille's "Ten Commandments" incorporated into a story of what Hollywood thinks modern Russia must be. Don't bother. (Aug.)

**GET THAT GIRL**—Richard Talmadge Prod.—Talmadge rescues the girl again. Ho-hum! (July)

**GIRL CRAZY**—Radio Pictures.—Wheeler and Woolsey in a hodge-podge musical comedy with Mitzi Green doing those marvelous imitations of famous stars. (May)

**GOLDEN MOUNTAINS**—Amkino.—A tedious drama, recommended for insomnia sufferers. Russian dialogue with English titles which do not adequately explain what little action there is. (June)

**GOONA-GOONA**—First Division.—A charming love story taken from an island of Bali legend. All native cast. (Sept.)

★ **GRAND HOTEL**—M-G-M.—Garbo, Joan Crawford, Lionel and Jack Barrymore, Wallace Beery, all together in Vicki Baum's famous play. And each performance is a gem. You'll never forgive yourself if you miss this. (May)

**GUILTY AS HELL**—Paramount.—Mystery with a chuckle. Murder with a wisecrack. And that sparkling friendly-enemies team of Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen. (Oct.)

**HEART OF NEW YORK, THE**—Warners.—Dale and Smith, those funny Jewish comedians, in a gag a minute. Short on story but long on laughs. (May)

**HELL FIRE AUSTIN**—World Wide.—Ken Maynard and his horse, Tarzan. Not much story, but plenty of action. (Sept.)

**HIGH SPEED**—Columbia.—The usual auto racing yarn—villain captures heroine (Loretta Sayers), and hero (Buck Jones), rescues fair damsel in time to win race. Plenty of action and good racing scenes. (June)

**HOLD 'EM JAIL**—RKO-Radio.—The kids and grown-ups, too, will get a kick out of Wheeler and Woolsey's impossible gags and the knock-out game by the jail football team. (Sept.)

**HOLLYWOOD SPEAKS**—Columbia.—Not in the running with all the good, true-to-life pictures that have been made about Hollywood. (Oct.)

★ **HORSE FEATHERS** — Paramount. — The four mad, hysterical Marx Brothers race through nine uproarious reels and Thelma Todd's bedroom. (Oct.)

**HUDDLE**—M-G-M.—Ramon Novarro, badly miscast, in a college football story. He sings one song. (July)

★ **IGLOO**—Universal.—A grand real life film of the Eskimo's struggle for existence. Educational and exciting. (Aug.)

★ **IS MY FACE RED?**—Radio Pictures.—Ricardo Cortez as America's premiere chatter columnist on the loose. Great stuff. (Aug.)

**ISLE OF PARADISE**—Adolph Pollak Prod.—A colorful film about the Island of Bali, excellently photographed. (Oct.)

**IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS**—First National.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is great as a national hero in a story with a brand-new theme. Mary Brian plays his wife. (May)

**JEWEL ROBBERY, THE**—Warners.—William Powell as a handsome and amorous burglar in a fairly gay film that tries to be smarter than it is. Kay Francis, excellent. (Aug.)

**KEEPERS OF YOUTH**—Best International Pictures.—Evils of the private school system in England. Heigh-ho, don't bother. (May)

**LADY AND GENT**—Paramount.—George Bancroft, as a liquor-soaked prize-fighter, does a grand job. You'll like Wynne Gibson, too. (Sept.)

**LAST MILE, THE**—World Wide.—Intense drama in the morbid setting of a penitentiary death house. George Stone's performance is outstanding. (Oct.)

**LAST OF THE MOHICANS, THE**—Mascot Pictures Corp.—A stirring serialization of the Cooper classic, that you'll want to follow from the first to the last chapter. (Aug.)

**LAW AND ORDER**—Universal.—Entertaining—every pistol shot, this blood and thunder Western with Walter Huston and Harry Carey. Nary a woman in the cast. (May)

**LAW OF THE WEST**—Sono Art-World Wide.—The same old gun play and hard riding. Bob Steele. (May)

**LENA RIVERS**—Tiffany Prod.—There are traditions in old Kentucky, huh! But this race horse story is too old-fashioned. (July)

★ **LETTY LYNTON**—M-G-M.—A gripping tale with Joan Crawford at her best, as Letty. Nils Asther is a fascinating villain and Robert Montgomery gives a skilful performance. The direction, plus a strong cast, make this picture well worth seeing. (June)

★ **LIFE BEGINS**—First National.—Unusual story, laid in a maternity ward where life begins and sometimes ends cruelly. Relieved by comedy, nevertheless a serious film, for adults only. Eric Linden, Aline MacMahon and Loretta Young head a fine cast. (Oct.)

**LOVE BOUND**—Peerless Prod.—A slow, ponderous picture. It becomes so involved that the outcome seems vague even to the players. Natalie Moorhead and Jack Mulhall. (June)

**LOVE IN HIGH GEAR**—Mayfair Pictures.—This is supposed to be funny. It isn't. All about brides, grooms and stolen pearls. (Sept.)

**LOVE IS A RACKET**—First National.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as a chatter columnist. Good work by Doug, Frances Dee and Ann Dvorak, but the story is weak. (July)

**LOVE'S COMMAND**—Tobis.—Tuneful marching songs and waltz rhythms. You can follow the plot whether or not you know German. (July)

★ **LOVE ME TONIGHT**—Paramount.—All through this riot of entertainment and catchy music you have zat naughty Chevalier, to say nothing of Jeanette MacDonald, and the Charlies Butterworth and Ruggles. (Oct.)

**MADAME RACKETEER**—Paramount.—Alison Skipworth as a crook who poses as a countess, gives one of those performances you don't forget. You'll get a full quota of laughs. (Sept.)

★ **MAKE ME A STAR**—Paramount.—Magnificent blending of laughs, tears and Hollywood studio secrets. Stuart Erwin and Joan Blondell are great! (Aug.)

**MAN ABOUT TOWN**—Fox.—Warner Baxter and Karen Morley seem wasted in an implausible story. (July)

**MAN CALLED BACK, THE** — Tiffany. — That old plot about the doctor who fumbled an important operation is all dressed up with a murder trial at the end. (Sept.)

**MAN FROM HELL'S EDGES**—World Wide.—Gun play, flying fists and fast horsemanship in this Bob Steele Western. (Aug.)

**MAN FROM NEW MEXICO, THE**—Monogram.—Tom Tyler in one of those "aha, me proud beauty" Westerns. (July)

**MAN FROM YESTERDAY, THE**—Paramount.—Another modern version of "Enoch Arden," this time with Claudette Colbert and Clive Brook. (Aug.)

**MAN'S LAND, A**—First Division-Allied.—Cattle rustling, nasty villains, Hoot Gibson's riding. (Aug.)

**MAN WANTED**—Warners.—A new twist to the "office wife" theme. Lovely Kay Francis is boss and David Manners, her secretary. Una Merkel and Andy Devine are very funny. (June)

★ **MERRILY WE GO TO HELL**—Paramount.—Fredric March plays the rôle of a charming drunkard, and you'll like Sylvia Sydney. (Aug.)

**MIDNIGHT LADY, THE**—Chesterfield.—The old "Madame X" story, but an evening's entertainment. (Aug.)

**MIDNIGHT PATROL, THE**—Monogram.—Another newspaper yarn, but with some brand-new angles. Regis Toomey, an ambitious cub reporter and Robert Elliott, a convincing detective. Betty Bronson is the girl. (June)

**MILLION DOLLAR LEGS**—Paramount.—Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields, Ben Turpin and Andy Clyde make this one continual round of swell fun and nonsense. (Sept.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12 ]

## Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

Page	Page	Page
Alias Mary Smith—Mayfair Pictures... 118	Hell's Highway—RKO-Radio... 58	Phantom President—Paramount... 57
Big Stampede, The—Warners... 119	Heritage of the Desert—Paramount... 58	Rain—United Artists... 57
Bill of Divorcement, A—RKO-Radio... 56	Klondike—Monogram... 118	Smilin' Through—M-G-M... 56
Blonde Venus—Paramount... 58	Last Man, The—Columbia... 119	Strange Justice—RKO-Radio... 119
Breach of Promise—World Wide... 118	Maedchen in Uniform—Carl Froelich Prod... 119	They Call It Sin—First National... 58
Chandu, The Magician—Fox... 59	Merry-Go-Round—Universal... 59	Those We Love—World Wide... 59
Crooked Circle, The—World Wide... 59	Night of June 13, The—Paramount... 58	Thirteenth Guest, The—First Division-Monogram... 59
Exposure—Tower Prod... 119	Outlaw Justice—Majestic Pictures... 118	Thrill of Youth, The—First Division-Invincible... 59
Girl from Calgary, The—First Division-Monogram... 118	Out of Singapore—Goldsmith Prod... 119	Washington Merry-Go-Round—Columbia... 57
Hat Check Girl—Fox... 56	Parisian Romance, A—Allied Pictures... 118	
Hearts of Humanity—Majestic Pictures... 58	Phantom Express—Majestic... 119	



*Her dress said  
"Paris!"*

**BUT**

*her hands cried  
"housework!"*



## Red, rough hands made lovely, smooth and white... *in 3 days*—

**W**HAT A FATAL BLUNDER! Shopping for days for the perfect gown—then spoiling its whole effect by neglected hands. Hands so red, so rough—people instantly pictured her scrubbing floors.

No matter how much housework your hands do—no matter how often they are in and out of water—they needn't show it. Imagine washing your face twenty times a day—in hot, harsh, soapy water, too. Then you'll understand how dishwashing, cleaning, preparing vegetables rob hands of natural skin oils, make them rough and red.

But now *every* woman—whether housewife or business woman—can easily put back these precious, hand-beautifying oils. Simply smooth on Hinds Honey and Almond Cream after hands have been in water, and regularly every night. Feel its cooling, soothing action start at once. Watch hands grow softer, whiter—redness, roughness fade before your very eyes! Every ugly trace



• TODAY • TOMORROW • NEXT DAY

of work will be gone in three days. Continue to use Hinds regularly—keep hands looking their loveliest.

*Chiffon-weight  
—not a gummy jelly*

Do not confuse Hinds with thick, gummy jellies which may contain excessive drying substances which dry the hands, too. Hinds dries *naturally*. It is a *chiffon-weight* cream, so delicate in texture, it seems to melt right into pores. Just a few seconds and it's absorbed, leaving an invisible "*second skin*" that protects the hands.

**Try Hinds FREE**

Mail coupon at right for a generous 7-day trial bottle of Hinds. Just a few

applications will make your hands soft, smooth, sheer-white. Of course, to *keep* them lovely you must use it regularly—every night and daily after any skin-roughening task. Directions for a Hinds manicure with every bottle. Clip the coupon *now*.

**HINDS**  
*honey and almond*  
**CREAM**



Lehn & Fink, Inc., Sole Distributors,  
Dept. 711, Bloomfield, New Jersey

Please send me a generous FREE trial bottle (enough for 18 applications) of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10 ]

★ **MIRACLE MAN, THE**—Paramount.—The talkie version of your old favorite doesn't make film history as the silent picture did, but its treatment is excellent. Chester Morris and Sylvia Sydney. (May)

**MISLEADING LADY, THE**—Paramount.—Claudette Colbert learns about cave-men from Edmund Lowe. A laugh-loaded story wherein the society girl wilts and the he-man turns soft. (June)

**MISS PINKERTON**—First National.—Excellent mystery story, with Joan Blondell in a different rôle. (July)

**MISSING REMBRANDT, THE**—First Division.—*Sherlock Holmes* proves a prominent baron to be a first-class villain. Arthur Wontner, as *Sherlock*, gives his usual finished performance. (June)

**MONTE CARLO MADNESS**—UFA.—First Division.—A foreign-made musical with a few gay tunes and Sari Maritza, now making pictures in this country. (Aug.)

★ **MOST DANGEROUS GAME, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Leslie Banks, a new *Frankenstein* type, gives a great performance in a gruesome but thrilling picture. (Oct.)

★ **MOVIE CRAZY**—Harold Lloyd-Paramount.—Harold Lloyd's first in two years—the story of a boy's search for Hollywood fame—is a peach of a picture and how sorry you'll be if you miss it. (Sept.)

**MOUTHPIECE, THE**—Warners.—Warren William gives a good account of himself as an underworld attorney who, falling in love with his stenographer (Sidney Fox), tries to go straight. Fair. (June)

★ **MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE**—United Artists.—Doug Fairbanks Sr., at his bounding best in a tropical island. Grand gags. Laughs aplenty. Don't miss this! (Sept.)

**MY PAL, THE KING**—Universal.—You haven't seen all Tom Mix stunts until you get a big load of this. And what a battle royal in the Wild West Show! (Sept.)

**MYSTERY RANCH**—Fox.—Just the average Western, with a dash of mystery tossed in for good measure. (Sept.)

**MY WIFE'S FAMILY**—Best International Pictures.—Old, old gags in an old, old farce. (May)

**NEW MORALS FOR OLD**—M-G-M.—Lewis Stone, Laura Hope Crews and others do fine work, in this excellent story of family life. (July)

**NIGHT CLUB LADY, THE**—Columbia.—Exciting mystery story. Adolphe Menjou takes first honors, and you'll be interested in Mayo Methot, a clever girl from the stage. (Oct.)

★ **NIGHT COURT**—M-G-M.—A crooked judge frames an innocent mother and sends her to jail. Walter Huston, as the judge, is magnificent. Phillips Holmes as the young husband, does outstanding work and Anita Page, as the young mother, is splendid. Gripping. (June)

**NIGHT MAYOR, THE**—Columbia.—Grand satire about a frivolous mayor and his feminine and political problems. And how Lee Tracy plays him! (Oct.)

**NIGHT WORLD**—Universal.—Not much rhyme or reason to this one. But Lew Ayres and Mae Clarke are in it. (July)

**NO GREATER LOVE**—Columbia.—New York's east side brought to your door, with a crippled child and an old man that will pull at the heartstrings. (July)

★ **OKAY AMERICA!**—Universal.—Lew Ayres portrays a famous tabloid columnist with a dash that carries right through to the dramatic ending. (Oct.)

**OLD DARK HOUSE, THE**—Universal.—Boris Karloff in another horror thriller. Sure, you'll shiver. (Sept.)

★ **ONCE IN A LIFETIME**—Universal.—Hollywood burlesques itself in such a hilarious way that you'll never forgive yourself if you miss this. (Oct.)

★ **ONE WAY PASSAGE**—Warners.—The best of the Kay Francis-William Powell pictures, a romantic ghost story, believe it or not. Don't miss it. (Oct.)

**PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES**—M-G-M-Hal Roach.—This full-length Laurel and Hardy comedy is a sure-cure for the blues. They're in the army this time, and a riot, as usual. (Sept.)

**PAINTED WOMAN, THE**—Fox.—Peggy Shannon, as another South Sea Sadie Thompson, Spencer Tracy and a good supporting cast make this entertaining. (Oct.)

**PASSPORT TO PARADISE**—Mayfair Pictures.—All about a young man who has to do some startling things to collect a legacy. Jack Mulhall is the hero. (Aug.)

**PASSPORT TO HELL, A**—Fox.—Another triangle story about a lonely white woman in an isolated army post. Elissa Landi is the woman. (Oct.)

**PLAY GIRL**—Warners.—Loretta Young and Norman Foster in an entertaining enough play that tries to settle this marriage-or-career-business, but doesn't. (May)

**POLICE COURT**—Monogram.—This old-time melodrama creaks wearily across the screen. A father and-son yarn, with Henry B. Walthall, Aileen Pringle and King Baggott. (June)

## \$1,000 For Gags!

The deadline on  
Harold Lloyd's  
offer of generous  
cash prizes for movie  
gags is nearing.

Turn to Page 60, read about  
the contest, see the rules on  
Page 125 and send in your  
best gags at once.

**PROBATION**—Chesterfield.—If you've been shopping around for a quiet little love story, here it is. Johnny Darrow, in love with Sally Blane, is grand. Then there is J. Farrell MacDonald and Clara Kimball Young. (June)

**PURCHASE PRICE, THE**—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent wasted in a dull, old-fashioned story. (Sept.)

★ **RADIO PATROL**—Universal.—The glorification of the police—with thrills, suspense and a new idea. Lila Lee and Robert Armstrong. (July)

★ **REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM**—Marian Nixon and Ralph Bellamy give charming performances in this idyllic story. Louise Closser Hale is great. (Aug.)

★ **RED-HEADED WOMAN**—M-G-M.—Be sure to see Jean Harlow, the platinum blonde, gone red-headed. She gets her men, and how you hate her! Not for children. (Aug.)

**RESERVED FOR LADIES**—Paramount.—Leslie Howard as a cultured headwaiter, in a charming comedy. (Aug.)

**RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US, THE**—First National.—A gay story and such a relief after the recent heavy Chatterton dramas. Ruth is the deserted wife in this, still interested in the deserter. George Brent, excellent. Bette Davis and John Miljan both good. (June)

**RIDE HIM, COWBOY**—Warners.—A good, rip-roaring Western, with John Wayne heroing. (Sept.)

**RIDER OF DEATH VALLEY, THE**—Universal.—Grand old Western hokum with Tom Mix and his horse, Tony. (July)

**RIDERS OF THE DESERT**—World Wide.—Bob Steele riding through a story of rangers and desert outlaws. (Aug.)

**RIDING TORNADO, THE**—Columbia.—Tim McCoy in a breezy Western that the kids will love. (July)

**RINGER, THE**—First Division-Gainsborough.—A mystery story from England in which a murderer gives Scotland Yard several bad moments. (Aug.)

**ROAR OF THE DRAGON, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Rough and tumble Chinese bandit yarn with Richard Dix, fine; Arline Judge, cunning; and Gwili Andre, provocative. (Aug.)

**RONNY**—UFA.—German operetta with pleasant music and a handsome hero and heroine in Willy Fritsch and Kaethe von Nagy. English captions aid those who do not know German. (June)

**ROADHOUSE MURDER**—Radio Pictures.—Sincere acting by Eric Linden and Dorothy Jordan, but this newspaper story has one of the silliest plots of the season. (July)

**70,000 WITNESSES**—Paramount—Charles R. Rogers.—Murder on the goal line of a football field. So the game is re-enacted, play by play, and the murderer is discovered. Johnny Mack Brown, Phillips Holmes, Charles Ruggles and Dorothy Jordan. (Oct.)

**SCANDAL FOR SALE**—Universal.—Another newspaper story. Charles Bickford makes the rôle of editor believable. Rose Hobart plays his wife. From the novel "Hot News." Good entertainment. (June)

★ **SCARFACE**—United Artists.—The gangster picture of all time. A masterpiece that belongs to no cycle. Horrible and fearless, with Paul Muni in one of the great characterizations of the screen. (May)

**SCHUBERT'S DREAM OF SPRING**—Capital Film.—Taken from episodes in Schubert's life. His "Serenade" is the theme song. German dialogue and English captions. (Sept.)

**SHADOW BETWEEN, THE**—Best International Pictures.—An old-fashioned plot with lots of sacrifice that's just too noble. (May)

**SHOPWORN**—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck does good work, but the picture doesn't come up to it. A rich-boy-poor-girl tale that comes out all right in the end. Regis Toomey, as the wealthy boy. (June)

**SIGN OF FOUR, THE**—World Wide.—Arthur Wontner again makes a perfect *Sherlock Holmes*, supported by a fine, all-English cast. (Oct.)

**SINNERS IN THE SUN**—Paramount.—Carole Lombard and Chester Morris in an unconvincing but not unentertaining story. And you must see Carole's clothes, girls. (July)

**SINISTER HANDS**—Willis Kent Prod.—Tries to be a mystery melodrama, but you won't get very much excited. (July)

**SIN'S PAY DAY**—Action Pictures.—All about a prosecuting attorney who defends a gangster. Forrest Stanley is the attorney, Dorothy Revier his wife and Mickey McGuire plays a street waif. (June)

**SKY BRIDE**—Paramount.—A swell picture with aviation thrills and a dash of sentiment. Richard Arlen and Jack Oakie. (July)

**SKYSCRAPER SOULS**—M-G-M.—The drama of a skyscraper! A most unusual picture, with a fine cast including Warren William. (Sept.)

**SO BIG**—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck gives a great individual performance but the picture has not the emotional kick of the silent version. (May)

**SOCIETY GIRL**—Fox.—Jimmie Dunn tries to be a tough boxer, but he's too nice to be quite believable. Pleasant enough film, however. (Aug.)

**SPEAK EASILY**—M-G-M.—Jimmy Durante does a swell burlesque of himself in this goofiest of comedies. Buster Keaton is funny too. See this! (Sept.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 129 ]



# UNIVERSAL SCORES AGAIN!

NEVERS  
STANFORD

DALRYMPLE  
TULANE

CARIDEO  
NOTRE DAME

BOOTH  
YALE

SCHWARTZ  
NOTRE DAME

CAGLE  
ARMY

BAKER  
U.S.C.

SCHWEGELER  
WASHINGTON

MUNN  
MINNESOTA

RILEY  
NORTHWESTERN

CAIN  
ALABAMA

PINCKERT  
U.S.C.

QUATSE  
PITTSBURGH

ORSI  
COLGATE

YARR  
NOTRE DAME

SHAYER  
U.S.C.

with RICHARD ARLEN  
Andy Devine, James Gleason, Gloria Stuart  
and 1931 All America team

Directed by RUSSELL MACK  
Presented by CARL LAEMMLE  
Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, JR.

APPROVED BY THE ALL AMERICA BOARD OF FOOTBALL

Last year it was "The Spirit of Notre Dame"—this fall UNIVERSAL beats this fine gridiron drama with one more *thrilling*, more *human* and more *spectacular*. Not only the entire **ALL AMERICA** team of 1931 but a score of other "All Americans" of previous years and THE ALL AMERICA BOARD OF FOOTBALL.

Never before such a cast in such a mile-a-minute football play. **The Greatest Gridiron STARS in history!** They never played together in college but they give you the *greatest football game of the year on the screen*—all in closeup—at your favorite theater.

## Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA

Carl Laemmle  
President

730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



# Compare your Opinions of Pictures



"Bird of Paradise" seems to be the "something different" that the folks have been asking for. "Scenery like that is alone worth the price of admission," is what one young man writes, adding, "And I never liked Dolores Del Rio so well, nor envied Joel McCrea so much"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6 ]

## GREAT EXPECTATIONS

With one, two and even three screen luminaries on each vaudeville stage in town, we are getting very blasé and soon may refuse to be bothered with anything less than Greta Garbo singing "O Sole Mio," with a chorus composed of Dietrich, Bennett, Crawford and the three Barrymores.

J. S. HOOK, Washington, D. C.

## "BACK STREET"

I have just seen "Back Street" and am writing at once while every beautiful detail is fresh in my mind. Unlike most stories of unconventional love, it lacks the unsavory taste usually left in one's mouth. There was not one incident that the most Puritanic person could resent.

Irene Dunne and John Boles were superb in their rôles of Ray and Walter.

SARA KIRK, Miami, Fla.

"Back Street" is an eloquent story of the heart.

MRS. EMIL E. FISCHER, Williamsport, Penna.

## JACK HOLT

That interview with Jack Holt in your September number was worth all the money I've spent for PHOTOPLAY in the past five years; and I read it regularly. Jack is grand—the most compelling male personality on the screen today, and what an actor! His performance in "War Correspondent" was magnificent.

M. I. KELLY, Edmonton, Alberta, Can.

## FUEL ECONOMY

Why not Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in a talkie version of "The Sheik"? Joan would

make a lovely *Diane* and it does not require a great stretch of the imagination to envision Gable in the rôle of the masterful sheik, which Valentino so ably portrayed.

What splendid entertainment for a cold winter's evening!

MRS. C. R. GILMORE, Niantic, Conn.

## ONE'S GOOD, ANYHOW

In my adolescence, I used to invest movie stars with glamour.

I had my favorites, and how jealously I defended them!

There was no one just as good as Charlie Chaplin, nor so swell a guy as Charlie Ray.

But I grew up (try to convince my wife, though) and came West, met a heap of the biggest stars, looked behind the scenes, and watched movies in the making.

And all my viewpoints on motion pictures changed.

The picture became the thing, the actor important only in interpreting his rôle.

All this clamor and fierce fanfare over the stars!

It seems so childish, when we know blamed well, or should, that actors may come, and actors may go, but the movies keep right on getting better, constantly improving.

To heck with "stars"—but I do sorta like Fredric March!

CHARLES M. HATCHER, San Diego, Calif.

## "LOVE ME TONIGHT"

Maurice Chevalier in "Love Me Tonight" is the best entertainment the movies have offered since that other charming musical Paramount picture, "This Is The Night." I hope producers will give us more of this type of picture, for the light musical and, yes, even the spiced touch in these films make them a great relief from some of the overdone and heavy dramatic stuff.

BOB ADAMS, Northeast Harbor, Me.

## SPANKS FOR MAURICE

Why spoil a musical treat like "Love Me Tonight" with such questionable lyrics and lines that even the most sophisticated must blush? For shame, *Monsieur Chevalier*! Risque?—yes, that you can be and, somehow or other, we don't mind it from you. But vulgar?—not even your magnetic smile can make us overlook that.

LEILA WILSON, Chicago, Ill.

## YOU AND PLENTY OTHERS!

Lewis Stone is the screen's Prince of Actors—not perhaps a sixteen-year-old-girl's Prince Charming, but Prince Charming just the same. His work is so polished, so easy, so absolutely real.

MARY K. JONES, Tucson, Ariz.

## "THE AGE OF CONSENT"

I found us—my school friends and I—in "The Age of Consent," living and acting just as we act, troubled by the problems that cause us distress, and loving as we love. Why can't pictures always portray us as we are?—a little puzzled, sometimes daring, but always very sincere. Youth is only the beginning; it is age and experience that make people artificial.

EDITH E. CLARK, Kewaskum, Wis.

"The Age of Consent," which I have just seen for the second time, and with immense pleasure, strikes me as being timely and refreshing in the extreme. Having lived for many years in immediate proximity to state universities, my judgment of collegiate details is acute.

The ability of Richard Cromwell in the rôle of the idealistic and somewhat bewildered student never showed to more splendid advantage, and a dozen times during the show my eyes filled with tears, so clean-cut, sincere and vital was the drama. Arlene Judge registered gallantly in the waitress scenes, but her voice seemed strident and forced at the climax. The gentleman who impersonated the father rose to great heights of convincing Puritanic ire, and the acting of Dorothy Wilson was adequate, if not inspired. Eric Linden proved amusing.

MRS. MAYO DAZEY, San Antonio, Texas

## ASK DOUG, HE KNOWS

It's wonderful. It's grand. It's unique love-making, but it thrills.

What? "Mr. Robinson Crusoe," the picture all my friends are talking about. But we all wonder if the radio really worked.

L. ORANGE KENDALL, Williamsport, Penna.

## BIG BOY BARRYMORE

"The Washington Masquerade" is a fine picture with a splendid cast, but it all fades into the background beside the acting of Lionel Barrymore.

I have seen many stage plays here and abroad, but Lionel's acting beggars praise. He is simply magnificent.

JOHANNE MARIE GRITZMACHER,  
Juneau, Wis.

## BUT LIFE IS LIKE THAT

Sometimes I wonder why certain set situations are used again and again. For instance, there is a dramatic quarrel between lovers, or husband and wife, mother and son or father and daughter. The battle always reaches its climax with the male member of the duo leaving in a huff, slamming the door loudly behind him. Upon which, the deserted woman inva-



# And Players with what Others Think

riably hesitates uncertainly for a moment, then crying "Ottol!" (or Tony, or Algernon, or Ignatz, as the case may be), runs to the door and leans against it sobbing as if her little heart would break.

In my many evenings at the local picture house I have seen this little act done by every screen beauty from Ruth Chatterton to Minnie Mouse. And I'm a-gittin' kinda fed up. Some day I hope to see a picture in which the dame actually opens the door and goes after the fleeing male—and either socks him a fast one or gives him her best soul kiss, whatever the situation seems to call for.

H. T. GUNDERMAN,  
Jackson Heights, L. I., N. Y.

## DODGE THAT BRICKBAT

I have slept overnight on this matter, to try and write you as calmly as possible, but that is impossible. What has roused my ire is the PHOTOPLAY article "The Garbo Jinx." All Novarro fans must deplore "Mata Hari" and seeing this glorious artist thrown away in a small part—but was it his fault? He appeared in exactly four scenes, if I remember rightly. As a matter of fact, however, one of the most important writers in London said that Novarro's was the only real live performance in "Mata Hari" and that Garbo and Barrymore were but puppets!

The PHOTOPLAY writer says that Novarro hurt Garbo's film. Ye gods! What about hurting Novarro's own artistic reputation! Is Garbo the only thing that matters? Novarro—a star for eleven years—doesn't *he* matter? Here's a glorious and versatile artist—witness "Scaramouche," "The Arab," "Ben Hur," "The Student Prince," "The Pagan," "The Call of the Flesh," etc. Doesn't he deserve some decent material?

DOROTHY S. WATSON, London, England

## GORILLAS VS. GANGSTERS

Hats off to Frank Buck and the Martin Johnsons! Gangland's shootings and wholesale murders only leave us disgusted and nauseated. It takes war among the jungle animals to give us a real thrill.

The graceful tread of the tiger and panthers with their fascinatingly wary eyes shoves the wiles of our sophisticated stars in the background. The "killer" following the scent of a lost baby elephant holds more suspense than a half dozen villains lying in wait for the heroine.

LOUISE C. BREY, Milwaukee, Wis.

## THERE'S ONLY FOUR

Give us more of the national gloom-chasers—the four Marx Brothers, the screen's superb comedians.

MARIE VACALIS, Mobile, Ala.

I've just seen the four Marx Brothers in "Horse Feathers," and boy, was it funny! With my laugh I was surprised they didn't throw me out. The goofiest picture I ever saw. Give us more.

TEX SCHAEFER, East Rutherford, N. J.

## WELL, WE KNOW WHERE THEY STARTED

Herewith one brickbat for "Horse Feathers," which I have just seen. And here is the why of the brickbat.

One evening, after Adam and Eve had been out of the Garden for a few years, he read to her some vulgar lines which he had found in the palm of his hand. Eve repeated the lines to some friends, while they were sewing the next day, thus giving the lines a good running



Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier in "Love Me Tonight" brought down the house with their music and charm. But many readers begged Maurice to stick to the *double entendre*, if he must, but to be less frankly naughty. Director Mamoulian got high praise for his work

start out into the world. For several centuries thereafter the lines were repeated throughout various Asiatic dynasties, they getting a little nastier with each dynasty. In time, the Greeks were spreading the lines, and it was because he repeated them that the mother of Demosthenes made him wash out his mouth with soapstone pebbles every day. Then the Romans got them and told them everywhere. Next, they were quite rife in the court of the great Louis of France, and getting riper and riper with each telling. Eventually the lines came to America and about 1894 they were in quite general circulation here, but were usually told out behind the barn.

But now, in 1932, Groucho Marx in "Horse Feathers" repeats the modern version of those same vulgar lines which Adam read to Eve. Which makes one realize what little progress Good Taste has made in this world since human life began.

FRED B. MANN, Chicago, Ill.

## "BIRD OF PARADISE"

Congratulations to the producers and cast of "Bird of Paradise." It is the most beautiful picture I have ever seen.

Its poignant portrayal of true love and sacrifice, its bits of tender romance, together with the perfect sound accompaniments and scenery, combine to make it a perfect picture. In this age of stereotyped productions, it soars aloft.

MARGARET SCOTT, Milwaukee, Wis.

My girl friend and I went to see "Bird of Paradise," and I frankly admit that before entering the theater we both felt bored with life.

That picture, with its beautiful scenery of Hawaii, portraying real natives and their customs, left us feeling refreshed and that after all this is a lovely world.

We who work in stuffy offices, come home to crowded quarters, and rarely, if ever, are able

to spend time in the country, certainly do appreciate this type of picture, for *nature is wonderful!*

L. C. MORSTEIN, Baltimore, Md.

## LAUGHING TO PROSPERITY

Oh boy, what a laugh "Down to Earth" is! Homer Croy never wrote a funnier story, and Irene Rich is *rich* indeed. Talk about "depression ointment"—Will Rogers surely has found a cure.

FLORENA A. HAYLER, San Diego, Calif.

## "LIFE BEGINS"

Here is the delicate subject of childbirth, handled with such good taste that its theme never becomes offensive. Eric Linden, as the harassed young husband, and Aline MacMahon, as the understanding nurse, are characterizations that will remain in my memory forever.

CLARA KISTNER, San Francisco, Calif.

In my opinion, a picture like "Life Begins," laid in a maternity ward, should be shown only to medical students and to nurses in training. Such clinical subjects are not fit for mixed audiences of men and women, and worse still, young people. I admit that the story was skillfully handled and beautifully played, but I still insist that such films are unjustified. Why waste fine actors on pictures that don't interest us?

THOMAS T. JOHNSON, New York City

## AN OPINION

All-star casts leave me with a feeling of dissatisfaction. It is so much more satisfying to have our fill of Joan Crawford one evening, of Garbo the next, etc., than to take them all in one gulp.

MARGARET MORALES, Tampa, Fla.  
[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16 ]



# The Audience Speaks Up

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15 ]



The PHOTOPLAY story about Jack Holt brought a volley of enthusiastic letters. "New stars may come and go," writes one woman, "but Holt is still Jack of Hearts in our family." Here he is with Lila Lee in a scene from "War Correspondent"



A PHOTOPLAY writer said recently that Ramon Novarro was not at his best in "Mata Hari"—and the smoke of battle has not yet died away. His admirers bombarded us with bitter letters, saying his scenes with Garbo were all too brief

## YOU PICK THE STARS

I wonder just how long the producers are going to push these carbon copies of Garbo on us. They import these players from Europe and immediately put them in starring rôles. The public does not like this. We like to make our own stars by popular acclaim.

YVONNE LASSUS, Oyster Bay, L. I.

## OUR FOREIGN FRIENDS

My age is sixteen. We learn English in high school and my friends and I desire more knowledge of foreign habits and conversation. We therefore go very usually to Hollywood talkie and read PHOTOPLAY magazine. The language of PHOTOPLAY is very understandable and very eagerly I read articles concerning splendid actors, fashions, diets and other things that have very pleasant lesson.

KIKU ARITA, Kobe, Japan

Try giving Garbo a few bad stories and a few inferior directors and see where she would be. She is just getting what you call over there "a lucky break." I am sure that the time will come when the director's name will be in electric lights and not that of the star.

MRS. OLIVE LEIGH, Devon, England

Lots of us over here are interested in John Miljan and are looking forward to seeing him again soon. I am wondering why other fans seem to have overlooked him. Hasn't anyone else noticed just how attractive he is?

ONA BUEKLEY, Brussels, Belgium

Here is my advice to fans: When you see a picture which does not meet with your approval, just think back to the last picture you enjoyed and be thankful that the percentage of entertaining pictures is so high.

ERIE EVANS, Victoria, Australia

Technically, the films are unbeatable. They are, in fact, one of the seven modern wonders

of the world. But from the story standpoint they're sick and badly need the doctor.

J. M. CAMERON, Winnipeg, Canada

Here Garbo, Dietrich and Chevalier are most popular. But I think Joan Crawford and Clark Gable are great, too.

ULLI TORNROOS, Helsingfors, Finland

Why should movie stars change their names and deprive their parents of the joy of seeing the family name in a high artistic place?

CARLOS VICTORINO, JR., Manila, P. I.

## RANDOM REMARKS

Is anything more disappointing than, filled with anticipation, to attend the movie version of your favorite book, only to find it has been altered beyond recognition on the screen?

MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD, Omaha, Neb.

Dick Arlen is neither a tough guy nor a sissy. No matter what rôle he is given he does it perfectly. He is a regular fellow with that something that makes people like him.

LILLIAN STROJUFF, Chicago, Ill.

Joan Bennett is, in my opinion, a greater actress than either her famous sister, Connie, or the great Garbo. She has more emotional power and beauty than either of them.

HELEN BOWMAN, Cape Girardeau, Mo.

All the glamour, sophistication, loveliness and what have you that Crawford, Shearer and Garbo have is wrapped up in one cute bundle and called Sylvia Sidney.

ORPHIE GAMELGARD, Minneapolis, Minn.

Last year I taught English in a small town school, and was faced with the problem of interesting rural youngsters in literature far beyond their sphere. It would have been an impossible task without the moving pictures shown four nights a week in our tiny picture house.

The Westerns were a blessing, for they stimulated enthusiasm for Owen Wister's "The Virginian."

And oh, those newsreels and travelogues! My appreciation was as nothing compared to the wonder and delight of the children, whose lives are so barren.

I sometimes wonder if the men who are responsible for travelogues realize how they are enriching the lives of rural people.

These pictures are creating dreams for the hard-working adults and offering challenges to the children.

MURIEL MAC LEAN, Buffalo, N. Y.

## DISAPPROVES OF SHADY DAMES

Why is there such a prevalence of "slightly shopworn" heroines in the current films? I have gone through the reviews of all the best pictures in several issues of PHOTOPLAY and by actual count the majority are of this type. Surely a majority of American women are not immoral.

Yet a foreigner, seeing these pictures, would certainly think they must be.

Don't think from this that I'm a gossiping old maid, for I'm not—I'm very young and quite modern.

These pictures don't shock me. But I think that, with a few exceptions, they do not present a true picture of modern life.

Can't a girl be pretty and popular without indulging in drinking bouts and petting parties?

Can't a woman be clever and alluring without a shady past? I think she can.

ARA TREADWELL, Uvalde, Texas

How long is this affliction of fallen heroines to last?

They leave a bad taste regardless of superb performances!

Give me romance, womanly sophistication, and a dash . . . ah, yes, just a dash . . . of sex in pictures.

ALICE KELLEY, Santa Cruz, Calif.



# The Smart Gift!

INEXPENSIVE—YET IT HAS  
"LUXURY APPEAL"



IN GIVING

## PHOTOPLAY GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS

YOU KNOW THAT YOU HAVE  
CHOSEN THE BEST MONEY CAN BUY

Not only at Christmas—but all the year long  
PHOTOPLAY will remind your friends of holiday  
thoughts.

They'll enjoy every issue, for PHOTOPLAY is chock full  
of those bits of news, life sketches and photos that  
add to the glamour of moving pictures.

PHOTOPLAY is an economical gift—yet its worth to  
the recipient is far greater than its cost—a PHOTOPLAY  
gift subscription is never reckoned in dollars and cents.

### SPECIAL GIFT OFFER

#### Beautiful Gift Announcement Card

With each sub-  
scription you  
will receive a  
beautiful card  
to sign and  
mail, or if you  
prefer, hand to  
your friend  
Christmas Day.

You may  
send as many as  
you like—  
There's no limit.

2

One-Year or  
one two-year  
subscription to  
PHOTOPLAY

\$4<sup>00</sup>

Single  
subscriptions  
\$2.50  
per year

Send \$2.00 for each additional gift subscription.  
For foreign and Canada add \$1.00 per year for each yearly subscription.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,  
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I want to take advantage of your offer and enclose \$..... to pay for the following  
subscriptions:

<input type="checkbox"/> 1 year. <input type="checkbox"/> 2 years.		<input type="checkbox"/> 1 year. <input type="checkbox"/> 2 years.	
Friend's Name.....		Friend's Name.....	
Address.....		Address.....	
City.....	State.....	City.....	State.....
<input type="checkbox"/> New.	<input type="checkbox"/> Renewal.	<input type="checkbox"/> New.	<input type="checkbox"/> Renewal.
		<input type="checkbox"/> 1 year. <input type="checkbox"/> 2 years.	
My Name.....			
Address.....			
City.....	State.....		
<input type="checkbox"/> New.	<input type="checkbox"/> Renewal.		

Use regular stationery to list additional subscriptions.

11-32



# Ruth Chatterton

## LEARNS WHY OLD STOCKINGS DIE YOUNG

### ADVERTISER'S NOTE

Like many other women, Miss Chatterton has been hearing a good deal lately about "Fresh Silk Stockings," but she didn't really know how much better they are. In this series of Questions and Answers, this charming star learns what's behind all the talk.

**MISS CHATTERTON'S QUESTION:** What do you mean—fresh silk stockings?

**OUR ANSWER:** The same as fresh *anything* . . . young, new, lively, more beautiful.

**Q:** But what difference does that make in stockings?

**A:** Just this—old-silk stockings lose their pep in the fight against runs. They don't "come back" as vigorously after laundering. They don't stand the strain; don't cling smoothly or fit so well.

**Q:** If Fresh Silk Stockings are such a grand idea, why doesn't everybody sell them?

**A:** Distribution methods are too complicated. Stockings go through so many channels, and lie so long on shelves, you're never sure how old they really are.

**Q:** How do *you* people manage to be so clever?

**A:** We don't sell through stores. Our stockings go straight from the mills to you—no stops or lay-overs en route. Take this pair—just a few days ago they were a skein of silk—now they're stockings. And not long before that they were cocoons. And remember, fresh silk is just one of Realsilk's seven exclusive features.

—And that's how Miss Chatterton learned why old stockings die young and fresh stockings live longer



When Ruth Chatterton entered talking pictures it was Broadway's loss and Hollywood's gain. "The Rich Are Always With Us" added to that star's laurels. Her latest picture is Warner Brothers' "The Crash"



The *fresh* Silk Stockings

# REAL SILK

with 7 Exclusive Features

When Realsilk announced Fresh Silk Stockings—just a few months ago—the news made stocking history. For at last, women found the *complete* hosiery satisfaction they'd been waiting and hoping for. Realsilk *sells* direct from the mills to give you greater value. Realsilk *ships* direct from the mills to give you *fresh silk stockings*—reaching you on an average of less than 30 days after they have been manufactured. Remember—Realsilk is never sold in stores, but only by bonded repre-



sentatives who call at your home or office. The Realsilk representative in your neighborhood may call on you soon. When he does, don't fail to see him. Ask him to show you something of interest to every stocking-wearer . . . *fresh silk stockings* with the seven exclusive features. . . . Realsilk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana. World's largest manufacturer of silk hosiery. Branches in 200 leading cities. Listed in your 'phone book under "Realsilk Hosiery Mills."





Clarence Sinclair Bull

**N**OW who would think that this dramatic young woman was once an unsophisticated little colleen? The truth is that Maureen O'Sullivan was never so naïve as her rôles would have had you believe. A failure in sweet, ga-ga parts, she suddenly burst forth with screen smartness and is now a success. "Payment Deferred" is her next





**P**ORTRAIT of a fond mama—oh, a very modern fond mama. Since Miriam Hopkins adopted a baby boy, she has been a social menace at Hollywood parties, asking her friends to suggest a name for the child. When she isn't raving about the baby, Miriam finds time to turn in a scene or two for her newest picture, "Trouble In Paradise."





FOLKS in Hollywood have been telling each other for a long time that Elissa Landi would be a sensation if she could find the right picture. Then along came Director Cecil De Mille and shouted, "She's the girl I want for my super-super epic." Elissa is doing a great job in "The Sign of the Cross" with Freddie March and Claudette Colbert





Hurrell

**N**ILS ASTHER—his fall and rise would fill more pages of Hollywood history than there are studio blondes. Once considered M-G-M's biggest bet, he was laid low by a Swedish accent when talkies came in. But he's a big shot again and it's said Clark Gable is worried. Wait until you see Nils in Columbia's "The Bitter Tea of General Yen"



# Troubleproof—

- BECAUSE:
- 1 *A new type construction*—four times as strong as ordinary silks at the dress seams.
  - 2 *Pure-dye*—with a lovely, dull texture—for afternoon or evening frocks.
  - 3 *Pre-shrunk... Fast color...* will wash perfectly and often.



Lilyan Tashman wearing afternoon frock of "olympic blue" Skinner's Troubleproof Crepe.



AT a moderate price, Skinner offers this new and epoch-making dress fabric. It is for those countless women who are saying "Never again!" as the result of buying unnamed silks that were cheap in price, but which they found had no wearing quality.

The wearer of such fabrics, whose misfortune it is to have them split—or "pull" at the seams, realizes that they are really more expensive than she can afford.

Skinner's Troubleproof Crepe is woven in a new way. It is slip-proof—made of specially-twisted threads of fine silk, which give it amazing strength and wearing quality. It is priced within reach of everyone—and is striking evidence that by paying just a few cents more per yard you can obtain silks in which you can have absolute confidence.

If your favorite store does not have *Troubleproof Crepe* write us direct. We want to see that every woman in

America has the opportunity to secure this wonderful dress fabric. William Skinner & Sons—Established 1848—New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Los Angeles.

*This does not happen with Troubleproof Crepe.*

## Skinner's TROUBLEPROOF CREPE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME



IN THE SELVAGE"



# "If you don't want to Reduce don't bother reading this,"

SAYS SYLVIA . . . the world's foremost  
authority on the care of the feminine figure

[Why you must have sugar to lose  
weight faster, and more safely]



Out here in Hollywood, I've slapped, beaten, pounded . . . and dieted . . . many an overweight picture star into shape for the camera. And in New York, many a stage and social celebrity. I get \$100 a half hour for doing it.

Now these Life Savers folks have asked me to tell you about my slenderizing method, because Life Savers are part of that method. We'll get back to them later—I want to tell you, in proper order, the things you've got to do to get rid of those bulges, bumps and rubber tires. I don't believe in shilly-shallying. And I'm going to give you my advice straight from the shoulder. If you're a sensitive creature . . . that's just too bad.

FIRST: Exercise sanely. A two-mile (or more) walk a day in the open air.



HELEN TWELVETREES, RKO Radio Pictures' player

SECOND: No fat, rich foods, gravies or sauces. And liquor? Don't let me catch you taking a drop!

THIRD: Here's where you get the surprise of your life. You'll think it's a misprint. But it isn't. Get this straight. Don't starve yourself on sugar!

## Eat enough Sugar!

Fats are fuel; sugar is the flame. Sugar is the one food element that most quickly and most safely burns away the body fats. And you'll lose weight *faster* with the right sweet at the right time than you ever could without it.

Case after case of my own verifies these facts.

What is the right sweet? I give Life Savers to my clients. I don't let my stars suffer from the pangs of a normal sweets-hunger. I satisfy it . . . and help them reduce at the same time.

Why are Life Savers part of my slenderizing method? Because they are a *purposeful* candy for reducing. They give you quickly assimilated sugar energy without fat-producing bulk. They are hard, so you let them dissolve on your tongue. One Life Saver lasts 8 to 10 minutes. And gives you a lasting gratification of your normal hunger for sweets. You can slip one into your mouth whenever and wherever you like. And as often as your appetite calls for sugar.

Even the most finicky palate can find a flavor it likes, because there are many to choose from. Myself, I like Cryst-O-mints, the new mouth-cooling, crystal drops. But you may prefer Pep-O-mint . . . Wint-O-green . . . Cl-O-ve . . . Lic-O-rice . . . Cinn-O-mon . . . Vi-O-let . . . Or the real fruit-tasting fruit drops . . . Lemon, Orange, Lime and Grape.

## I like action . . . let's get started!

If you mean business . . . so do I. But I want to see evidence of your good faith. Show me you're in earnest about this weight-reducing and I'll make you a grand gift.

I have put down in a brief booklet, the information that I usually get hundreds of dollars for.

Show me that you are really getting busy on this reducing program. Buy at least two packages of genuine Life Savers right now. Mail me two of the wrappers and I'll send you this book which gives the net of my slenderizing instructions.

*Madame Sylvia*



IF YOU MEAN BUSINESS SEND THIS COUPON:

IF YOU DON'T . . . Don't!

MADAME SYLVIA  
c/o Life Savers, Inc., Dept. P-11  
Port Chester, N. Y.

Certainly I mean business. Here's proof. Attached are wrappers from two packages of Life Savers. Please mail me your booklet of diet and exercise instructions. (If you live outside the U. S. A. include 10c to cover mailing.) This offer expires December 31, 1933.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.



# PHOTOPLAY

## Close-Ups and Long-Shots

**A**NNOUNCEMENT of the retirement of Jesse Lasky as vice-president in charge of all production of Paramount-Publix Corporation is much more than a mere news statement. It is symbolic of the changes, relatively swift (as well as great) within the motion picture industry in less than a score of years.

In 1913, we find two picture companies formed by men with similar ideas and methods. One was the Jesse Lasky Feature Play Company; the other Famous Players, of which Adolph Zukor was the guiding genius.

Famous Players seemed the more inspired name. It had the right ring to it. It promised much. To make good the title, the most celebrated actress of her day was obtained—Mme. Sarah Bernhardt—to star in “Queen Elizabeth.” This production, filmed in Paris, was a big success and started Zukor well on his way.

Meantime, in association with others, Lasky produced “The Squaw Man.” Dustin Farnum had the title rôle in this.

Zukor saw the picture and liked it, and sent Lasky a telegram of congratulation. That brought the two men together in a merger—the Paramount Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

In Zukor and Lasky was united a happy combination of business capacity, imagination and practical idealism. They made their company a power in motion pictures.

**T**HE extraordinary expansion of the industry swept them along into more intricate organization and greatly increased capitalization. There emerged eventually the Paramount-Publix Corporation, with a great chain of theaters as part of the scheme of operation.

Today, John Hertz, chairman of the board of finance, and vice-president Sam Katz, respectively owe their dominating positions in the corporation to a genius for organization and a remarkable aptitude for showmanship.

It may be said of motion pictures in general that they began with men of ambition and ideas who made these qualities stand largely in lieu of capital. It was almost inevitable, however, that big financial interests should take over the direction or control of a considerable part of the industry.

The founders had their comparatively brief but glorious day before corporate methods proved superior to individual ones.

**I**T is rather significant that the two men who have held a foremost position on the screen through the years are comedians who have made of the public's love of laughter a thoroughly organized business.

Charles Chaplin and Harold Lloyd scarcely meet their clients' demand for their products. They prefer to turn out comedies with a Rolls-Royce finish rather than to follow mass production. Periods of a year or more intervene between their screen successes.

**I**HAVE often wondered about these two men, comparable to one another in their working methods, yet so dissimilar in their private lives.

Charlie, constantly getting into the news prints—divorce, trying to keep his children out of pictures, rumors about a new marriage. All of which is really his own business, and which he himself makes no attempt to publicize.

Harold—about whom, personally, less is written, probably, than any other star—living much the life of an average citizen, golfing, quietly entertaining friends, playing with his children.

Charlie's life, crowded with those events—pleasant or otherwise—that tradition apportions to a celebrity, particularly one engaged in some form of the fine arts.

Harold, almost equally famous, pursuing the same vocation as Charlie, his days and nights untroubled by domestic upsets.

What is it that differentiates the private lives of these two men? I am afraid the answer won't be found in the cards or in astrology. Let's say it's just fate.

**I**S George M. Cohan a regular fellow, or “just another actor” from Broadway? Don't ask Hollywood, which, in spite of its reputation for garrulity, can refrain from critical comment of the departed guest; and don't ask George, either; for he has already spoken his little piece.

Here's what happened: When George was invited by Paramount to come out to Hollywood and make a picture, everyone was happy over it, and the studio



welcomed him as one whose reputation as an actor entitled him to the greatest respect.

But the man who made the Stars and Stripes famous twenty-five years ago by running up and down the stage yelling "It's a grand old flag," accepted Hollywood's hospitality complacently, if not graciously, and then proceeded to show everybody how they ought to run the business.

On the third day on the set he had a unique idea—this idea usually comes about that time—he began to show the director how to direct.

SAID George in effect: "This is the way we do it on the stage; that's the way we do it in New York," and it took all the California hospitality the director possessed to refrain from retorting: "And these are the ways we're not going to do it in this picture!"

Anyhow, George finally went on his way, proclaiming to the press that picture dialogue was silly and that he would be ashamed of his children if they should write anything so poor.

Well, some people "go Hollywood," and some "go Broadway"; only, the latter malady seems to be incurable.

A GREAT man, tormented by doubts that sometimes possess the souls of deep thinkers, leaving them melancholy—such was Paul Bern. What it is that often tortures the consciousness of entirely upright and lovable people, science has never told us and religion does not always reveal. Sensitive souls, that often suffer when others can see no cause: it is an enigma.

But of one thing there can be no doubt: Paul Bern was one of the best loved men in Hollywood. And immediately after his death friends told and re-told how he had helped those who needed help.

He could scent trouble, and whenever anyone was hurt by grief or disappointment Paul was always on hand. Barbara La Marr, Mabel Normand, Jetta Goudal are but a few who knew the kindness of his guiding hand.

I THINK one of the most amazing things about Paul was the fact that he had the ability to make any person who came to him for aid believe in himself again. The money he gave away was incidental compared to this talent for restoring lost courage.

So able to help others; so helpless to aid himself!

Going on is what Paul Bern would have wanted Jean Harlow to do, since he was so proud of her and her career. So Jean is going on. And that's the best tribute she could pay to Paul's memory.

WHEN Greta Garbo landed at Gothenburg, and disappeared into the more inaccessible parts of Sweden, the persistent newspaper reporters gave up

the chase, rumor died down, and her name no longer found a place in the headlines. No one seemed to know what she was doing with her vacation in the homeland.

PHOTOPLAY, however, did not abandon the pursuit so readily. The obvious thing to do was to put a Swedish newspaper man on the job. And PHOTOPLAY is now able to congratulate its readers on the result. Incidentally, the attitude of both the Swedish press and the Swedish people toward their celebrated compatriot will seem almost incomprehensible to Americans. You will find the story on page 30 of this issue.

RICHARD DIX is one of the few actors who have brought working crews right up the ladder of success with them. The prop boy is now an assistant cameraman; a script writer is now a director and a script girl is now a writer.

Sentiment? Well, not altogether. Smart business, too.

NO one person's judgment can be right for every picture. Individual tastes differ and extraneous factors sometimes warp opinions. That goes for professional critics as well. Being human, they are liable to error. How, then, can the public be assured that a review of a picture is a safe guide? Ordinarily, they can't be.

This is no criticism of critics, but a plain statement of fact. There is a method, however, to circumvent this situation. And PHOTOPLAY follows it. In most instances, two reviewers are assigned to see and report on an important picture. They sit separately, write their opinions separately and then their opinions are brought together and compared. In case of doubt, a third critic may be assigned to the job.

PHOTOPLAY's readers thus get the benefit of all this careful consideration when they follow the "Shadow Stage" reviews. I feel that there is no feature in the publication more important than this department and that, therefore, none merits more care in its preparation.

CLARA BOW has attained, within the space of a few brief years, the amazing distinction of being almost a tradition.

You may or may not like her acting, you may not believe yourself particularly interested in what she says or what she does, but, nevertheless, you can not wholly escape her dynamic personality.

The fact that the public has awaited with such lively curiosity her return to the screen in the face of the fierce competition of established and rising celebrities is in itself remarkable.

Hers is not a synthetic popularity. It is not one artificially stimulated by press-agent methods. The secret lies within the girl herself.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY



# The Return of Clara Bow

By Henry Crosby

IT is one of the most dramatic moments of the month.

The cameras and microphones stand ready to record an event for which movie audiences have been waiting.

Clara Bow, who has not set foot inside a studio—for working purposes—for almost two years, is ready to begin the first scene of "Call Her Savage."

There had been innumerable delays which Hollywood prophesied would put a jinx on the picture.

First they had waited for Clara to lose the extra weight she had taken on since her illness.

Then there were story difficulties, and at last when everything seemed set and Clara and her husband, Rex Bell, were on their way to the studio for final tests there was an automobile accident which left a cut on Clara's head and sent her to the hospital for several days.

But now, at last, all is ready. The director shoots a couple of scenes in which Clara does not appear, to help her gain her composure.

Clara does not watch these scenes. Instead she goes to one side of the set—an outdoor mountain location near Los Angeles—and, to hide her nervousness, begins to crack a long black whip.

"Rex taught me how to do this at the ranch," she remarks to an electrician.

Suddenly the director calls, "Clara—Gilbert—we're ready for you now."

Clara Bow and Gilbert Roland come forward. It is a dramatic moment in more ways than one. Gilbert was Clara's first Hollywood sweetheart. Much has been crowded into her life since then.

She has known all the joys of public acclaim—then the sickening fears of a waning popularity—nervous breakdown, screen retirement, her marriage to Rex Bell, her return to health and her acquirement of a peace of mind she had never before known.

IT is easy to understand why the Clara that steps before the camera is a new personality.

For Clara has changed.

And most of all in her manner. When she made her last picture, "Kick-In," she was terrified by the microphone. She could not remember long speeches, so she made up her own dialogue as she went along—much to the confusion of the other actors.

Now she is no longer afraid—a trifle nervous, perhaps, but most emotional actresses are when beginning work on a new picture.

And this is a significant moment in Clara's life. A new era is opening in her career. How she comports herself in this and following scenes may determine her screen future.

Yet her step is sure. This last year when she left Hollywood, and left all her fair-weather friends, to spend her time on a



The girl the great army of picture followers could not forget—as vivid a personality in temporary retirement as on the screen—here she is, the new Clara Bow in "Call Her Savage"

lonely ranch with her husband, has given her assurance.

The director indicates to Clara and Gilbert where to stand. The cameras are lined up on their faces, the microphones are swung over their heads.

Silence. No laughing, no joking, as Clara used to do before a scene was filmed. Instead, she is softly repeating her lines to herself.

"Okay for sound," somebody calls.

"Quiet, please," another person shouts.

"Okay," says the director.

"Call Her Savage," has begun and the first Clara Bow scene is good.

"Okay," calls the director. "That was great, Clara."

There are other changes, too, in Clara Bow. Her appearance. Her hair dress—smartly cut with bangs—is right for her. She wears a pair of riding breeches and an organdie

blouse. She is thinner but her figure is still well rounded. And she is more beautiful than ever.

The title of her new picture, "Call Her Savage," might lead you to believe that Clara is to have the same sort of rôle which made her thousands of dollars and brought her thousands of screen admirers.

But this is not exactly the case. Her producers are wise enough to know that the public wants to see the new Clara Bow—the Clara Bow as she is today. She plays a half-breed Indian girl, but the story takes her into the sophisticated atmosphere of smart drawing rooms.

Indeed, you will see *two* Claras in this picture—the old as well as the new. It looks as though it were built for her unique personality.

REX BELL is so proud of her. He beams whenever you tell him that Clara is different, and when the studio workers comment on the fact that her tests were splendid and that she is going to make a big comeback, his smile is as big as Joe E. Brown's.

At the studio they have surrounded Clara with everything that spells good taste.

Her dressing-room—which consists of living room, make-up room, kitchen and bath—is done in early American and is quite as charming as Ruth Chatterton's, which has a reputation for its correct furnishings.

And, by the way, in "Call Her Savage" she has twenty-nine different costumes, each more lovely, more modish than the last. Clara will make this one picture and then return to Rancho Clarito, the home she shares with Rex in the desert. For her the stimulating life of Hollywood is no more. She knows that but little really lies behind that glamorous surface. She takes great pride in her rôle in this latest picture—is giving it the best she's got. But today Clara is a wife first, an actress second.

The girl has changed, and if you don't believe it ask the folks who knew her when.





Photo by Stagg

HOLLYWOOD'S most dramatic moment occurred when Jean Harlow returned to the studio to continue work in "Red Dust." Though stricken with grief over the tragic death of her husband, Paul Bern, it was her wish to resume work.

This scene is tense with picture drama—one

to which Jean had to give all of her abundant ability. There was but one rehearsal. Then the director called for "lights" and "sound" and the cameras ground.

A gay, bold girl on the set, she crept away to sit alone in a corner of the stage, a pathetic little widow, the minute that her work was

done. "Red Dust" was but one of the many vehicles that Paul Bern—who was her studio supervisor as well as her husband—had planned for her to further the career in which he took so much pride. Clark Gable is the star of the picture, and Mary Astor, Tully Marshall and Donald Crisp have leading rôles.



# Why Chevalier Sits Alone

By Jack  
Grant

"SINCE the war, I have been living on borrowed time. Some day the loan will be called. Then pouff!"

So Maurice Chevalier spoke of the war injury that for years has imperilled his life—the sudden death he carries near his heart, so dangerously near that no doctor dares to operate. This is the first time he has ever been prevailed upon to talk about it at all.

Reams of copy have been written in an attempt to solve the mystery of Chevalier. Conjectures are numerous regarding his apparent dual personality. On the screen, a sparkling, gay romantic. Off-screen a somber, solemn man.

There is no doubt that the Chevalier you know in pictures is not the real Chevalier. His gaiety is assumed, put on and taken off with his make-up. His eyes lose their sparkle, his lips their smile when he is not facing a camera. The man undergoes an amazing transformation when he stops working. It is like turning off a light.

ON the set, he usually sits by himself. Fellow workmen call him taciturn; moody. Visitors pass him by. They do not recognize in this seemingly brooding chap the dashing Chevalier they saw in "The Love Parade," "The Smiling Lieutenant," "One Hour With You," and "Love Me Tonight."

These facts have been established time and again.

The mysterious persons that are both Chevalier have been thoroughly discussed and dissected. But no mystery remains when you know what Chevalier knows—that his death warrant is signed and sealed with shrapnel.

Attacks upon his habit of sitting alone, of avoiding crowds, of failing to enter into the Hollywood spirit of things as it per-



The camera has caught him as he really is—not the Chevalier of the irresistible smile, but a moody, taciturn man—a puzzle to those who do not understand

tains to parties and pals—charges that he is high-hat, mercenary, egotistic, humorless, Chevalier meets with a shrug. Even when, by chance, I discovered his secret, he attempted by deprecation to avoid questioning. "The war, it is so long ago. There is nothing to say I haven't said before."

But there is, M. Chevalier. A great deal to say. Tell the world exactly where that piece of shrapnel is lodged in your body. Don't dismiss the seriousness of your injury by saying—as you "have said before"—that it is in your lung.

Tell those who have forgotten what they learned of anatomy in school that the human heart is a hollow, muscular organ situated in the thorax *between the two lungs*—that it is inclosed in a strong membranous sac, called the pericardium and that the shrapnel is pressed so closely to this sac that its removal might cause your heart to burst in the thus weakened place.

ADMIT that you must not indulge in strenuous exercises—that you avoid turning your body quickly from the waist—that a friendly slap on the back might end everything for you.

Tell them these things. You are doing yourself an injustice by keeping silent. You will not be accused of self-pity, of seeking sympathy. But you will be allowed to sit undisturbed.

"It is true," Chevalier said, "that this war memento is more troublesome than I like to acknowledge. I do not talk about it because talking makes me think. Thinking does no good when there is nothing to be done. The doctors tell me not to think."

"We look to see where the shrapnel is every once in a while. Maybe some day it will move away and then we operate. Maybe it will go the other way. Who knows?"

The doctors fear an abscess, from which there can be no recovery. They prescribe a great amount of rest and quiet and absolute abstinence from exercise.

"I can drink only a little, smoke only a little. I must not get angry. I must not do this or that. There are so many 'must nots' and so few 'can do's'." [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114 ]



# No Chaplin Honors

The inside story about how the mysterious Garbo spent her summer vacation in her native Sweden



When Charlie Chaplin visited his birthplace, London, he was at first entertained by royalty. Lady Milbanke is seated here next to Charlie



A villa at Ingaro, an islet of the Stockholm archipelago, where Greta hid herself while she was in Sweden

**I**T was a typical Swedish yell, a little self-conscious and awkward, for the Swedes are not the most demonstrative people on earth.

"Heja, Greta!"

The crowd numbered several thousand, packed tight on the long pier in the little seaport of Gothenburg. The young woman in a gray cape, who stood looking down at the pier from the top of the gangplank that stretched to the deck of the ocean liner, smiled.

"Heja, Greta!"

Sweden, or at least a part of Sweden, was once more offering a welcome home to Greta Gustafsson Garbo.

And history had, in a sense, repeated itself.

The scene was comparable, in many respects, to that day in the spring of 1931 when Charles Chaplin, London-born, stepped from the train in the city where he dreamed, as a youth, of fame and success.

Then it was:

"Welcome home, Charlie!"

"God bless you, Charlie!"

**A**ND the meaning was the same. The public welcoming back a person whose career, by the grace of the gods that be, had been colorful, romantic. A person who had started from scratch and succeeded against odds. Who returned, victory-flushed and laureled, to the place where the race began.

Does the similarity between Chaplin's and Garbo's home-coming stop here?

What happened to Chaplin in London is well known. Chaplin brought a smile

Garbo's 1929 trip home was gay. Here you see her drinking champagne with her mother and an actor friend

with him when he stepped from the train. But when he left London the smile was gone.

Everyone knows the details. The invitation to appear in a "charity" show, a "command" (from the king) performance. Chaplin's refusal. The check for a thousand dollars which he sent along with that note.

And Chaplin, criticized, slapped back . . . and slapped hard. "Hypocrites," he called the British, in a published interview.

Then the famous remark by Chaplin: "They say I have a duty to England. I wonder just what that duty is? No one wanted me or cared for me in England seventeen years ago. I had to go to America for my chance. I got it there."

Chaplin denied, moreover, that the invitation was a "command" appearance before King George. But London viewed the matter differently.

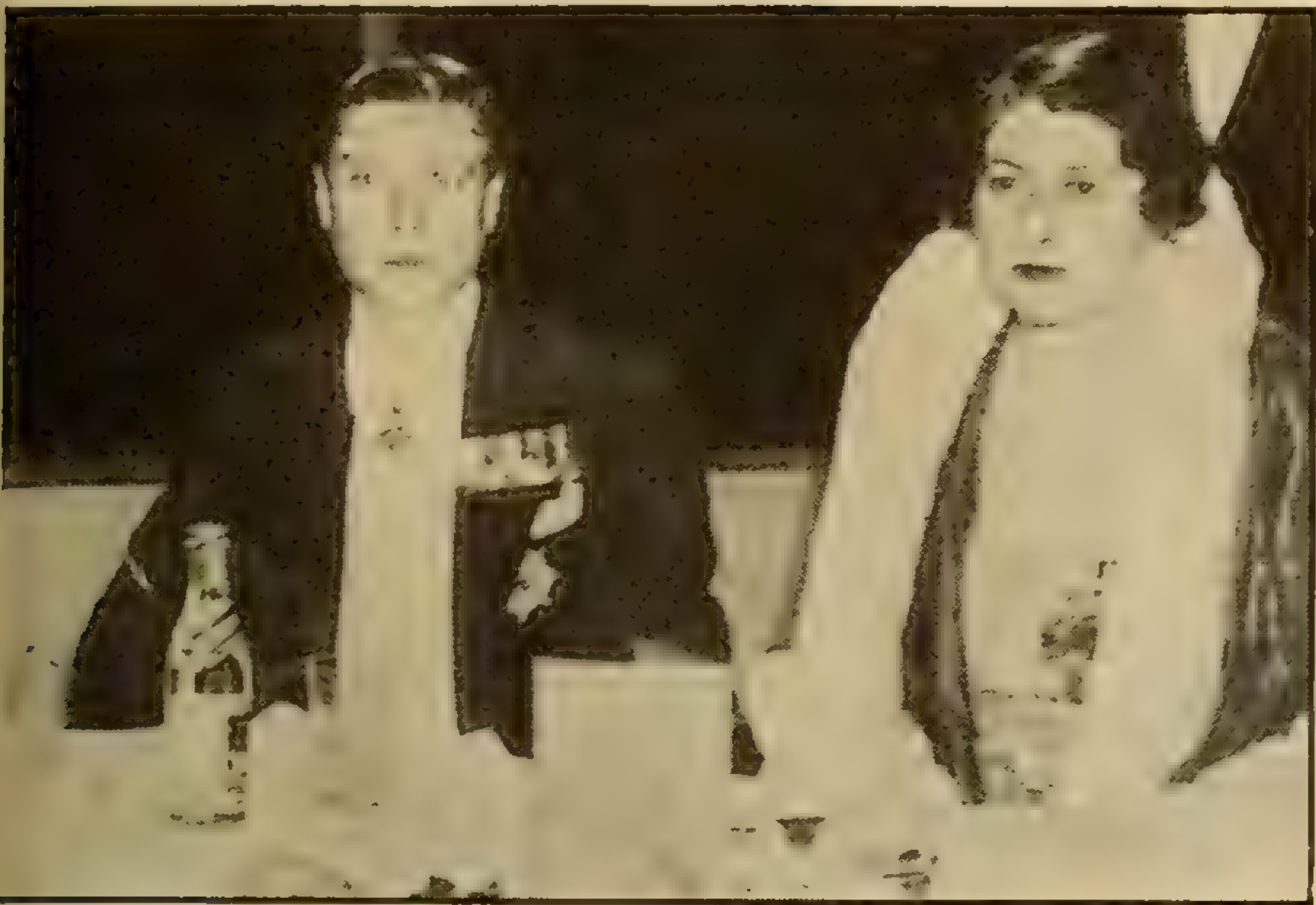
So it was English royalty, in a sense, that took the smile from the face of Chaplin.





# for GARBO

By Axel  
Ingwerson



While at his left is the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of Sutherland. Royalty felt that the little comedian snubbed them. What a row!

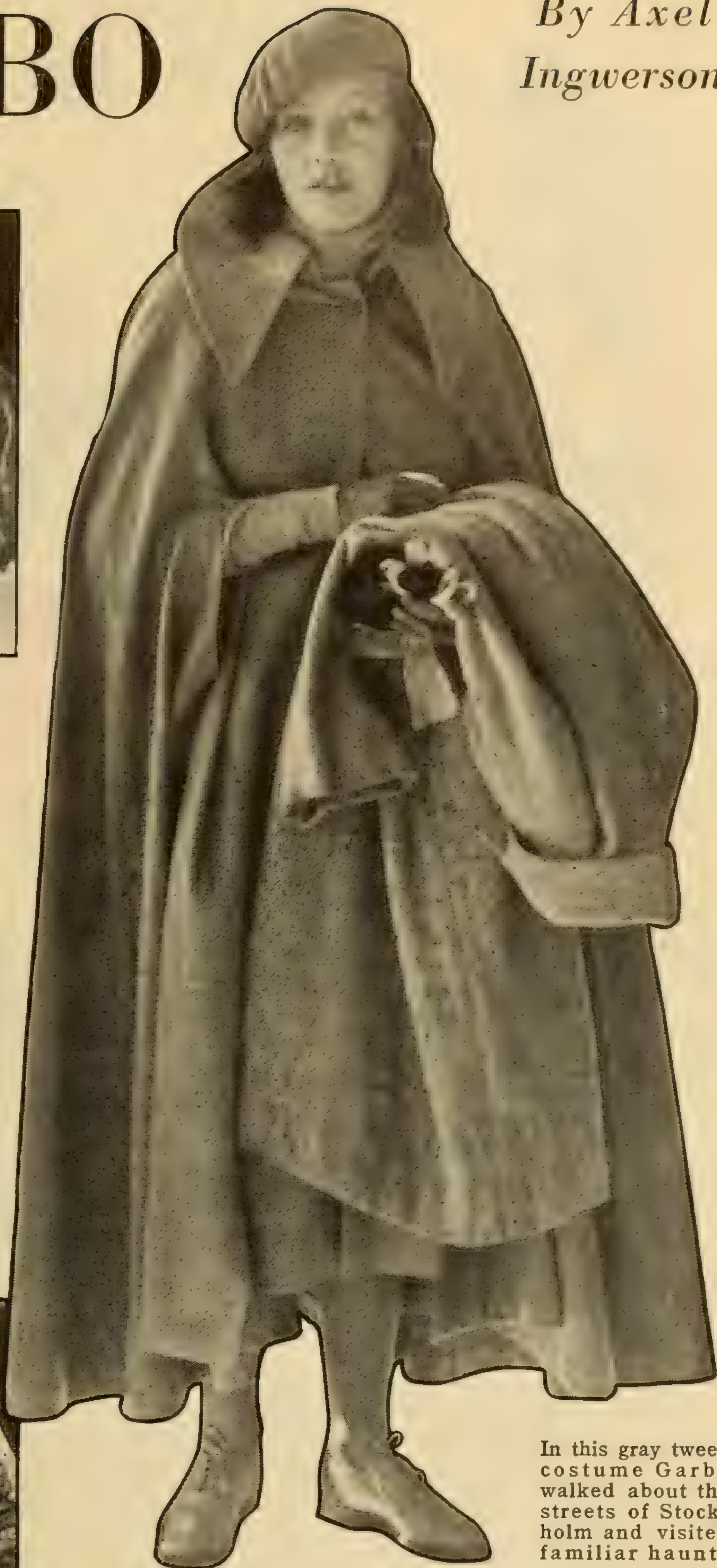
Now, what about Garbo? Was there any chance that Swedish royalty would bring about a situation such as Chaplin experienced? Did Garbo have to worry about a "command" appearance in Stockholm?

Did Garbo remember, as Chaplin did, with the same sort of bitterness, that she had to go to America to get her chance?

What does the royal castle in Stockholm, beautiful even in its rather rococo architecture, mean to the girl who years ago stood in front of a mirror in a modest Stockholm apartment and painted her lips with crayon . . . because she wanted to see what she would look like and because she loved to pretend?

It's quite a story.

To begin with it doesn't hurt to remind you that Garbo already has had something to do with Swedish nobility. You will recall her friendship with young Prince Sigvard, twenty-five-year-old son of the Crown Prince of Sweden. A friendship that started on board



In this gray tweed costume Garbo walked about the streets of Stockholm and visited familiar haunts

the steamer "Gripsholm" when Garbo came home in 1929. That continued in Stockholm where Garbo danced at the Strand Hotel with the dark-haired young prince, who is something of an artist when it comes to stage decorations.

But, aside from that, Garbo has yet to receive any recognition or attention from the royal family of Sweden. There never has been any open indication of the attitude of the royal family toward her.

In 1932 Garbo went to the theater alone, but she applauded when a Swedish actor sang a song about her

But the members of the Swedish royal family, who are exceedingly democratic and popular, most assuredly must recognize in [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 127]



# Whoowie! Here

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY VAN ARSDALE



**H**IS mother watched him from the porch as he trudged up the street on sturdy little legs. "Joey," she called to him, "have you got a clean handkerchief?"

Joe E. Brown laid down the neatly wrapped bundle that held a pair of patched underdrawers (handed down from three brothers ahead) and an extra shirt.

"Yes, ma," he yelled and every house in Toledo, Ohio, swayed gently on its foundations as the echo of that call reverberated through the town.

"All right," she said, "and don't get your feet wet or get stepped on by an elephant, for heaven's sake."

And he was gone. Around a corner of Toledo and the corner of a young life.

Walking, not running, mind you, away to join a circus. A little nine-year-old boy with twinkly blue eyes, a nose that looked for all the world like a stubby little engine emerging from the open tunnel of a mouth beneath.

One actually waited any moment for the whistle to blow and the passengers to alight.

But just the same, Joe E. was on his way.

He was now one of the Five Marvelous Ashtons, though none of them were really marvelous and, for that matter, none of them were Ashtons. But Joe was that little ball that flew madly from Papa Ashton to Cousin Ashton from a trapeze fifty feet in the air. And often as not never completed the journey from papa to cousin and landed in a net below. And broke a jaw or something.

It was a life. He had all the strength, heart, life and soul beat and pommeled out of him, but doggedly kept on. Going back every winter to Toledo for school and never breathing to his ma what he endured in circuses during the summer. He knew he'd never get to go back if he did.

It grew pretty bad. Even when Joe joined a tumbling troupe and was hurled to the stage because of a mistake and broke a leg. Zowie! Just like that.

Then Joe picked up the pieces that remained after five years of circus life and took himself off to join a vaudeville act. And was he terrible? In several villages (they wouldn't let him in the towns) the citizens actually called a town meeting to know what could be done with the gosh-darned drought that "wuz a ruinin' the crops and that there pesky vaudeville team that kept on playin' when no one wanted to see 'em."

And then came one of the tragedies of Joe's young life (soft music, please). They reached a village with several

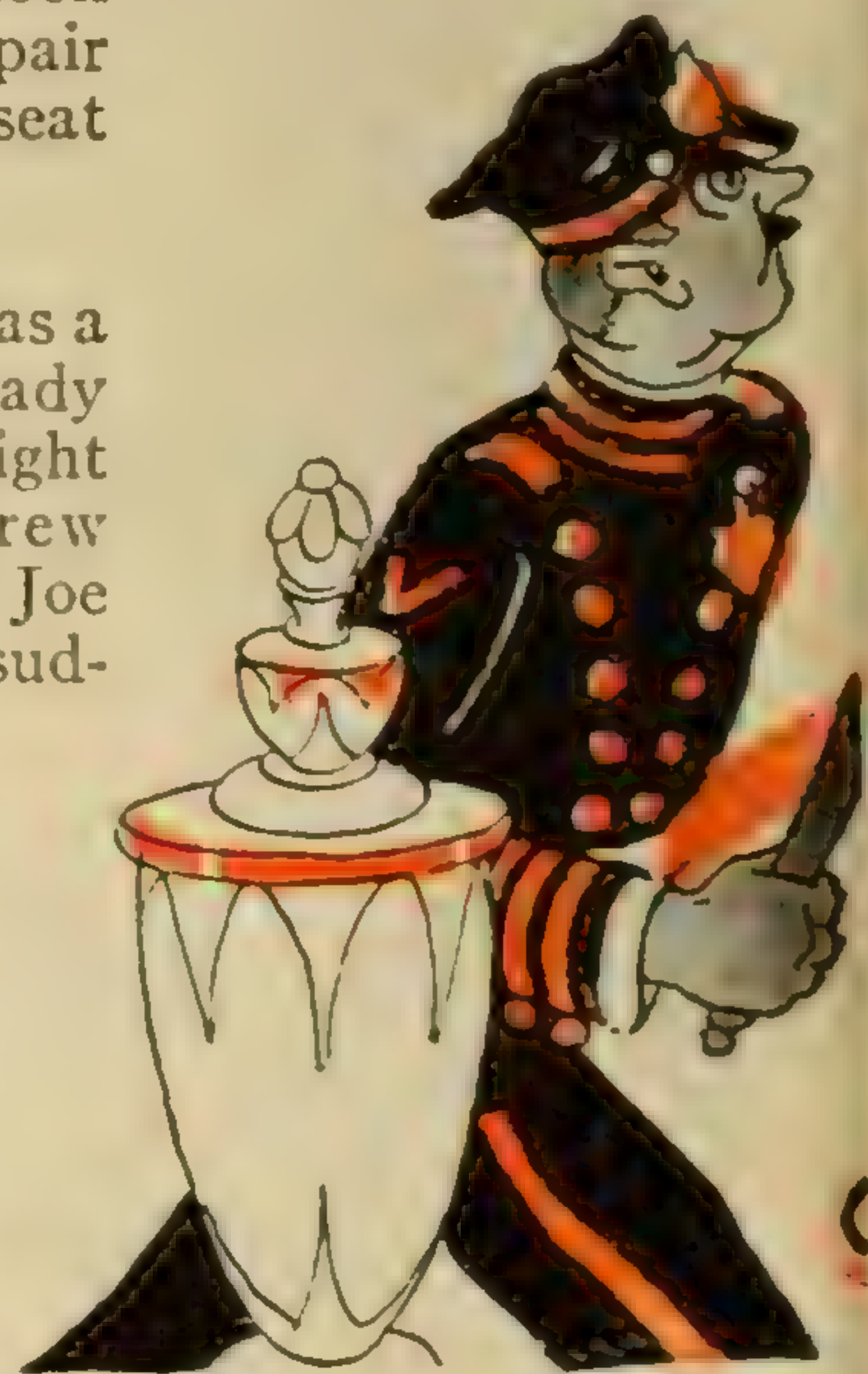
other acts and proceeded to put on a show in the combination fire house, hoosegow and barber shop. They stretched up a canvas in a four by six space and the women dressed on one side and the men dressed on the fire truck. Hanging their clothes all over the thing.

Joe, in his tights (and *there* was a picture!), stood in the wings watching a heartrending and soul-stirring act, according to the bill boards, and everything was sad and very quiet. Si Perkins had durned near wept his goatee off when suddenly there was a loud clang over their heads. **THE FIREBELL!** Ding dong, ding dong.

In an instant every last ninety-four citizens of that village were in a turmoil and the fire engine half way to Centerville before Joe could open that mouth of his and yell. It was on its way to a fire with Joe's pants hanging on the side. And for three hours he shivered and shook until the fire engine returned with a pair of wet, bedraggled pants. With the seat and one leg missing.

**T**HEN on to San Francisco. Joe was a big boy of fifteen now and old already in the ways of show business. That night they completed their act that grew mustier as the years wore on and Joe went home and went to bed. But suddenly he was out of bed again with the bed flatter than a pancake and the whole city doing a shimmy.

The great earthquake was on. Joe rushed outdoors. "Save my things," the landlady screamed as the fire broke out over the city. So Joe rushed in, seized a grandfather's clock, dragged it for two blocks and a half and fell exhausted before the open door of a delicatessen-





# Comes Joe E.

sen shop. The inside looked inviting, so Joe filled his pockets with cheese and crackers and seized what he thought was a case of soda water. Piling his case on the clock he made for the nearest hill.

Never, he thought, had he heard soda make such a disturbance when opened. It went *pop!* And after the second *pop* he was waving his champagne bottle, still thinking it was soda water, in the air, two-stepping and admiring the fireworks. "Suza good show. Swell lil' city to put on this show (hiccup) for a fella."

AND then he made it. The end of every actor's rainbow of dreams. Broadway. Yes sir, he was on it. Good old Broadway. He had come a long, heartbreaking way and here he was. He was to substitute that night for the leading man in "Listen, Lester."

At five o'clock in the afternoon he was in the dressing-room, made up. Six o'clock came, then seven, and years later it was eight. Joe had fumed and fussed until his make-up had worn off and he had to put on more. Finally, the overture. And then it was played again,

and by the time they began playing it the third time, Joe was wild with nerves. Then came the manager.

"No show, Joe," he said.

Joe could only stand and open and shut that mouth. Not a word came out.

"Equity just called a strike," the manager explained. So Joe took off the make-up and wandered aimlessly, and completely stunned, up Broadway. No show, no money, one wife,



The police force of Beverly Hills planted their heavy feet on the velvet carpet and charged upon the dreadful, house-rocking sound with all the intrepid gallantry of a battalion of troops



two babies, a sore back, his father had just died and well, you just name anything sad. It was Joe's.

But strikes don't keep on striking and Joe was back again on Broadway in "Jim Jam Jems," "Listen, Lester" and "Greenwich Village Follies." And then one day his name was ready to go up in lights.

It was just six o'clock in the morning in New York City. A funny, little guy paced up and down, up and down before a theater. Several hours later a workman on the roof looked down and said to another workman, "Say, look at that guy down there. He walks past here and then he runs. Then he trots up and down like a kangaroo. What's the matter with him?"

"Aw, he's nuts," the other said and went on with his work. But he wasn't nuts. It was [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]





Lil Tashman—reads "Who's Who", as it is good business



Joan Blondell—too smart to sign a star contract too soon



Ann Harding—bought a new airplane at half price

# Ah! These Clever

**K**AREN MORLEY, new blonde actress with the Garbo voice, walked into the publicity department of M-G-M studio clad in the velvet and silver creation she wore in "Arsene Lupin" and said to the publicity woman in a calm, matter-of-fact tone: "I have two hours free. If there is any member of the press who would like to see me, I shall be glad to see him. If not, I'm going to the gallery to have some pictures made of myself in this gown. I think it's good business." And with that she picked up the train of her gown and marched off. Galleryward.

Good business. The publicity woman neither looked alarmed nor whimpered with fright. Nor did the office boy run home screaming for his mother.

Good business. It's being done in Hollywood today. On all sides. And by blondes. Beautiful, mind you, and movie actresses in Hollywood. Who speak, heaven preserve Uncle Elmer's young tomato plants, of "good business."

"Dizzy blondes." "Beautiful, but dumb." Remember the wisecracks of yesterday? Well, look at the "dizzy blondes" of Hollywood today and laugh a loud, hollow laugh. For the blondes of today are not the blondes of yesterday, my little lambs. They no longer ride about airing their poodles in orchid limousines trimmed in bilious green, waving peacock feather fans and smelling to heaven of pink carnation perfume. Oh, my, no. The blondes of Hollywood today are too busy attending to "good business" and getting places. Without the pink carnation perfume.

They are as bright as a penny, as shrewd as a politician and as alluring as a whole Follies chorus. But look closely and you'll see a certain squareness of jaw, a determined gleam in every blue eye, a firmness in every step.

The "good business" blondes of Hollywood. New. Smart. And oh, so—so—so—

Well, anyway, look at Constance Bennett. If ever there was a perfect example of the new blondes in Hollywood, it's Constance Bennett.

They tell, with a chuckle, of the dapper, cocksure, young bond salesman who called on Miss Bennett in her dressing room one day recently.

Thirty minutes after he entered, he emerged. His collar was wilted and so

was his countenance. He wore a slightly bewildered look and Hank's hat, by mistake. He didn't seem to have the slightest idea where he was. Or why. For Connie had simply out-talked him, out-argued, out-divided him on every point. She knows exactly the value and reason (if any) behind every stock. Why it's up and why it's down. She can out-quote any old time quoter in the business.

A "good business" blonde.

And who didn't chuckle at the fast one Connie pulled last summer when the executives argued the high salary she demanded would mean high income tax and Connie talked them into paying the tax as well.

**B**UT here's even a faster one. When a producer lends a star to another studio he, of course, realizes quite a profit on the exchange by demanding considerably more than the star's salary.

But when Miss Bennett, with those big, baby blue eyes and saucy blonde curls was farmed out to Fox and M-G-M and First National, she took herself off to the head office of her studio and said ever so elegantly (and you know how elegant Connie can be), "I'm so sorry. But I really must have half that profit. You see I'm the one who is really doing that work and ah, that is, if you don't mind I'll take quite a nice little bonus besides." And she took it. Which left the head office with practically nothing but a horrible headache and a pair of slightly popped eyes.

She knows to a dime where every cent of her money goes. So much for this. So much for that.

Plenty of unkind stories have been written about Constance Bennett. Which is certainly to be expected of such a shrewd and level-headed young woman. Nevertheless, it isn't good business to have too much animosity floating about. So Miss Bennett very, very kindly invited every member of the press to meet her. To talk with her. To get to know her. And every single member of the press came away convinced that Connie Bennett was just about the best scout in Hollywood.

Look at Ann Harding. And that isn't so hard to do, either.

The face of an angel has Ann, but oh, what a capacity for thinking lies beneath that coil of ash-blonde hair. Does she

*By Susan Mason*





Connie Bennett—knows the why and wherefore of stocks



Madge Evans—flopped in her first film, but got a contract



Karen Morley—treats all the press people like pals

# Hollywood Blondes!

know her own mind? Money bags jingled for months, for many long months, unnoticed while Ann held out for what she wanted in her contract. And when Ann was finally convinced that even contracts in Hollywood are not what they're cracked up to be, she goes right on. Giving her best, which is grand, to poor pictures, and her best to good ones. Playing the game.

But when Miss Harding took herself off to Detroit to buy that brand-new airplane, very, very graciously Miss Harding allowed them to exhibit her plane in the air show. And for such graciousness Miss Harding reduced the price of her plane to half. That's all. Just half.

And the name Ann Harding painted boldly and gaily on the door of that plane.

"How—er—strange," Hollywood shrugged.

"Oh, really?" Ann asks as she leans ever so gently on the new plane for publicity pictures which always turn out with ANN HARDING painted grandly on that door.

AND little Madge Evans with the breathless little voice that stirs up all sorts of protective instincts. Madge, it seems, made a comeback to pictures too soon. Much too soon. As a child actress Madge was a hit. But at fifteen with Barthelmess in "Classmates," Madge was a flop. Discouraged? Perhaps. But not stumped. Madge went back to the stage and worked and worked and worked.

A few years later certain movie producers took another squint at the lovely little blonde actress.

"Come on out to Hollywood," they said, "and play the lead with Novarro in 'Son of India.'" How many actresses, young and ambitious and beautiful hear that same sirenish call and aren't immediately seized with the jitters. But Madge never jittered a jitter. She remained calm, cool, level-headed.

"Oh, really," she smiled, "I thank you, but you see I'm more or less established here on the stage and I wouldn't think of leaving for just one picture." She even repeated it a bit louder for all to comprehend. "Not for just one picture."

The producers fell back flabbergasted. "What?" they demanded. "After the classic flop that little dame made in 'Classmates' she won't come for one picture. Well," they shrugged, "you can stay."

"Oh, thank you," came back that breathless little voice. "Thank you, kindly."

It worked.

MADGE came out with one flop to her credit and a nice term contract in her pocket.

But Madge had the shrewdness to go after the thing right when she got here. I've seen her rise from a sick bed to take publicity pictures she had promised. Hour after hour she stands about the stages drinking in the scenes. Watching. Learning. Going home nights to study. And rest.

Who is better known to every movie fan than just Lil Tashman? And why? Certainly Lil is no Chatterton when it comes to acting. She's no Dietrich for legs or no Bennett for looks.

What is it Lil Tashman has? Good business sense. The best that's going. And Lilyan knows her limits. She's too clever not to. But that didn't stop Miss Tashman from being right at the top. Ah me, no. Lil was out to be a champion something or other, and she is.

The most smartly dressed woman in pictures today, some say. With everything that goes with it. Time after time her throne has been threatened but Lil always comes through with one better and to top one creation with a better one takes considerable topping.

Her house is the smartest in Malibu. Her dinners are the last word. She reads the newest books. History. Biographies.

Her conversation sparkles. Even if she yearns for a good old "Tent Avenoo" door step gab, nevertheless Lil sparkles.

And the result? People clamor for her. Fans trample one another to pieces trying to see Lil on her personal appearances. They come and they go but Lil is always with us.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100 ]

They may be called dizzy blondes, but it's the producers who are dizzy when they get through talking business





Studio moguls temporarily separated them on the screen, but in real life Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor are the same old pals, cruising around on Charlie's yawl. They're co-starring now in "Tess of the Storm Country"



Why, "Tarzan" Weissmuller, you should be ashamed of yourself hanging around night clubs with George Raft. But it's only a movie set, and Johnny is visiting a pal. Incidentally, Johnny and wife are getting that divorce

# Cal York *Announcing-*

**W**HEN Lupe Velez and Virginia Bruce were cast in the same picture, Hollywood sat back and waited for the fight to begin

Remember that Lupe and Jack Gilbert were sweethearts.

Then he married Virginia.

But Hollywood got cheated out of some gossip.

The first day Lupe walked up to Virginia, held out her hand and said:

"Hello. I'm Lupe. I'm glad to meet the girl Jack married. He's a nice boy—Jack."

And now Virginia thinks Lupe is swell and doesn't keep her belief a secret, either.

**O**N the return of Ruth Chatterton and George Brent to Hollywood after their marriage in New York, they were met at the train by friends, well wishers, newspaper reporters and studio executives. But they refused to make an appearance. Some of the folks had boarded the train at a station a few hours out from Los Angeles

Ruth and George fled to their drawing-room and wouldn't appear. And not even pleading

notes stuck under the door changed their decision.

At last they were smuggled off the train by the porter and conductor, and Ruth's mother and friends, waiting at Pasadena, waited and waited.

And the press boys who wanted to give the couple a rousing hand were pretty well burned up about the whole affair.

**S**O the battle between James Cagney and Warner Brothers went merrily on.

Warners said they'd settle in court if necessary.

And red-headed Jimmy said 'twas okay with him!

It looked as though Hollywood might corner some more front page space in national newspapers.

Jimmy said they failed to notify him that his option was taken up. Warners said they failed on purpose. If they did anything like that, it would mean he had not been suspended and they would have to pay him a lot of back salary.

Warners also said that a contract for a year

means work for a year and Jimmy hasn't been working.

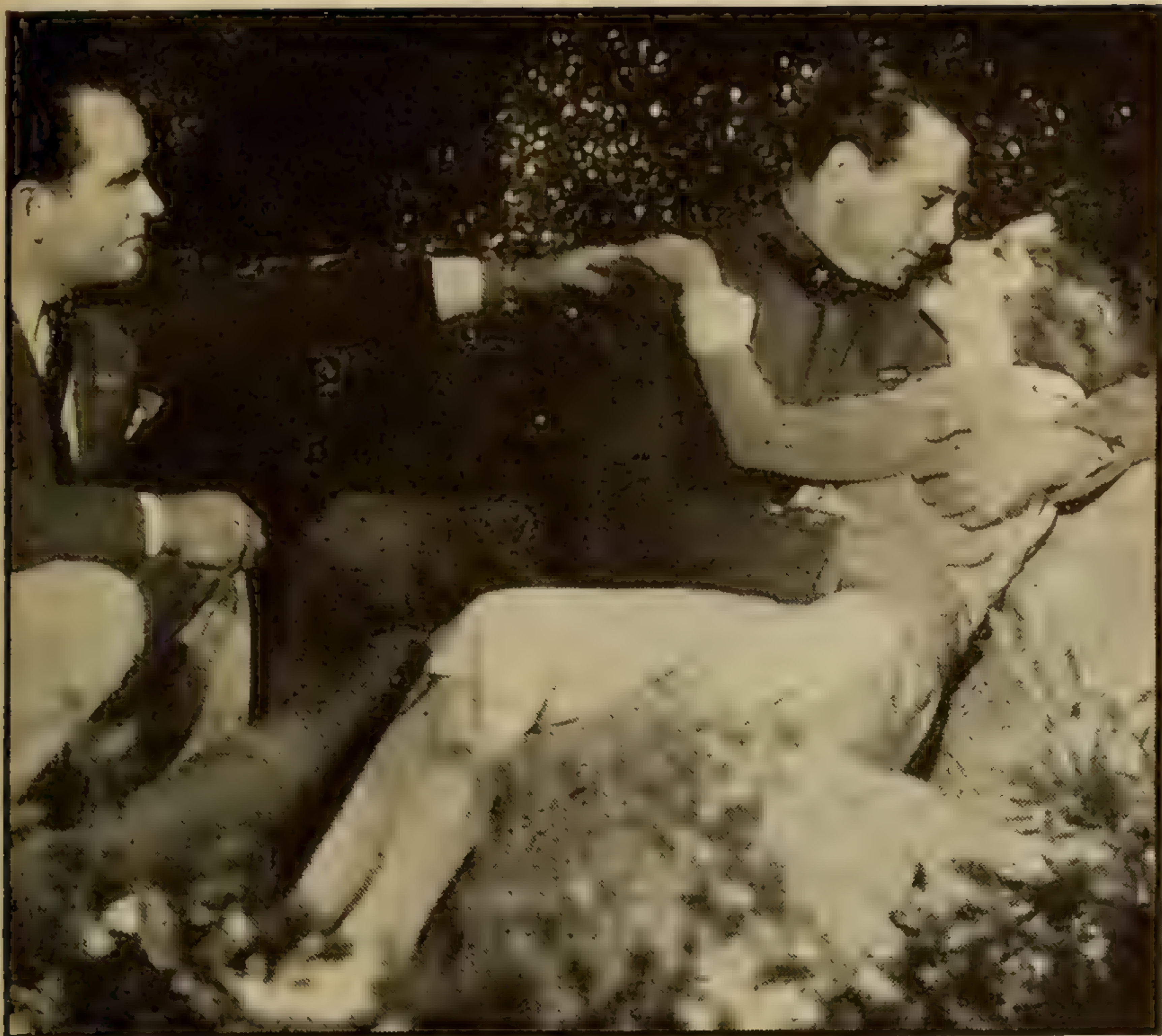
But, as we go to press, comes news of a truce. Maybe Jimmy will be back, under contract and working.

**N**EWCOMERS in the M-G-M commissary wonder who that fine, well-set-up man is over at the lunch-counter along with prop boys, extras and electricians. None other than Clark Gable who, though a big shot of Hollywood, doesn't let that fact affect his head.

On the other side of the partition are tables where the more important people eat, and the rest of the time Clark is found there. When he was a bit player, he lunched at the counter. So just for old sake's sake he still occasionally does. And the waitresses think he's a great lad.

**W**HEN Clara Bow began work on "Call Her Savage," her come-back film, the company offered to give her a make-up expert





"No, young fellow, that isn't the way to kiss," says Director Frank Borzage, giving Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes a few tips on plain and fancy necking for a hot scene in "A Farewell to Arms." Mean—interrupting like that!



Clara's comeback! The first scene between Clara Bow and Gilbert Roland in "Call Her Savage." Clara acting with Gilbert, her first Hollywood sweetheart? It's okay, folks, hubby Rex Bell approves. Like Clara's bangs?

# The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!

to help her. But the offer was spurned by Clara.

"I've been slapping greasepaint and powder on my own face ever since I started in pictures and I guess I won't go grand at this late date."

But in one way Clara is different. She used to work until all hours without ever complaining. Now she begins the day at ten and leaves at six o'clock sharp. Clara is not going to have any more nervous breakdowns from overwork.

**CONNIE BENNETT** may demand and get the reverence paid to queens from a lot of people in Hollywood. But there is one fellow to whom she is just another movie actress.

The door of Miss Bennett's dressing-room scraped noisily when closing, so a studio carpenter whom Connie had never seen before was sent over to fix it.

He scraped and fixed and at last turned with a beaming face to the famous star and inquired, "How's that, Connie?"

**WELL**, sir, Hollywood can't get over it. Hollywood's most colorful and vitriolic director gone good. Eric Von Stroheim, the man you love to hate, is behaving himself like an ordinary citizen. It's colossal!

For instance, there's the picture "Walking Down Broadway," that Eric is directing for Fox. Instead of being exactly fourteen months and two million dollars behind schedule, Von is actually three hours ahead in his shooting, and saving money. Now you know a shock like that is bad. People can't bear it. And not only that, he's kind, understanding and human. Even the extras like him.

The other day an electrician burned his hand and no less a person than the despotic Mr. Von Stroheim bound it up. But wait. That's not all. He's gone in for—guess what—bicycle riding, and can coast down hills, without holding onto the handle bars, mind you.

Oh, I tell you, Hollywood wouldn't be surprised at anything now.

**JOAN CRAWFORD** and Douglas Fairbanks Jr., returned from Europe in a whirl of enthusiasm. Never did two folks have such a

good time. They were fêted in London and Paris and literally mobbed by adoring fans wherever they appeared.

The most amusing incident concerns the night they went to see Noel Coward's play, "Cavalcade," in London. Leaving the theater, they were rushed by the mob. The crowd literally tore Joan's coat off, and Doug's clothes were a bit shredded.

With the aid of a dozen stalwart bobbies, they managed to push on to their car, but so thick grew the mob that the chauffeur could not start.

Ardent admirers pounded upon the windows of the car until at last Joan had to open them so that the people could touch her.

It looked like one of Cecil De Mille's mob scenes and there was danger that someone might be hurt.

In the midst of all this mêlée, one of those very British "bobbies" turned to the milling, surging, howling crowd and said, in his cockney accent: "I say, now. Aren't you a bit rude?" My word!

Joan says that for understatement, that wins all the prizes.





Ernest A. Bachrach

Introducing a new Hollywood blonde. Cute? Oh, we can't fool you. It's your old friend, Mitzi Green, gone light headed for "Little Orphan Annie"



Here's the lad who played the fiddle while Rome indulged in a little hot stuff. It's the first picture of that great English actor, Charles Laughton, who made your flesh creep in "Devil and the Deep," all dolled up for the rôle of Nero in C. B. De Mille's "The Sign of the Cross"

ALTHOUGH they work at adjoining studios in Hollywood, Joan Crawford met Laurel and Hardy for the first time in London. The occasion of their meeting was a reception given in their honor. Their English hosts, believing all movie actors to be close friends, made no attempt at introductions. It wasn't until later in the evening that Joan encountered the other guests of honor and introduced herself.

Joan, by the way, returned from her European vacation, her first at that, without purchasing many items of clothing in Paris. The custom inspectors couldn't imagine such strange procedure. It was only after an exhaustive search that they passed her luggage.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., however, went on a buying spree. The Bond Street wardrobe he selected in London more than made up for Joan's lack of interest in Parisian gowns.

CLARK GABLE is learning to play tennis with a one-armed janitor on the public tennis courts at Beverly Hills.

IN Richard Dix's contract it is written that no stills or photographs taken may be released without his approving them. And he exercised that right oftentimes to the despair of the publicity department. Imagine, therefore, the surprise that met Richard Dix's refusal even to look at proofs taken for "The Conquerors" opposite Ann Harding.

"Show them to Miss Harding," he said. "All that meet her approval, I will pass unconditionally."

Gallant chap, Dick!

WHEN Barbara Bebe Lyon—you know whose baby she is—had a birthday party recently, all the famous children of Hollywood attended and all had their pictures taken. All except one youngster.

Whenever the cameraman was ready to shoot, little Irving Thalberg, Jr., had to step out of the picture.

Mama Norma Shearer and Papa Irving will not allow a single photograph of their boy to be published in any paper or magazine.

AFTER it was announced that Director Charles Brabin was not to continue directing "Rasputin," Hollywood nodded wisely and murmured, "Hummm, so he couldn't cope with the Barrymore temperament."

But it wasn't Lionel, Ethel and John that jerked Brabin off the picture. It was what is known in Hollywood as "supervisor trouble." The supervisor was on the set every day, making suggestions, having scenes re-taken, until at last the exasperated Brabin cried, "Who's directing this picture, anyhow?" And those

five little words from long-suffering Brabin did the trick. That's why Director Richard Boleslavsky is telling the royal family how to make faces for the cameras.

CONTRARY to Hollywood expectations, all has been remarkably quiet on the Barrymore front this month, in spite of the fact that there has been a change in directors and that new dialogue has been written as the picture progressed.

The reason for all this goodness and light is

Well,  
What's  
This?

Either way you look at it—upside down or right side up—they're still beautiful. They are Verna Hillie and Kathleen Burke. Each says a prayer nightly that she'll be chosen for the panther woman rôle in the "Island of Lost Souls"







William A. Fraker

**H**ERE'S the answer to all you loyal Stanwyck fans who have been writing us, "What's happened to Barbara? Don't the producers realize that she has everything?" Her last two films were not so good—and nobody knows it better than Babs herself, but she comes back into her own in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." You can't lick that girl





Bachrach

**M**EET little Dorothy Wilson, who turned the tide. Just when it seemed as if the only girls who could crash through to success were your sloe-eyed, languorous glamour-types, Dot, who looks like "the kid that lives next door," made a big hit in "The Age of Consent." Dorothy's is another Cinderella story. She was only a typist in the script department at Radio Pictures when she was selected for the leading rôle. You'll see her next opposite Bill Boyd





Bachrach

**N**OW here's a strange thing about Richard Cromwell. When he played the title rôle in "Tol'able David" he was proclaimed a real screen find, yet a year passed before he was given another big chance. During that time he was ready to leave pictures for good. But now, with "The Age of Consent" and others to his credit, producers realize that they won't discover a better young actor if they look over all of Hollywood with Sherlock Holmes' magnifying glass





**Y**OU won't hear a single lukewarm opinion about Sylvia Sydney. Movie-goers either like her very much on the screen—or they don't like her at all. It's the same way in Hollywood. Positive personality? Yes indeedy! Having gone from one film to another, she is now taking a well-deserved rest. "Merrily We Go To Hell" was her last release





He is one of the best actors on the screen. But sometimes that isn't sufficient for real success. He won't play the Hollywood game

# Ricardo Is A Riddle

IT'S strange about Ricardo Cortez. It really is.

By all the laws of nature, he should long ago have been a Clark Gable or Valentino or Gary Cooper. He has the build, the brawn, the appearance. He is truly handsome. Women who meet him in person go into the same sort of raves that Clark Gable inspires from the screen.

In other words, he has Sex Appeal with capital letters.

Furthermore, he's a fine actor. "Symphony of Six Million" and "Is My Face Red?" prove that. And he's able to play the butcher, the baker or the candlestick maker. Fifteen years of every type of rôle have proved *that*.

And yet, he has always just missed being a screen sensation.

There's something strange here. Something wrong.

And Cortez knows it. He even knows how to correct it. But he has been unable to bring himself to the point where he can do it.

Now, however, he has signed a contract with Paramount. This should mean a new start. With an even break he should come into his own.

When he read the criticism of his work in "Thirteen Women," in a Hollywood trade paper, he shuddered. It said: "Just why is Cortez wasted in this? What he does, he does well."

He didn't want to play in that picture. He knew it wasn't the part for him. He had just acquitted himself nobly in both "Symphony" and "Is My Face Red?" Why should he descend into this minor part, wedged among *thirteen women*?

He'd been promised "Hell's Highway" originally. Richard Dix played it.

He'd been scheduled for "Phantom Fame." Lee Tracy is doing it.

The leftover was "Thirteen Women."

If you asked fifty people in Hollywood the cause of Ri-

By Evaline Lieber

cardo's trouble, I'll wager forty would answer, "He's too high-hat. He doesn't play the game."

Cortez is not high-hat. Those—like George O'Brien—who are his pals would punch anybody in the nose who said he is. They swear by this handsome lad. He's a *pal* and a man who understands the true meaning of that word "pal."

But so few know him.

I introduced Ricardo to some visitors from Chicago. Six others introduced him to the same visitors. Still, he did not speak when he met them. They did not speak first. Ricardo was waiting for them to recognize him. He was just as hurt as they were about it.

Which does not sound like an I-must-be-noticed motion picture actor.

AH, there lies the trouble. He doesn't act like a man of his profession. He's easily hurt. Terrifically self-conscious. To hide this sensitive nature, he dons a hard-boiled, sophisticated armor. "High-hat" is the resulting general opinion.

Director Gregory La Cava is one of Ricardo's intimates. He directed him in "Symphony of Six Million" and has been about this.

"Riccy is a very sensitive person. He's easily hurt. In Hollywood, when anyone has a defense. He can't be fully himself around a people who are never themselves."

"The so-called inferiority complex."

Cortez has them guessing why he's not running with the leaders of the pack. Here's the reason



# The Strangest Friendship IN HOLLYWOOD

IF you could see them together you would certainly think it unusual. Dignified, calm, studious, cultured Walter Huston and volatile, dynamic, excitable Lupe Velez.

Yet between these two there has sprung up a friendship so rich and so beautiful that Hollywood rubs its eyes to make sure it has seen the truth.

For the truth is—and nobody who has seen them together could doubt it—that this is no flirtation.

Walter Huston, being what he is, could never be interested in any woman that way.

And Lupe? Well, she worships Walter as if he were some very dear and loyal uncle.

This is friendship—just plain, real friendship. And what it is doing for both Lupe and Walter, principally Lupe, is a very sweet page in Hollywood history.

There are lots of girls in Hollywood who have had real friendships with men, when there was no thought of love between them. Remember Lon Chaney and Norma Shearer—when Lon helped Norma with her make-up and gave her advice about acting that she will never forget. Remember Joan Crawford and Billy Haines, who have laughed together and argued together—and still do. Billy will fight a battle for Joan at the drop of a supervisor's hat. Remember Elsie Janis and Ramon Novarro. Elsie gave Ramon advice, criticized and praised him. They were great pals. And I could point to a dozen other such friendships.

But Lupe Velez—she expects and receives admiration. You couldn't imagine Lupe being even slightly interested in a man who was impervious to those "beeg," black eyes and who wouldn't jump through a couple of hoops and do nip-ups at her command. Consider the lads who have adored her.



Lupe Velez stood in awe of Walter Huston's acting ability. When they were placed together in the cast of "Kongo," Lupe was so nervous she played her first scene very badly.



The hero, Walter Huston—cultured, dignified and a good Hollywood citizen

And then suddenly this Walter Huston thing happened. I say "suddenly." I'm wrong. Here's how it all happened.

Perhaps the first time Walter Huston crossed Lupe's consciousness was a number of years ago when Gary Cooper was making "The Virginian." When Gary heard that Walter was to have a rôle in the picture he came at once to Lupe and said, "I'm frightened. Huston is such a great actor. He knows how to talk—to deliver lines. What can I do against competition like that?"

Lupe was furious. "Afraid? For shame. You are Gary Cooper. Aren't you? That's enough. You don't have to be afraid of anybody. Be yourself and don't talk nonsense."

But Gary was still frightened at the ability of the great actor, and when Lupe came on the set of "The Virginian" for the first time, she felt something of the awe that Gary felt. Huston was so reserved, so dignified. For once, Lupe was restrained and because it was a new sensation to her—curbing her wild exuberance—she steered clear of Huston.

Naturally, their paths did not cross again. They





If you think that all film friendships are flirtations only, read this amazing story

*By  
Ruth  
Biery*

Huston liked her! He thought she had talent. He wasn't to be feared, then. He wasn't ritzy just because he was a great actor.

In her very nicest manner Lupe said, "The admiration is mutual, Mr. Huston."

And from that day on they have been the best of friends. They talk continuously while they are working together and as soon as the week's work is done Lupe, Walter and his wife, Nan, dash away for little trips into the mountains. For neither Walter nor Lupe is willing to let this strange friendship lag just because their work will take them to different studios.

The second day of shooting on "Kongo," Walter and Lupe sat together on the steps of the stage and talked. Rather, Lupe talked. Walter listened.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105 ]

Then Walter began teaching Lupe little tricks of acting—and she was a willing pupil, as you can see by looking at this picture, which is one of the dramatic scenes from "Kongo"

move in entirely different Hollywood circles and, small as the town is, one clique very seldom overlaps another.

Lupe went to New York to appear in a Ziegfeld show. She returned, triumphant, to sign a contract for six new pictures. "Kongo" was the first. Jubilant, excited, she burst on the set. There was Walter Huston. She still stood in awe of him and his long years of acting. So Walter Huston was to be in her picture!

Her knees trembled, her voice quavered when they did their first scene together. And, when the cameras stopped grinding, she went quietly to the corner of the set and pretended to be studying the script. But she wasn't. Out of the corner of her eye she watched Huston.

He did not come over to her immediately. He sat in another corner but he, too, was watching Lupe. Then their eyes met. He laughed and came over to her.

"You have a great talent, Miss Velez," he said. "I admire you because of that talent."

Like a child, praised by a respected teacher, Lupe's eyes grew big with wonder. Why, this

The heroine, Lupe Velez — tempestuous, temperamental, unconventional







Marie Dressler: "I have never been bored. I have always wanted to see the next sunrise. I have always been glad of the chance to live"

ONLY the other day I was reading a letter from Catherine de Medici to her daughter. That queen of France who lived three hundred years ago was all upset. She didn't know what the young people were coming to. Her other daughter, Marguerite, was full of new ideas. And the clothes she wore! And the new dances she danced! Girls, said the queen of France, were coming to no good and were certainly not behaving as their mothers considered it proper for girls to behave.

Not much different from today, for we still hear that youth is a great problem. Modern mothers and fathers are dismayed. Teachers are often in a fog. The children are running wild.

History is full of such complaints. Why won't youth accept the dictates of age? Why won't youngsters listen and believe the words of experience? Why won't the new generation conform to the habits and theories of the old?

Well, of course, they won't. They never have.

Why should they? The glory of youth is its determination to find out things for itself. The beauty of youth is its intensity, its fire, its lack of compromise.

All things are forgivable to youth. As we grow older we must not lose sight of that. Implanted in every heart that is worth its beat, is the flaming desire to live—to experience—to do new and amazing things. God bless their souls, there isn't any compromise in 'em. The reason we have failed to conquer all things, think they, is because we lacked something—and they've got it. And little by little, through that very living force of youth, lots of dead wood is weeded out of the race so that we don't stifle.

# "Youth Hasn't Changed"

"You must leave children free to choose for themselves"—a frank discussion by kindly Marie Dressler

*As Told To*  
Adela Rogers St. Johns

Mothers and fathers and teachers and all of us together can't do anything but watch and pray and be ready when we are asked. That's all.

You know, it's not of our knowledge that they will be helped, but of our faith and our love and our truth. Each of us in this life must stand alone—and nothing that we have learned can we lend to anybody else except through example and through their love for us.

If you try to force growth, or to retard it, you will warp the budding soul as sure as you will warp a tree that you bind.

How do we know? Maybe this new generation has got hold of something we missed. Maybe they're casting aside shams and pretenses and conventions in order to be free to get at the realities of life. Maybe because they insist upon proof, because they strive for pleasure, they will dig through to some precept that we've lost sight of.

WHEN I was a girl, I had within me great desires and ambitions which seemed impossible of fulfillment. A big, gawky lump of a girl who wanted—of all things—to go on the stage. I expect if they could have kept me from making a fool of myself by such an attempt, they would have done it. But it was necessary for me to earn my own way. I was free of that terrible burden of having everything done for me. I had to develop wings of my own if I was going to get anywhere. And let me tell you now, that your own wings are the only ones that will ever take you anywhere.

In my heart, I knew that I loved the theater and that it was my medium of expression. It would be silly to say that I saw it then as I see it now—with the hope and prayer that it may bring joy and comfort and release to others. Girls don't think that way. I didn't see beyond my own self because my own self was the whole world as far as I knew. Youth is made that way. Can't change that.

So—I went ahead and all my dreams came true. More than my dreams. Why? Not from any action of my own, nor any effort or cleverness on my part. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]



# What's All This Chatter About Novarro?

Is he a saint who suddenly has turned worldly?

**R**AMON NOVARRO was thirty-three years old last February and it's about time folks began to understand the boy.

For some strange reason, people got an idea about Ramon and they've clung to it as tenaciously as an Adrian costume clings to Garbo.

Ramon has moved, for the last eleven years, in a mist of misunderstanding. Fact and fiction concerning Ramon and Ramon's character have become so intertwined that I'll wager not ten people can give you an accurate estimate of Ramon, the man.

So, just for the fun of it, let's start picking Ramon apart and separating the false from the true to see if we can't find out something real about this amazing young man who has remained a star for ten years—thereby disproving the five-year star span of Hollywood.

I'll wager if you asked the average movie-goer to tell you what Ramon was like, he'd give you a picture of a saint-like, idealistic, poetic recluse, that would be as far from the real Ramon as caviar is from codfish.

I can tell you how this idea grew. Ramon is religious and has always been. In Hollywood a man who admits deep religious convictions must, so the natives think, be lacking in humor, and human understanding. Presto—Hollywood argued—Ramon must be set aside because he was religious.

And so when, a couple of years ago, a few parties that Ramon attended were highly publicized, Hollywood began to buzz with gossip. "Ramon has changed. He has become a 'good time Charlie.' He's not religious any more. Why, do you know what he did last night?"

"What do you suppose caused this?"

"I think it was the death of his brother."

"No, it's because he's in love with Elsie Janis."

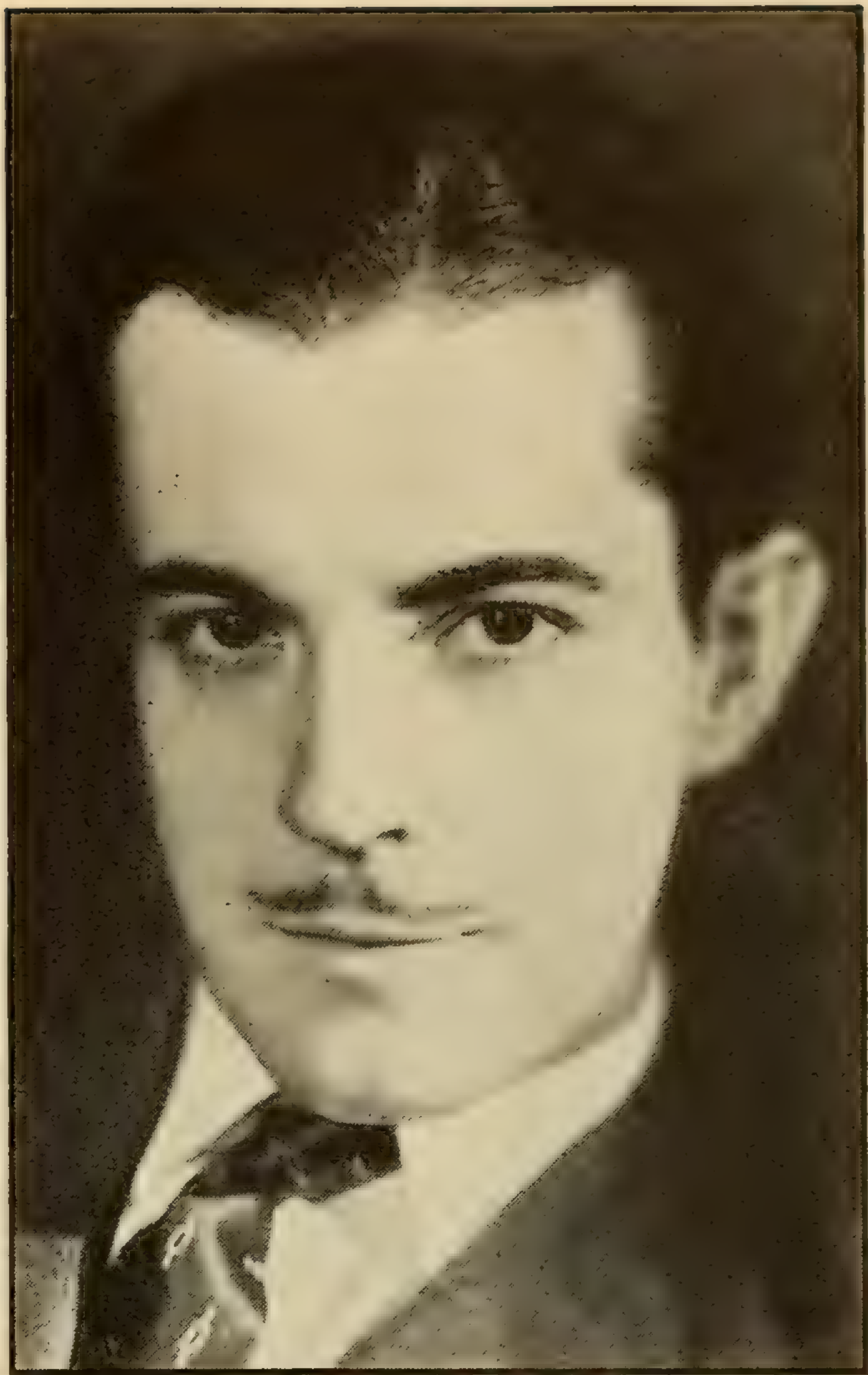
**W**ITH many variations it was the usual Hollywood gossip—because Hollywood expects sudden, dramatic changes and will not accept a complex character. In the Hollywood mind—you are either religious or you're not. You're either a drunkard or a member of the Anti-Saloon League. You're either a hero or a villain, a saint or a devil. Just as in many of the movies that come out of Hollywood these broad characterizations are drawn, so must the people of Hollywood be definitely one thing or the other. Gradations of character are not admitted.

So now let's go back a bit and see what Ramon was really like when he was supposed to be a poetic lad who longed for the priesthood, who led a life of mystery and entertained only his Mexican friends.

Elsie Janis is credited with drawing Ramon out of his shell. But Elsie Janis didn't do that—for Ramon never had a shell.

Elsie Janis is credited with making Ramon a human being and a regular fellow on a party. Ramon was a human

*By Katherine Albert*



Ramon Novarro's life is so simple and above board that Hollywood is baffled

being and had been a regular fellow long before he knew Elsie Janis.

One of Ramon's first Hollywood friends was Kathleen Key. And no man can be a recluse and be a friend of Kate Key's. That friendship started when they worked together in their first picture, "The Lover's Oath." And it lasted through "Ben-Hur" and even after Kate went to Paris. When Ramon went to Paris, he looked her up and they had some rousing times together.

**A**LICE TERRY and Rex Ingram were his friends. Alice is another gay, madcap girl, who certainly would be no fit companion for a man of mystery. And if ever there were a sophisticated, worldly gent, it's Rex Ingram. During all this period when Ramon was supposed to be introspective and yearning for a monastery, his best pal was a writer—a humorous, gay chap and a regular guy.

Renee Adoree was another of Ramon's friends—and you'd never have called Renee a little sit-by-the-fire. So when you take that list of friends—and there were many more—you'll find that it wasn't Elsie Janis who drew Ramon from his imaginary shell.

Mind you, he was no hypocrite. He was, and still is, religious. And those gay friends of earlier days respected his convictions.

Ramon never drew himself away from "the crowd" at the studio. He was invariably a sought after member of the old M-G-M publicity table in the commissary, where the outlaws and rebels of the lot assembled for some pretty fine storytelling.

His much famed theater which Ramon annexed to his house in Los Angeles, and which no American was supposed to have seen, is not so mysterious after all. Ramon never kept this theater a secret and when I asked him to let me see it, he demurred not at all, had me over to tea there and showed me all over the place.

As for Ramon's humor—that he always has had. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]



# Under *The* Director's *Watchful* Eyes





# History Repeats Itself In "Rasputin"

BEHOLD the glory and the divinity of kings! An impressive scene from "Rasputin," The Court of the Romanoffs in the days preceding the Russian Revolution.

It's a Barrymore picture and how that royal family rise to the responsibility of their imperial rôles. From left to right: *Czar Nicholas* (Ralph Morgan), *Czarevitch Alexis* (Tad Alexander), the *Czarina* and *Prince Paul Youssoupoff* (Ethel and John Barrymore); and, in the background, the *Monk Rasputin* (Lionel Barrymore)—his hand raised.

The director and his studio crew watch with tense alertness. Sitting, white-shirted, in the center is Director Richard Boleslavsky; his assistant, "Hezzy" Tate, in striped sweater, kneels at the extreme left, as the sound man works the mike and its great boom; and Cameramen Riley and Cohen stand at their machines. In the right foreground, kneeling, is Production Manager Clarence Bricker watching the gold roll out, for there's gold in those actors and in those sets—and what actors and sets they are!

The floor mops in the foreground play important rôles, too. Before every "take," the floor is carefully wiped so as not to reveal one footprint to the cameras' eagle eyes.







That cute kid "Spanky" with his mother, Mrs. McFarland. The baby earns more than his father, a business executive

# "Make My

That's the cry of movie mad mothers throughout the land as they watch the talented children of Hollywood act upon the screen

paying Jackie Cooper fifteen hundred dollars (\$1500) a week and I have a son that can wiggle his ears named George and I think he would be as good a star as Jackie Cooper. We owe a \$210 payment on a note and I figure if I would let George work for you one day it would pay off that debt and I could buy a new dress I need for the forty dollars (change)

so please reply at once.

Yours very truly,

Mrs. G. F. L.—

P. S.—We will come as soon as you send the railroad tickets.

**T**HERE'S a high wind in Hollywood and the storm rages around the heads of two amazing children who would just as soon pop a producer in the stomach as to look at him. And have done it, too, to Winfield Sheehan, head man at Fox.

Charlie Chaplin tried, through the courts, to keep his sons off the screen, and his ex-wife, Lita Grey Chaplin—and the children's mother—tried to put them before the cameras. In fact, Lita signed a contract for the boys and herself to work together in five pictures and to be paid \$10,000 apiece a picture for the kids and \$15,000 a picture for herself.

Then, just when everything looked rosy all the way 'round, Chaplin stepped in to speak out in meeting—and in court—these words, "I want my boys to grow up normally and not be forced into a profession not of their own choosing, at such an early age. I don't pretend that their physical health may be impaired. It's the spiritual aspect I'm thinking of."

"I provided generously for my children so they could have a normal childhood. I don't want them to suffer from undue publicity and gain an abnormal viewpoint about life."

Lita then said that she couldn't understand Charlie's viewpoint, since it was he who employed Jackie Coogan to work in his picture "The Kid" when Jackie was younger than either of their boys.

And while the battle of the parents rages, the two Chaplin kids are having a swell time causing all sorts of mischief on the Fox lot and daily being pulled out of fishponds and sound boxes.

All of which again brings up the question, "What about these kids in pictures? Are they like other children or aren't they?" Most mothers and fathers, unlike Chaplin, are willing and anxious to have their little darlings in the "moom pitcher" studios.

Over at the M-G-M studios in Culver City, where Jackie Cooper makes those hankie-soaking tear-jerkers, they got a letter the other day. It was from a woman in Iowa—

Messrs. Metro, Goldwyn & Mayer (it read),

Gents—

I see in my paper where you are

Should these boys be screen stars? Their father, Charlie Chaplin, says "No!" Their mother says "Yes." "Sure" say both Tommy and Charlie

**Y**OU'D be surprised how many mothers and fathers, seeing the Jackie Coopers and the Bobby Coogans and the Mitzi Greens and the Dickie Moores on the screen, and learning about the salaries they are getting, jump to two primary conclusions:

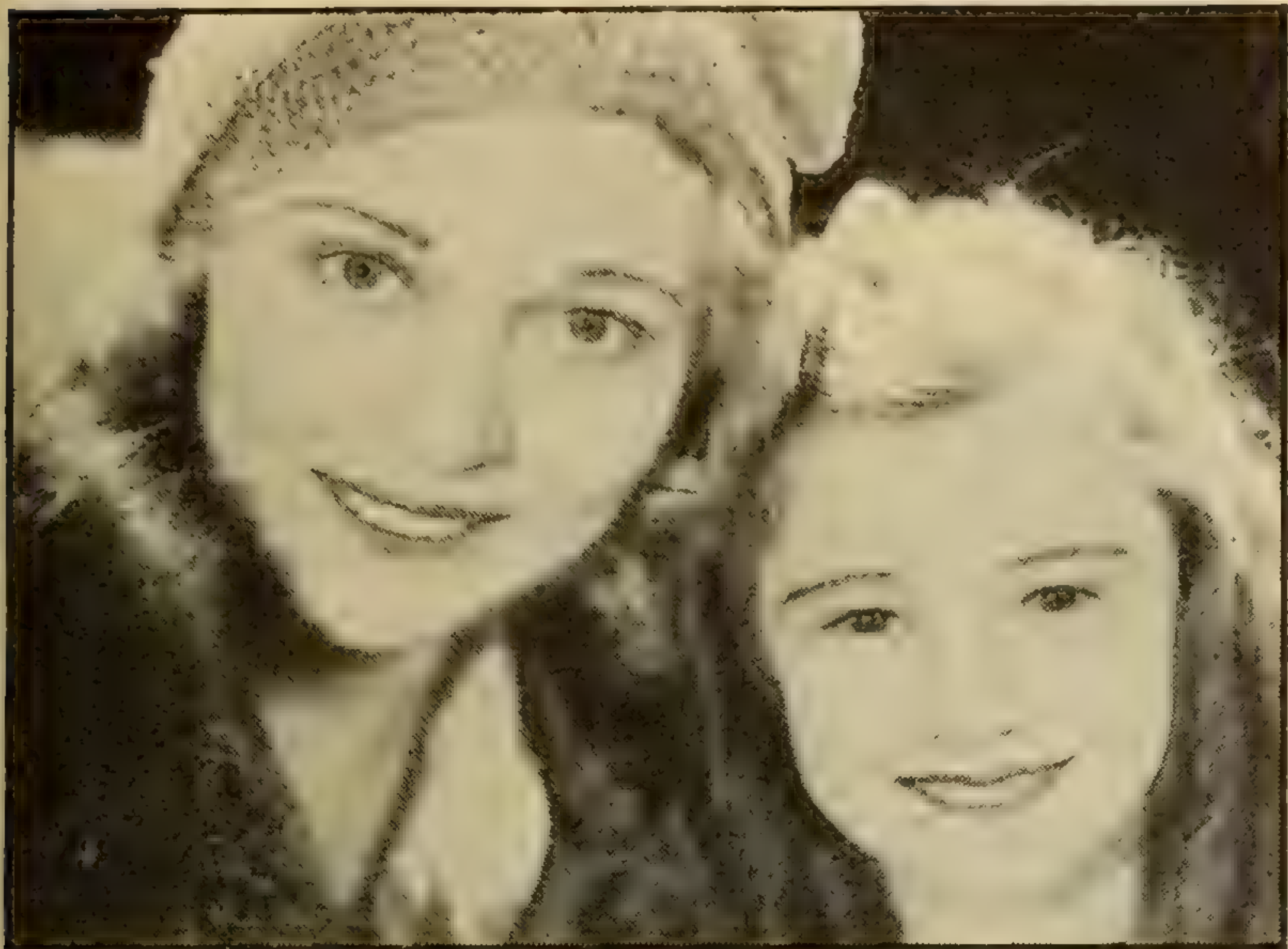
1. That all they have to do is to take their own little Willie or Gwendolyn to Hollywood to have the child immediately become another child movie star, and,
2. That forthwith, they (that is mama and papa) will be rolling in the wealth that little Willie or Gwendolyn will make,





# Willie A STAR!"

By Harry  
Lang



"I put Dorothy in pictures for money, not fame," says Mrs. Grey, mother of the little girl who won honors in "Symphony of Six Million." Isn't mama pretty?



Jackie Cooper earns \$1,500 a week, but his mother, Mabel Cooper, can spend only \$75 of that salary. The rest goes into good securities. It's a California law

and the family will live high with seventeen servants, a flock of motor cars, and a house in Beverly Hills and Malibu and maybe Honolulu, too. But that is just about as wrong as a Honolulu diving boy swimming around a Scotch steamer waiting for a coin to dive for!

BECAUSE the facts, to those two expressed fallacies of Mama and Papa, are this:

1. That out of some three hundred child actors, all more than usually talented, who are registered with the various Hollywood casting offices, barely a score make what might be called a "living" income. The others, once in a great while, manage to get a five-dollar-a-day extra bit, or something like that, and if their parents depended on them for the family income, they'd be in the poorhouse by now.

2. And even those few who do get a "big" salary, in the great majority of cases, live nothing but a fairly normal kid's life—and mama and papa get virtually nothing at all of the youngster's movie salary, because the law steps in and says mama and papa can't spend a cent of it without the court's express permission.

In the case of Jackie Cooper — and we select him because he is, after all, the outstanding example of a child earning a huge income, only seventy-five dollars a week of his fifteen-hundred-a-week salary goes to his mother. That's the salary the court allows her for her work as Jackie's manager, trainer, guardian, financial agent, and everything else she is to him. A few score dollars more are allocated, by the

court, for the things Jackie needs—clothing, professional needs, and so on. And all the rest of that fifteen-hundred-a-week goes socko into gamble-less investments, under the unclosing eye of the superior court of the state of California. Mama Cooper isn't living high on Jackie's earnings. Nor is Jackie.

Now, inasmuch as we've made that crack about the state of California keeping a sharp legal eye on the money the kid stars make, it's only fair to digress a moment—and this is as good a place as any for digressing—to give credit where credit is due.

That is to say, that in the great majority of cases, the parents of these movie children are honestly and honorably unselfish in their zeal for their children's welfare and happiness and profit. With but a few glaring exceptions, the parents of the little ones have no wish to profit, themselves, from what the tots make.

To such parents could be safely entrusted their child's earnings. But because there's no hundred per cent rule—even among parents—the state of California has seen to it that these salaries have the law's protection.



Jackie Coogan, who has now outgrown kid parts, with his mother and little brother Bobby, a rising star

IN the first place, no child actor can contract to play for any movie firm without the approval of a superior judge. Jackie Cooper's contract, whereby he gets that fifteen hundred dollars a week from M-G-M, had to have a court okay.

Then, in the second place, the mere fact that Mabel Cooper is Jackie's mother is not enough in the eyes of the courts to permit her to spend the salary check as she sees fit. No—Mrs. Cooper had first to apply for and be appointed Jackie's legal guardian before the courts would allow her to handle her own son's earnings! And now, as legal guardian, she is accountable to the courts

[ PLEASE TURN TO  
PAGE 110 ]



# Lili Dramatizes Her Gowns

A Fashion Preview for You  
From "The Match King"



Lili Damita (that's the new spelling), with true French chic, dares to wear gowns that strikingly elaborate current trends. This gown is white velvet with sweeping train. The high fitted bodice is quite Empire in line. Beading on the collar is repeated on the short white gloves. The cape, held in her hand, is trimmed with coque feathers



Above you see how Lili's velvet cape is worn under the beaded collar. Clever!



The graceful charm of fringe is being rediscovered. Here Lili gives it a dramatic début on a gown of pale blue crepe. The fringe borders the straight skirt deeply and is used again to cover the sleeves and shoulders. Note the throat-high collar line. It's popular



Looks like Garbo, doesn't she? It's Lili, however, in another of the unusual costumes from "The Match King." This is a pajama ensemble in navy crepe, white piqué and plaid starched chiffon. There's a gay nineties air to the blouse and vest-like jacket which is amusing—and note the watch fob that dangles from a small vest pocket





Little Janet had a fling at big drama in "The Man Who Came Back." Yet the picture did not bring nearly so much money into the box-office as did other Janet Gaynor-Charlie Farrell films



But "Daddy Long Legs" was a sensation. Here she is in a typical Gaynor moment with Warner Baxter. This is what the critical audience wants and expects from Janet. She knows it now

# They say "No, No, Janet"

WITH the possible exception of Garbo, there has been more bunk written about Janet Gaynor than any other ten stars. Something seems to happen to writers—particularly men, although women are not immune—when they are ushered into the presence of this girl with her child's face and her child's voice—and they rush madly to their typewriters to go completely ga-ga with words like "wistful," "fragile" and "flower-like."

Nothing could be less like Gaynor than most of these effusions. Wistful, fragile and flower-like she looks, but beneath those tousled curls is the brain of a clever, shrewd, intelligent woman. I'll wager that more than once as Janet stands before her mirror she has rued the day when her lips decided to form into an adorable pout and her eyes took on the innocence of a nine-weeks-old kitten. For Janet wants to act. She covets rôles like those played by Norma Shearer, Constance Bennett and Joan Crawford. She has told her friends that she wants to do something to prove she has a few brains and is not just the cute little adolescent girl she has created upon the screen.

This has been going on for years, this struggle of hers to do something different on the screen. But now she is licked—just plainly licked, and she is smart enough to know it at last.

Janet is a woman of strong convictions and for years her convictions

told her that she could do something besides those sugary rôles. But the public won't let her. That portentous "they" that looms large in the career of every star has said, "No, Janet—emphatically no! We want you to remain our ideal, our one steadfast star in the sky of flashing, brilliant comets." So Janet, submitting at last, too weary to fight against her flower-like screen personality any longer, is making "Tess of the Storm Country"—and she hopes "they" like it!

Let's glance back briefly over Janet's career. You already know it, but I want to point out a few items that will make you see how hard she has struggled and why she can struggle no longer.

"7th Heaven" started it. And from then on she was *Diane* in every film. Sometimes *Diane* was in an orphanage, sometimes she was a little immigrant girl, but she was always *Diane*. And when Janet realized this, she played her trump card and refused to work. You remember how she fled to Hawaii and swore that until she could play the parts she wanted, she would not come back.

The company arbitrated for her return, promising her a different type of picture. She and Charlie Farrell made that different picture—"The Man Who Came Back." Compared with the money brought in by the other Gaynor-Farrell films, it was a flop. And she went back to screen sweetness.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]

Janet Gaynor at last gives up her dream of playing heavily dramatic and sophisticated rôles. This article tells why

By Katherine Albert



# Select Your Pictures and You Won't



☆ *A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT*—RKO-Radio

THIS picture makes history. Not since Greta Garbo first flashed before screen audiences in "The Torrent" has anything happened like this Katharine Hepburn. This girl from the New York stage is not only a fine actress—she is a great personality. Not beautiful, measured by Hollywood standards, she has something more than beauty—that thing, whatever it is, that makes the great, great.

In giving her first mention, we do not mean to take the glory from John Barrymore who gives the greatest performance of his life. Billie Burke, who plays his wife, reaches dramatic heights of which you would not think her capable. David Manners and Paul Cavanagh are excellent.

The story is unrelieved by humor, insanity is its theme, but it is terrific in its power.



☆ *HAT CHECK GIRL*—Fox

THE story is old, but the treatment is not. For it is all done with so much sparkle and pep. Lavish scenes, too. C. B. De Mille in his palmiest days couldn't have designed a better bathroom. It is entertainment from beginning to end.

The rôle of the pert little hat check girl is right up Sally Eilers' alley, and she leaves nothing undone to give the part zip and dash. Equally good is Ben Lyon's work. He's the wise-cracking son of a millionaire. Sure, there's a millionaire's son and a gangster, a columnist and a boot-legger.

All your old favorites, but they seem new because the picture is so clever.

Ginger Rogers and Monroe Owsley do their share to keep things lively. You'll like this one.

## The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

### A Review of the New Pictures



☆ *SMILIN' THROUGH*—M-G-M

GORGEOUS as is the production, delicate and charming as is every scene, great as the performance is of each member of the cast—this is Norma Shearer's picture, and the one adjective that comes to mind upon seeing her is "splendid." That Norma could change so suddenly from the sophisticated heroines which she has been creating lately, to this charming, old-fashioned girl, is a great tribute to her versatility.

And she followed the never-to-be-forgotten performances of Jane Cowl (on the stage) and Norma Talmadge in the silent pictures.

This, as you recall, is a love story, but it is more than just that—it is a little yarn that makes you forget completely all the sordidness and ugliness of the world. It leaves you refreshed and inspired, in spite of its poignant ending.

Leslie Howard, first as the young lover and then as the elderly uncle, gives a performance that will linger long after you have forgotten the picture. Fredric March is perfect. And as for O. P. Heggie—well, they don't make character actors any better.

The piece as a whole is done with a lightness of touch for which its director, Sidney Franklin, can take a bow. Charm is its keynote.



# Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

## The Best Pictures of the Month

SMILIN' THROUGH      WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND  
A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT      HAT CHECK GIRL  
PHANTOM PRESIDENT      RAIN

## The Best Performances of the Month

Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Through"  
Fredric March in "Smilin' Through"  
Leslie Howard in "Smilin' Through"  
Lee Tracy in "Washington Merry-Go-Round"  
Ben Lyon in "Hat Check Girl"  
Sally Eilers in "Hat Check Girl"  
Joan Crawford in "Rain"  
Walter Huston in "Rain"  
John Barrymore in "A Bill of Divorcement"  
Katharine Hepburn in "A Bill of Divorcement"  
Billie Burke in "A Bill of Divorcement"  
George M. Cohan in "Phantom President"  
Jimmy Durante in "Phantom President"  
Richard Dix in "Hell's Highway"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 130*



### ★ WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND—Columbia

BECAUSE all conversational roads lead to politics, the movies undoubtedly sought to capitalize upon the presidential election, but this one doesn't need to depend upon a national issue to put it over. The film stands on its own two feet as entertainment.

Actor Lee Tracy and Director Jimmy Cruze! This completes Lee's gradual climb and places him on a very high pinnacle; it puts Jimmy Cruze back in the front rank of directors. Constance Cummings emerges from her adolescent days of acting into smooth and capable maturity. Alan Dinehart takes his place as a forceful screen actor by his portrayal of a political dictator.

The story tears the veil from conditions in this country and will cause a lot of hot-headed arguments.

A young congressman goes to Washington on purchased votes. His object is to double-cross his gang in the interest of his country. What he finds in Washington makes the work of his gang seem tame. The subject has not been handled with kid gloves. Instead, the director hammers home his truths with brass knuckles.

You'll find yourself immensely excited by "Washington Merry-Go-Round"; you'll also find scenes that make you laugh and there are some very pathetic moments. See it!

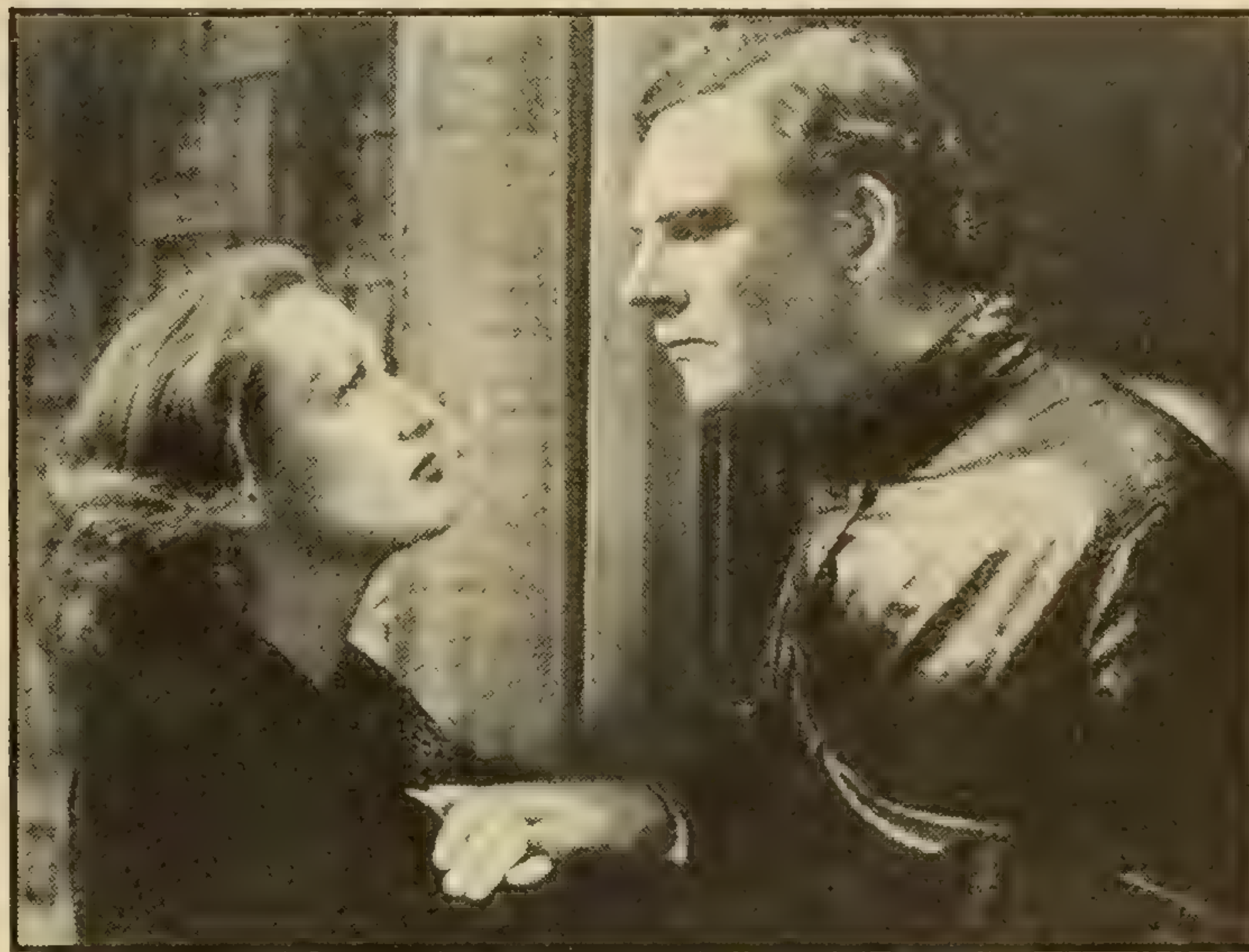


### ★ PHANTOM PRESIDENT—Paramount

IF you're laugh-hungry, don't miss this riot of political farce, which introduces George M. (flag waving) Cohan to the talking screen. George is a scream in a dual rôle that allows him to play both a stodgy bank president—a presidential candidate—and his double who thinks this country needs more pep and personality in politics.

Jimmy Durante—laughing already? Well, Jimmy is the double's pal who crashes the convention hall and causes a riot. His songs are great, done in the inimitable Durante manner. Claudette Colbert, who hasn't much to do, adds a touch of beauty to the production.

Singing and dancing only add to the sparkle of this film. It's utter nonsense, of course, and just the sort of thing to give you one swell evening's entertainment. Don't miss it.



### ★ RAIN—United Artists

JOAN CRAWFORD as *Sadie Thompson*! It was a tough assignment, for Jeanne Eagels lives in the minds of all theater-goers as the perfect *Sadie*; and who can forget Gloria Swanson in the silent movie version? Joan had never seen either of these actresses' performances. She went into the picture with no preconceived ideas and she has emerged as a dramatic and florid *Sadie*. Her performance is fraught with all the passions that made *Sadie* what she is, but her make-up changes too suddenly when she reforms.

Everyone knows the story of the lady of easy virtue who accomplishes the downfall of a blue-nosed reformer—played with beautiful restraint by Walter Huston.

William Gargan has very little to do, but he does that "little" well.



# The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

**BLONDE VENUS—**  
Paramount



**THE NIGHT OF JUNE 13—**  
Paramount

**T**HIS picture attempts to de-glamourize Marlene Dietrich. She is a down-to-earth person and is exotic only in a few sequences. But her exotic scenes remain the best and you are not quite convinced by her other type of work. It is a mother love story, and besides smooth direction, there is the unforgettable Herbert Marshall as the soul-torn husband, and charming little Dickie Moore.

**H**ERE'S another "different" picture. It's breezy with new situations, new ideas and a new plot. The entire action concerns the events that happen in an average, everyday neighborhood on a certain night in June. Each actor fits his rôle perfectly. Charlie Grapewin is the real McCoy as the meddling old grandpap, while Adrienne Allen, Lila Lee, Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles and Clive Brook are all splendid.

**HELL'S HIGHWAY—**  
RKO-Radio



**THEY CALL IT SIN—**  
First National

**T**HIS is the first of the pictures dealing with prison chain gangs and a whole flock of them are coming along. It isn't a pleasant picture, for its brutal power is in every reel and no morbid detail has been left out. However, Richard Dix does his most spectacular acting job since "Cimarron," and you'll miss something if you don't see him. But leave the children at home.

**H**ERE'S an average little picture that will give you a pleasant enough evening. Loretta Young is as lovely as you've ever seen her as the young church organist who falls for the city boy. She follows her sweetheart, played by David Manners, only to find that he's engaged to his boss's daughter. George Brent and Una Merkel do good jobs and there are some mighty interesting new angles to the picture.

**HEARTS OF HUMANITY—**  
Majestic Pictures



**HERITAGE OF THE DESERT—**  
Paramount

**G**UARANTEED to make you cry for fifty minutes. Everyone in the cast cries, so why shouldn't you? A bunch of capable weepers are gathered together, including little Jackie Searl, Jean Hersholt, Claudia Dell and J. Farrell MacDonald. The story concerns a widower who takes the responsibility of bringing up a motherless child. Jackie Searl, usually cast in comedy rôles, has a chance at drama this time.

**H**ERE is horse opera *de luxe*—the kind Bill Hart used to make. The picture is chuck-full of shooting, kidnaping and cattle rustling, thanks to the villainous efforts of David Landau and Guinn Williams. But virtue must triumph and does with the aid of Sally Blane, Randolph Scott, J. Farrell MacDonald and Vincent Barnett. If you like action, you will get it in this picture, and plenty.



# Saves Your Picture Time and Money

**MERRY-GO-ROUND—**  
Universal



**A** FEARLESS exposé of police methods and the crooked power behind the cop, dramatically and forcefully told. Eric Linden is great as a bellhop who witnesses a gang murder, is forced to take the blame and is beaten into a confession by the police. It's a gripping, timely story which should stir every citizen. Sidney Fox, Frank Sheridan and others give powerful performances.

**THE CROOKED CIRCLE—**  
World Wide



**A** SNAPPY little mystery comedy with plenty of fun, some spooky happenings, and a share of laughs. A lot of the action takes place in a haunted house, with ZaSu Pitts as a maid and Jimmie Gleason as a cop turning in more than their quota of laughs. Ben Lyon and Irene Purcell supply the romance. There are some thrilling surprises in store at the end of the picture. Good stuff.

**THOSE WE LOVE—**  
World Wide



**A** SLOW moving story about a novelist, his self-sacrificing wife, another woman and the son who brings mama and papa back together again. Lilyan Tashman's amazing clothes and Mary Astor's charm and sincerity almost save this from the doldrums—but not quite. Kenneth MacKenna, Kay Francis' husband, leaves his directorial megaphone to act in this one. The picture gets off to a good start; too bad it misses.

**THE THRILL OF YOUTH—**  
First Division-Invincible



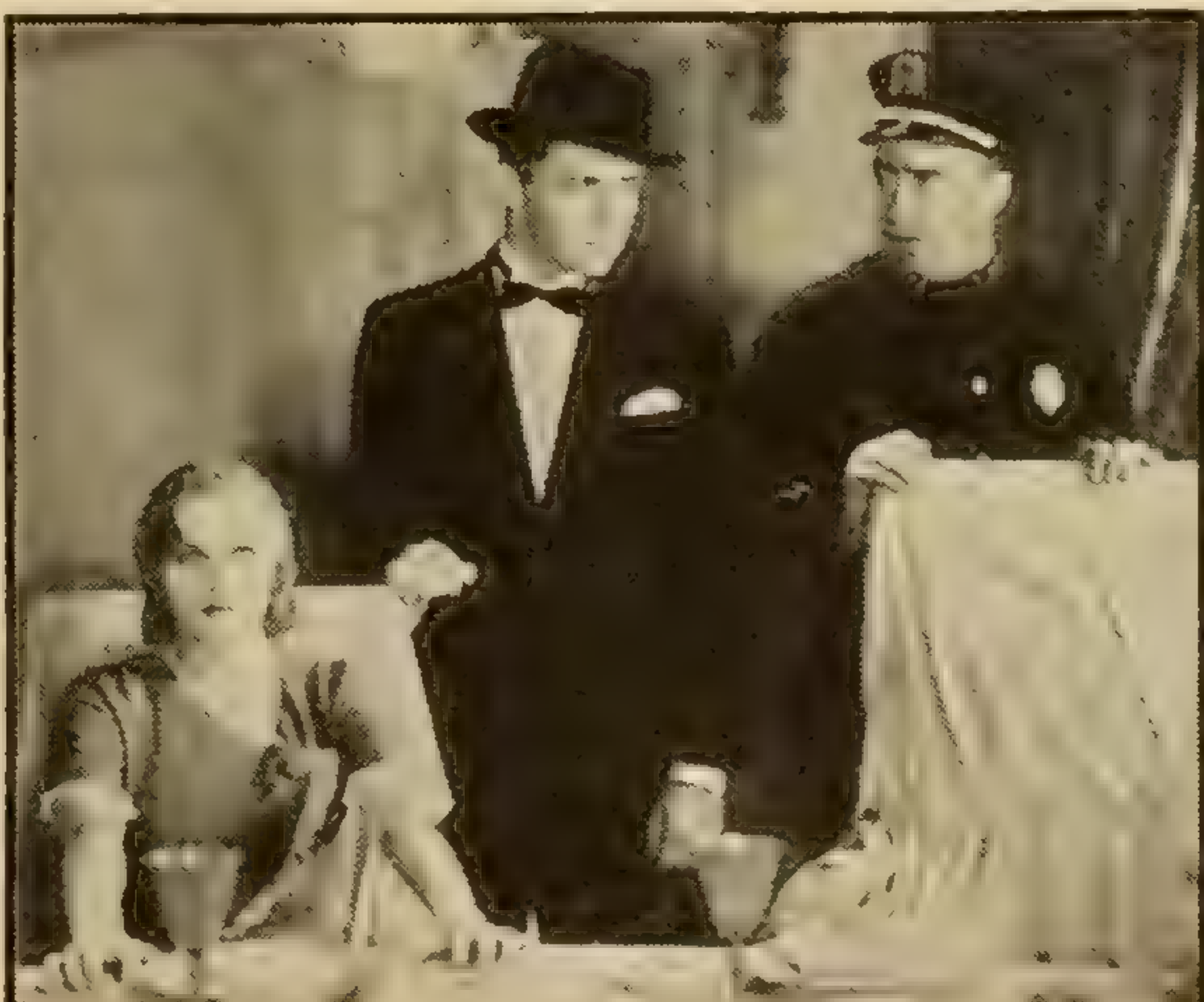
**F**AIR entertainment, although not very logical in plot. The rather rambling story is about a young couple and an older pair who finally find their way to happiness. Lucy Beaumont is fine as an indulgent grandmother, and you'll recognize two other favorites of silent days—Ethel Clayton and Bryant Washburn. Cast includes June Clyde, Allen Vincent, Matty Kemp, Dorothy Peterson, George Irving and Tom Ricketts.

**CHANDU, THE MAGICIAN—**  
Fox



**C**HANDU, the magician of the radio, comes to the screen, a mysterious, forceful character in an exciting picture. Elaborate and eerie settings add greatly to the effect, while Edmund Lowe well interprets the rôle of Chandu, modern worker of magic. Bela Lugosi makes a shivering Roxor who steals the death ray. Ooh! What awful things happen. The kids and dad, too, will thrill to this one.

**THE THIRTEENTH GUEST—**  
First Division-Monogram



**B**BETTER take a hot-water bottle with you, to counteract the chills that will race down your spine. For here is a real murder mystery thriller, but with bright dialogue and enough comedy to offset the horror. Frances Rich (daughter of Irene) shines in a supporting rôle, her first. Ginger Rogers and Lyle Talbot are good, but J. Farrell MacDonald very nearly steals the show. [ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 118]



# Harold Offers \$1000<sup>00</sup> To Photoplay Readers for Gags



Here is one little gag from "Movie Crazy," Harold Lloyd's newest comedy, that sets the audience off on a round of giggles. It occurs during a fight scene between Harold and the bold, bad villain, Kenneth Thomson. They battle all over a studio set, which represents a ship. Just when Harold seemingly has the advantage, a life-saver falls over Harold's head and, pinning his arms at his side, prevents him from returning the punches delivered by his adversary. Harold's bewilderment at his plight is a scream. Maybe you can think up a gag that is just as funny as this one. Read this page and the rules and get in on the most fun you ever had

**W**HAT is this—a gag? You should see the Movie Crazy Contest Editor being swamped with hundreds and hundreds of gag ideas. The postman's bag is simply bulging with hilarious situations. But the funny part is that everybody is happy about it.

And another joyous thing is that you still have plenty of time to compete for the 107 cash prizes that are being offered to you by Harold Lloyd. Here's what it's all about.

Harold Lloyd believes that everybody has at some time or other seen or imagined some amusing situation that would, if used in a comedy, bring chuckles and giggles and howls from an audience. And we'll make a wager that most of you have said, after seeing movie comedies, "Why, I could think up something as funny as that."

So here's your chance. Think up something amusing, write it down as briefly as possible (five hundred words or less), don't bother to use any high-flown language, keep it simple and to the point, and mail it in to the Movie Crazy Contest Editor, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

A gag is simply a funny situation. It may involve one person or a group of people. Look at the picture at the top of this page. Read the caption. There you find an example of a good gag.

The gag ideas can be figments of your imagination or they can be actual happenings. There are no restrictions placed on the type of humor or the situations submitted in this contest, except that in the final judging the possibilities of the suggestions from the point of view of their application to a motion picture will be of prime importance.

Harold Lloyd comedies are noted for their excellent gags. "Movie Crazy," his latest, is a howl from start to finish. But Harold believes that there are just as good gags in the sea as have ever been filmed, so he is offering every reader of PHOTOPLAY an opportunity to share in the 107 prizes which he is giving for this contest. The awards follow: First prize, \$250; second prize, \$100; third prize, \$50; four prizes of \$25 each; one hundred prizes of \$5 each. If you could use some extra money, put on your thinking cap and get busy working out gags.

You can send in as many as you like, but remember that the contest closes November 15, which means that your gag ideas must be mailed in time to reach the Movie Crazy Contest Editor by November 15. Gag ideas received after that date cannot be considered.

But before you send in your contributions, be sure to turn to page 125 of this magazine and read the rules carefully. This is most important, since if you do not abide by the rules, a grand gag of yours may be disqualified. The judges are a committee composed of Harold Lloyd and selected members of PHOTOPLAY's editorial staff.

Here's your chance—you folks who haven't yet sent in your gag ideas. And you who have already submitted situations can send in some more. The more the merrier, for all concerned.

The judges assure you that the announcement of awards will be made as soon as possible. They do not want to keep you in suspense longer than is absolutely necessary, but if you could see the deluge of gag ideas that have been pouring in, you would be lenient and not too impatient.

## Try your wits on this novel Contest





Stax

THE veil of mystery is withdrawn. The secret is out. This brilliant actor can no longer close the door upon his private life. He was introduced to screen audiences by the glamorous name of "Spanky," but his real John Hancock is George Robert Phillips McFarland. Whew! What a mouthful for such a little fellow. Spanky is an "Our Gang" lad



# Hollywood Is



HATS are still tipped according to Hollywood's smartest stars—but not as much! The new line is up in back with a decided forward tilt over the eyes. Myrna Loy's black velvet beret, above, is one of those useful hats that you can wear with a variety of outfits. A gay little maline bow, which you can hardly discern, is perched at the front. Myrna wears her chenille dotted veil underneath the brim. The small hat is the favorite winter choice of the stars, although several large brimmed hats have been noted at formal afternoon affairs.

WHEN you see Constance Cummings in "Washington Merry-Go-Round" be sure to look for this dress because you are going to want one like it! Constance's dress is made of brown and beige ostrich cloth with white pique trimming used in an unusual way. However, the same dress has been made up for you in one of the new rough crinkle crepes with white silk pique trimming—very stunning. I suggest that you choose it in Rhum brown with the white accent. And wear one of those new brownish tones in hosiery, as does Constance.



## HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in stores of those representative merchants whose firm names appear on Page 107.



# Stressing Unusual Details

**BUTTONS** are found everywhere in fashion these days—they even find their way to hats. Myrna Loy thinks this arrangement of buttons on her brown suede beret suggests a Spanish comb—it does, don't you think? She wears this hat, brown suede gloves and shoes with one of those new three-quarter fur coats which are seen about Hollywood—I counted a dozen or more at the Brown Derby the other noon. Myrna's coat is white kid—you can imagine how effective the brown accessories look. The beret is bloused over the forehead.



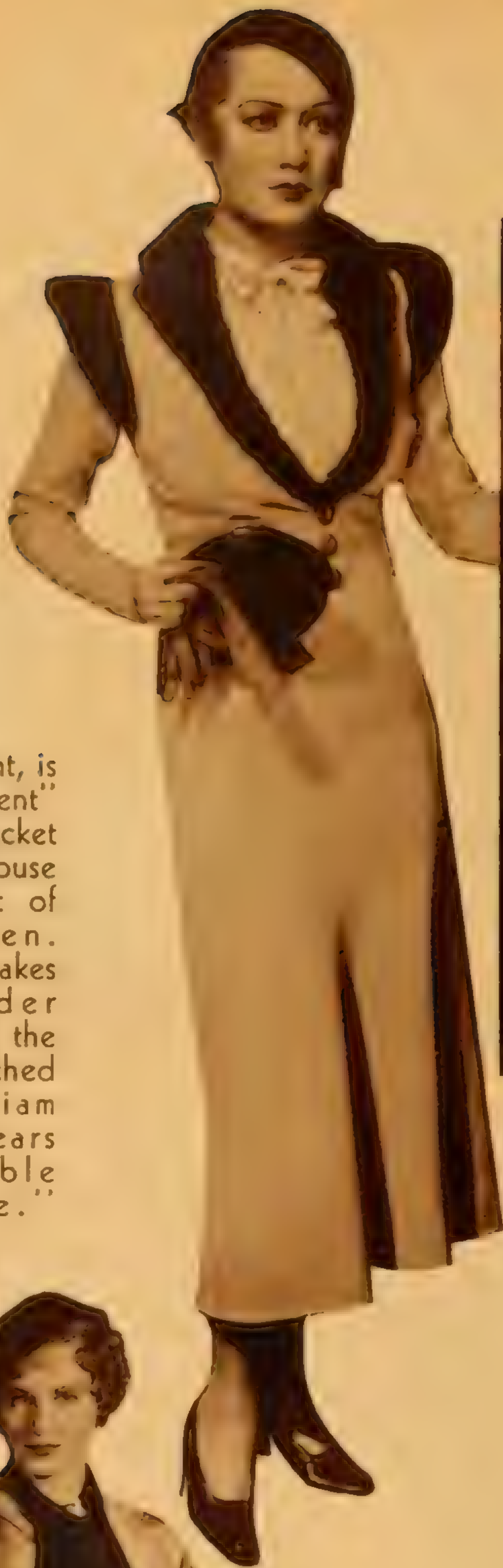
**T**HE photograph in the group at left shows Dorothy Jordan wearing an attractive dress from her new picture "That's My Boy." Two-piece, it is made of checked ostrich woolen in two colors. A small high collar of white galyak is brought through a slash in the blouse to form a loop end at one side.

**T**HE seated figure sketched is also Dorothy Jordan in another smart costume from the same picture. Dorothy plays the rôle of a young college girl so her clothes are appropriately youthful. This is a three-piece suit. The high waisted skirt and the short jacket are a new wool crepe while the blouse is a novelty knitted fabric. Quite interesting, the sash and epaulets.



# LET THE SCREEN TELL YOU WHAT'S NEW

HERE, at right, is the "different" suit. A brief jacket tops a satin blouse and slim skirt of gray woolen. Brown fur makes gay shoulder epaulets and the uniquely notched collar. Miriam Hopkins wears it in "Trouble in Paradise."



SATIN is much seen in both costumes and accents. Above a bag and belt set are fashioned of black satin braid. For afternoon an oxford tie of suede and kid has a clever side bow. And the unusual cut makes your foot look unbelievably small!

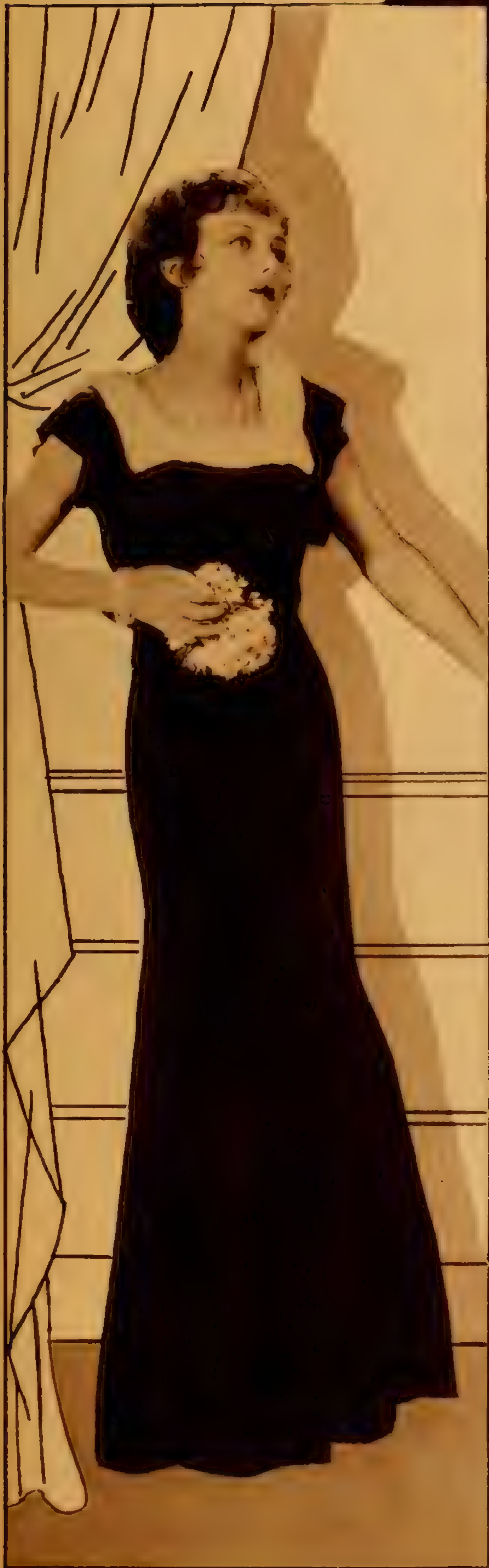


IMAGINE being able to have this stunning costume of Karen Morley's! She wears it in "The Phantom of Crestwood" but you may wear it all winter either with or without its fur trimmed cape that buttons so snugly about the throat. Karen's dress is gray woolen (all the stars are wearing gray), trimmed with bands of gray fox on the cape and sleeves. A leather belt is worn high.

A TOUCH of velvet assures success to costumes and accessories this year. Have you heard of velvet gloves? Well, Madge Evans, at left, wears suede gloves trimmed with velvet to match her velvet scarf. Her accessories are black, costume gray. Try brown with gray, too.







ABOVE is a sketch of the quaint cape that completes Marian Marsh's evening ensemble. It is velvet with high collar tying in a bow. The extra collar is a new ermine-like velvet.

FORMAL, yet not too much so, is the creed of new evening fashions. Marian Marsh follows this theory in a demure black velvet frock that reaches to the throat in front but opens deeply at back. Rounded puff sleeves in white are made of an effective new velvet like ermine. To be seen in "Sport Page."

CHARMING, Southern Dorothy Jordan with her fair skin and dark hair wears black and white for evening with perfection. This black crepe frock is her choice for dinner in "That's My Boy." It is the sort of thing you must have this winter because the ruffled capelet, covering the shoulders, makes it wearable for so many occasions. White ermine edges the square neckline and a bunch of white violets carries the accent to the waist. Dorothy likes black pumps and sheer beige hose with this—note the complete simplicity in jewelry, just enough for informal gowns.





## NECKLINE AND SLEEVES HOLD HOLLYWOOD'S ATTENTION



CHECKED wool ostrich and wool crepe get together to make this good looking dress for Marian Marsh—and you! The neckline is particularly flattering, the metal buttons and the belt adding a certain dash to the whole effect. Note how the sleeves look like those of an old-fashioned guimpe. Marian wears this in "Sport Page," also. Her simple brimmed felt is an excellent detail.

THE belt that just goes across the back is a new fashion trick. Marian Marsh who plays the rôle of fashion editor in "Sport Page" considers this one of the cleverest details of the brown and beige frock above. Don't overlook the high neckline with its tie closing at back when you see the picture. The dress is quite simple in line. Marian's dress is a plaid woolen but you will want it in one of the stunning color combinations in silk as it has been reproduced. (Very wearable.)







BRIGHT contrasts are as smart on hats as on dresses. Bebe Daniels who wears this perky bonnet at left, contrasts black and bright green. The close fitting felt hat worn slightly aslant has an enormous ribbon bow high at the back.

THE photograph of Dorothy Jordan shows you the flattering way gray fox trims the top of the gray woolen coat she wears in "That's My Boy." It gives you a close-up of that small standing collar that buttons tight about the neck. The contrast of the luxurious fox with the severe but youthful collar line is unique. The fox is so arranged on collar and sleeves that it suggests an almost cape-like effect. I predict you will all want it!

IN the sketch at right, behold the full length view of this striking coat. The arrangement of the silver buttons gives a slim fitted line even though the skirt is quite straight. Dorothy's turban is rough silk crepe.

— Seymour







Hurrell

NOW listen, Ethel! Calm yourself, John! We know that all three of you Barrymores are playing in "Rasputin," and that we shouldn't run Lionel's picture without including you folks, too, but honestly we couldn't resist this grand portrait. We know it's okay with you, Ethel, for didn't you once admit that Lionel was the best actor of the lot?



# Lo, the Poor Russian

**M**OSCOW . . . Imagine a country whose one hundred and fifty million inhabitants have never heard of Garbo and to whom Gable is a meaningless sound! Imagine these same people waiting in line before twenty-seven thousand theaters to see films practically devoid of love scenes!

That's Russia.

Not only do they line up. If they want to see the more popular pictures, they have to buy tickets hours in advance. And all these hardships just to see one picture—no Mickey Mouse, no news reel.

It isn't because they like talkies, for there are only ninety-two theaters with talkie equipment in the entire country, and they are not entertaining—at least from the viewpoint of Americans. These movies may not satisfy a desire for love scenes, but appetites are certainly taken care of. In spite of numerous rumors of food shortage, there is a buffet in every theater—a buffet which does a land office business.

The popularity of the "Kino," as it is called here, seems strange to an American who is Hollywood conscious. But to the Russian, who knows nothing better, it offers relaxation and temporary relief from the strain of a life full of difficulties.

There are no stars. If anyone, it is the director who is glorified, and the cameraman comes in for a large share of the honors. If they find that an individual is getting too much attention from the public, he is thereafter given minor parts.

A good example is the versatile youngster, Tzyyan Kyrta, who played the part of *Mustapha* in "The Road to Life." This film was released over a year ago and he immediately took with the public. So much so that they still talk about him. But since then he has appeared in no picture, and it is next to impossible to get a photograph of him.

This system discourages some would-be stars. An outstanding case is that of Alexandra Petrova. She is a dreamy-eyed brunette of the Pola Negri type. Petrova left the movies flat two years ago, disappointed when she found she could be no more than one of many. The Kino is getting along quite well without her.

**S**HE is also happy, for she has realized one of her ambitions in marrying a German engineer. One of her prized possessions is a 1927 copy of *PHOToplay* given to her by a friend. She likes to look through it at times and wonder if Hollywood would have been kinder.

There are no rival motion picture companies. All productions are made under government control. Hence no stars are needed as box-office attractions. Young Russians are ardent movie fans, yet when you ask them who their favorites are the reply is usually Harold Lloyd, Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie

He is allowed no screen favorites, but he does get his fill of buffet lunch

By George  
*Brabant, Jr.*

Chaplin. Never do they give the name of an individual Russian, although they may give the name of a Russian film.

In Moscow, American productions are shown from time to time, but no Americans go to see them because they saw them years ago. These are all silent pictures, usually of the comedy or adventure type. At the present time, Fairbanks' old release, "The Son of Zorro" is creating a stir among the Moscowites.

Moscow movie theaters bring back vivid memories of nickelodeon days. Plush seats are unheard of, and the Five Year Plan provides for no gold-braided

ushers. Once the theater is darkened, no one is allowed to enter. Late-comers with reserved seats are out of luck. After the single picture is over, one audience files out, and the next, which has been regaling itself at the buffet, rushes in.

There are no motion picture publications. Newspapers do not review current films, but they do run advertisements of them. Picking an advertisement at random, we find that one of the outstanding movie houses in Moscow is showing a film which they call, "The Blade of Kurstenbrook," featuring Richard Barthelmess with Dorothy Mackaill.

**R**USSIAN films have no premières, as the word is understood in the United States. Opening night means no more than any other night. The crowd stands in line, checks its rubbers and galoshes, and files in just as at any other time. The difficulty of getting seats is the same as usual. No stars arrive heralded by searchlights. With true Slavic calm the spectators sit with their hats and coats on, reading the captions aloud to each other. If alone they read them aloud, anyway.

But no matter what film is on, whether première or not, they never see anything which might tend to dissatisfy them with Communism, for the Communists believe that the silver screen is mightier than the pen where a backward people is concerned.

This is one of the reasons that so few modern American films are shown. Another is that they are too expensive for a government which needs all the money it can get for foreign machinery, and which has no trouble selling tickets for its own films. As for showing gangster films, the mere mention of them is enough to bring an expression of utter dismay to the face of any follower of Stalin.

**O**NLY one American actress has met with any kind of success in the Russian kino during recent years. Joan Lyons came to Russia with a background on the American stage and screen. She found getting into Soviet films quite a different experience from making the grade in Hollywood. The

[ PLEASE TURN TO  
PAGE 116 ]



Here's the sort of screen idol that makes Russia's feminine hearts palpitate. Known as "the Clark Gable of Russia," and the biggest star, he gets a salary much less than that of an average American minor executive. Nickolai Batalov is the name of this favorite



And this is the Greta Garbo of Russia, Irina Nikolayevna Volodgo—how would you like to see that in electric lights in front of a theater? Whenever she becomes too popular, Soviet officials stop her from working, to give somebody else a chance



# He Orders Ham And Eggs



# She Won't Take Exercise

**H**E played himself in his first picture, "Blessed Event," as combination orchestra leader, crooner and master of ceremonies. For that's exactly what Dick Powell is. Directly from the Stanley Theater in Pittsburgh comes Dick after three and a half years as master of ceremonies. And still he smiles. And thinks life dandy.

Born in a little town in Arkansas, his family finally moved into the big city of Little Rock and Dick's career was on. In the daytime he worked for the telephone company. At nights he sang in church choirs.

Then he received an offer to sing and play a banjo with an orchestra in Indianapolis. There was only one slight drawback to the offer. He couldn't play a banjo. A horn, a saxophone or a piccolo, yes. But not a banjo. But he wanted to go, so he rushed out, bought a banjo and practiced until every man, woman and child was glad to see him bound for Indianapolis, with his banjo under his arm.

From there he went to the Smoky City, where he did a Gable with the girls. In fact, for three years the whole town was Dick Powell conscious.

He's boyish, has a lot of charm, wavy hair and a cute smile. He's a regular he-man.

His hands are large; he loves ham and eggs; plays a good game of golf and can fly a plane anywhere.

Began flying lessons early one morning and had made his first solo flight before dark.

He reads popular magazines, and spends most of his spare time rehearsing.

Has a five-year contract with Warners with a twelve-week vacation clause each year.

Was borrowed by Fox to play the boy in Will Rogers' picture, "Jubilo," because the boy had to sing. Then they cut out all the songs and left Dick high and dry with a straight part for the first time in his life.

He lives with his father and mother in Hollywood and if the movie thing doesn't turn out well, he's sure of one thing.

He can always go back to Pittsburgh.

**S**HE'S known as the "woman who never gets her man" in pictures. But she gets nearly all the good parts going. Aline MacMahon came to Los Angeles and kidded Hollywood from the stage in "Once in a Lifetime." She's been in movies a year and a half and can't see why people ever kidded them. She came to hoot and remained to toot.

She never wears a dress or a hat anyone would give a second look at, and yet audiences go for her in a big way. It's because she's real and natural.

Born in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, she received her education at Erasmus Hall and Barnard College, New York, then took to the stage, and pestered the producers 'till she got on.

Hollywood saw the laughable dead pan of Aline from the stage and begged her to stay for "Five Star Final." She played it, and then took the first train back to New York.

They called her to Hollywood again for "The Mouthpiece." And again she trailed back to New York. They wired frantically for Aline to come back for "Week End Marriage." So she gave up commuting and stayed.

She has a grand sense of humor, collects old china, oriental jewelry and Chinese art. She owns no pets, no yachts or automobiles.

Bridge is her favorite indoor sport, but she'll drop a hand anytime to watch a good wrestling match, or tennis match. Her eyes are very blue, her hair brown and she's five feet eight inches tall. She hasn't the least bit of style, but isn't bothered.

But she does like fancy foods. The fancier the better. And loves to ride on bus tops and wave down at the bewildered pedestrians below. Loathes exercise and does nothing to keep fit. Yet always is.

Her latest pictures are "Once in a Lifetime" and "Silver Dollar." They always have another rôle waiting for Aline, who doesn't mind.

Greta Garbo and Marie Dressler are her favorite movie stars. And Lunt and Fontanne her favorite stage stars. She's sane and sensible but grand fun. And is happily married to a New York architect.





## She Reads Comic Strips

**A**RLINE JUDGE, that cute little trick in "Are These Our Children?" is just nineteen, looks fourteen and has the common sense of forty.

She always wanted to marry a man who was gray at the temples and she did. Her husband is Wesley Ruggles, the director. Her eyebrows, with the exception of Clark Gable's are the only unplucked ones in Hollywood. She wears no color on her finger nails.

She began her career as a singer in Jimmy Durante's night club in New York. Jimmy called her "Mousie." Then Arline was the "Sing Something Simple" girl in "The Second Little Show," which landed her in Hollywood.

She loves to hang curtains and will take down and hang up curtains by the hour. Says it makes her feel so married. She has a perfect mania, also, for painting furniture or houses or whatever's around. So her husband bought her a spray gun and rubber gloves and she resprayed their beach house six times in four weeks.

There is a husky determination in her voice that belies her lovely little face. She just will read funny papers. She hides funny papers under all the rugs and pillows until she has time to read them.

Ronald Colman is her favorite star and she has always wanted to write a fan letter to Ronald. But can't get up the nerve. Mitzi Green is her best girl friend.

Arline claps loudly at the movies when her favorites come on the screen. And try to stop her from clapping.

Every Saturday night she telephones her father and mother in Bridgeport, Conn., where she was born. She wears bright woolen dresses and loves red. And how cute she looks in green. Arline loves fun and funny stories and knows two herself that are darbs.

Her eyes and hair are dark brown and she washes and curls her own hair, looking as comical as possible with it all wrapped up in bobbed hair pins.

She loves the kind of rôle she had in "Are These Our Children?" and wept for hours when she saw herself in "Girl Crazy."

## He Yearns To Be Funny



**C**HARLES LAUGHTON is called "the English Emil Jannings." He doesn't mind, only he thinks Jannings is a consistently better actor. Charles has plenty of moments himself. He speaks with a decided English accent, wears striped shirts and loves Yorkshire pudding and roast beef. Claims his American cook can do even better by the Yorkshire thing than his English one.

He's the most menacing looking creature on the screen and the gentlest off. The vastness of America and the ardor of our fans leave him breathless. If he sees that strangers recognize him, he's uneasy and frightened, but he feels the little Marys and Jims of Kansas are more important to his career than a city full of sophisticates.

There is absolutely no difference in the reaction of American and English audiences, he claims. They laugh at the same things and cry about the same things. And even shudder at Charles' stage cussedness in exactly the same spots.

Born in Scarborough, England, he decided to be a hotel keeper after his schooling. But the war interfered and he emerged from the conflict with a desire to act. So he acted. Came to the New York stage in "Payment Preferred," and was an instantaneous sensation. Paramount brought Charles and his ability to act villains with a ghastly sincerity to "Devil and the Deep," with Tallulah Bankhead and Gary Cooper, in which he frightened half the fan world into spasms.

He's a quiet, soft spoken Englishman who is pleased and a bit skeptical of his success and longs for his country home in England. And can't endure too much publicity ballyhoo. Says all actors are just accidents of nature, anyway, so why make too much fuss about it? Especially before he's earned it. Is constantly urging the publicity department to tone down, and let the fans do the praising. If any should be done.

He lives alone, since his wife's return to England, in a hilltop bungalow, and watches with intense interest the progress of a humming bird's nest in a branch beneath his window. He longs to be a comedian and feels sure he'd be very funny. But he's such a swell menace, no one will let him even try to be funny.



# Make Your Figure Perfect

*By Sylvia*



Sylvia, who has molded the figures of half the Hollywood stars, shows you, with her own hands, how you can squeeze off flesh



Here's the correct position for your feet when you are doing the exercise to reduce the ankles that Sylvia describes in this article

I'VE discovered something. The hundreds of thousands of letters that have poured in to me since I have been writing these articles for PHOTOPLAY show that the five parts of a woman's figure that need reducing most are the hips, bust, stomach, legs and arms. If these parts of your body are okay, you can face the world with a smile and walk as if you owned it.

So, for the benefit of those who did not get in on my first articles, I am going to repeat the salient points in getting rid of flesh on those vital places. And you who have followed my instructions carefully can listen, too. It won't hurt you a bit to refresh your minds. Besides, I'm going to throw in a few new things—just for good measure.

Reducing demands a combination of three things—diet, exercise and massage. I hate that word massage. It sounds mild, and what I'm teaching you to do isn't mild. At least you won't think it is after you have tried it—and the hundreds of stars of Hollywood whom I slapped and pommelled for so long, shaping their figures into beautiful lines, don't think so either. The general reducing diet, which I am going to repeat at the end of this article, is for the purpose of keeping you fit, as well as reducing you.

Women who follow my instructions get enough to eat and, therefore, their faces don't have that gaunt, wolfish, hungry look that lots of diets give them. The exercises are to reduce a large area of fat. The massage—for want of a better word—is to take off flesh in spots.

Use all three methods—diet, exercise and massage. Combine the three as I show you how to do and you can lose fifteen pounds a month and make your figure exactly as you want it to be. It can be done. I don't need to repeat that. I have done it too many times to have any doubts. And, through PHOTOPLAY, I have shown hundreds upon hundreds of girls and women how to do it for themselves.

YOU must master that massage to get the lumps of fat off. After that, you can keep them off by exercise and diet. In fact, once you have gotten down to the weight you want to be—and, incidentally, those charts of proper heights and weights don't mean a thing, it's simply how you want to look and how you feel that counts—you can include more dishes in your diet. But I'll guarantee that when you've been on my diet for a little while, you won't want to eat a lot of rich, highly seasoned food.

Any lumpy, stubborn part of the body,

except the bust, can be squeezed off with your own two hands. I was paid fabulous amounts for doing that to the stars. I'm telling you that you can do it for yourself. Just take up handfuls of flesh and squeeze with all your might. Then let the flesh slip through your fingers as if it were mashed potatoes. After you have done that, spread a heavy Turkish towel over the parts you want reduced and with the palms of your hands slap and slap hard.

You can slap, rub and squeeze the flesh away. You will see the fat cells being smashed off. Don't be afraid to squeeze too hard. You don't want to be gentle with excess fat. I used to keep a phonograph going all the time when I was treating the stars in Hollywood, to drown out their yells. Honestly!

Now here is an exercise to reduce the hips, and if you don't believe that it will do it, measure your hips before you start and measure them after doing this exercise for fifteen minutes a day for a month. Get down on your hands and knees. Stretch the left leg far, far back with the toe pointed back. Then draw the leg up, with the knee at the chest, but be sure that the toe is pointed and drags along the floor and be sure that the hips rise as you do this. Put the weight on the left leg and repeat the exercise with the right leg, progressing along the floor. Concentrate on the hips and feel the muscles draw.

NOW here is the sure way to reduce the bust. Naturally, it will reduce the entire body, but you shouldn't mind that, because once the fat on the bust is taken off, you can build up the rest of your body, without gaining back the weight in the bust. For three days in succession do this. First thing in the morning drink a glass of hot or cold water. Two hours later drink six ounces of buttermilk and two hours later take another six ounces. Do this every two hours until bedtime. During the other four days of the week keep up my regular general reducing diet, but eat sparingly of meat and go heavy on fresh vegetables and fruit.

Keep this up—three days on the buttermilk and four days on the regular diet until your chest measure is what you want it to be. This is a sure way of reducing the bust and keeping it reduced.

There are two perfectly grand exercises for reducing the stomach. Take your choice—or, better still, do them both—one one day for fifteen minutes, the other the



Fat women can reduce both upper and lower part of their arms in this manner. The famous beauty expert, Sylvia, shows you how, as she has told the film stars



# By Diet, Exercise, Massage

next day. Here's one. Lie on the floor, face down with your arms stretched out flat on the floor above your head. Now get a member of your family or a friend to grab you around the ankles, raise your legs high in the air and then lower them to the floor. You can tell that this is being done right if you feel every stomach muscle drawing and pulling.

Here's the other exercise. Lie on your right side with the arms stretched high above the head. Feel your stomach muscles pulling. Keep your legs straight and stiff, too. Then, without changing the position of the hands or legs, roll over on your face, making sure that the stomach touches the floor, to the left side. You must work your legs slightly, keeping them tight together, and roll and hitch yourself across the floor. If you do this right, you can feel the fat cells in your stomach being smashed off.

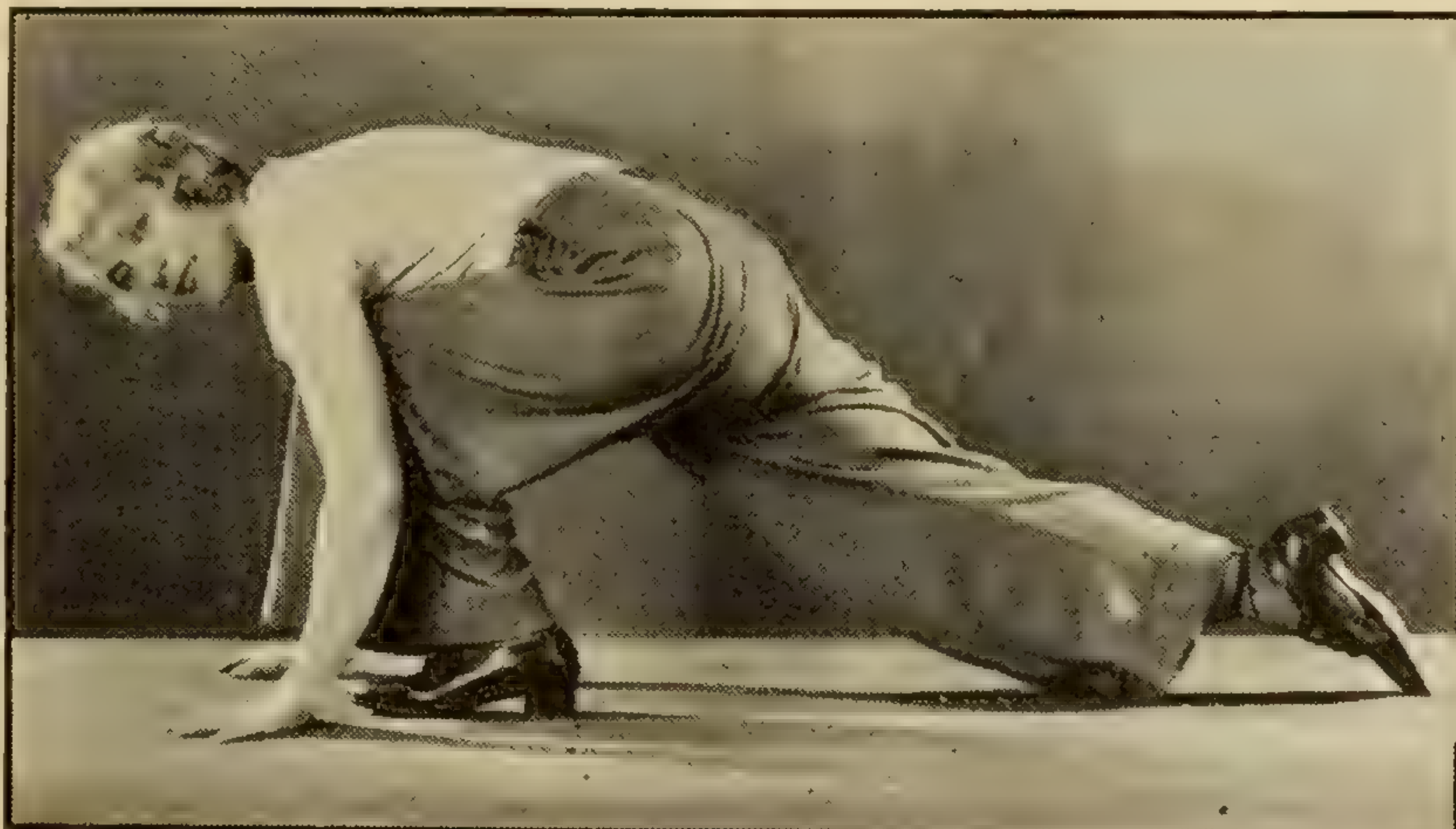
**T**HE way to reduce the calves of the legs is to squeeze the flesh off as I have described. But here's a way to reduce the ankles. Lie flat on the floor, with the toes pointed and the arms above the head forming a straight line from tips of toes to tips of fingers. Now spring up and try to touch the toes with the fingers. You can't touch the toes, but that's not the point. Don't you feel a sharp, sudden pain in the ankles? You do—how well I know it. That's the way to reduce those big ankles.

Now for the arms. Here's a grand exercise. Stand on tip-toe, arms reaching up as far as possible, flat against a wall. Then, trying not to move your arms at all—they will, of course, move about half an inch—slowly wiggle yourself downward with tiny jerks until your heels touch the floor. Do this without any shoes on. Notice how it pulls the arms. Ah, that's the fat coming off. Start by doing this about five times a day and work up to twenty times.

Here's a word of warning. Don't do the exercises too often at first. Work up gradually to fifteen or twenty times on each



Above and below Sylvia demonstrates how inches can be taken off the hips in a few weeks. Hollywood has relied on Sylvia's "reducing" advice for years. Now PHOTOPLAY readers are benefiting by it. This is the only magazine for which she writes. Note the position of the body in these two pictures before you start to do Sylvia's exercise



exercise. And if you have never done the exercises before, you should get yourself in trim for them by doing something which I make all my girls do. Don't laugh, I mean this. Turn the radio on to a peppy tune and, with your arms above your head and your hips swaying from side to side, dance around the room doing an old-fashioned two-step. This is of the greatest importance. It prepares you for all exercises, but don't forget the dancing even when you're doing the exercises. This little dancing step keeps your body lithe, graceful and in good condition. It will reduce you, too.

**S**O now I've shown all you new recruits how to make your bodies lovely and I'm sure that those of you who have been following my articles so carefully have profited by seeing everything set down here in such concise form. Don't forget the three things that are essential to a lovely figure—diet, exercise, massage. Remember? All right, here's the reducing diet.

## GENERAL REDUCING DIET

### BREAKFAST

Small glass (about four ounces) grapefruit or orange juice.  
Cup of black coffee (no sugar).  
Slice of melba toast with a little honey and no butter.

### LUNCHEON

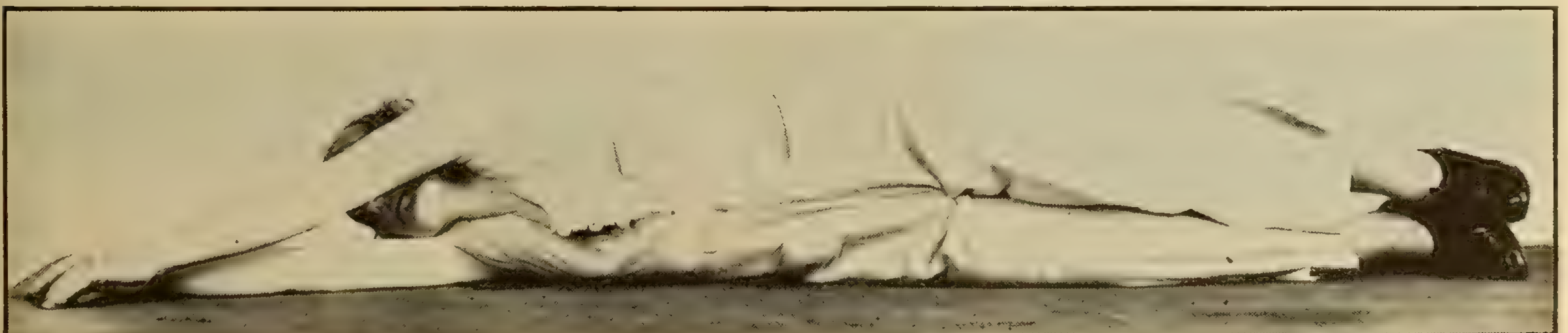
(You must have one liquid meal a day. It can be at luncheon or dinner. I give it here for luncheon.)  
Glass of tomato juice.

Cup of tea or coffee (no cream or sugar)  
or

Large bowl of clear soup (no crackers).

In the middle of the afternoon you can have a cup of tea with lemon and no sugar.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118 ]



Want to reduce your stomach? Here's the correct way. Starting in this position, roll from side to side, hitching your body along the floor as you roll. Be sure the stomach touches the floor as you do this. Thus the fat cells are smashed off





Clarence Sinclair Bull

**H**OLLYWOOD rumor has it that the Bob Montgomerys are preparing to welcome the stork in the spring. Although Bob denies it, everyone hopes it is true and that the child will take the place in their hearts of the one who died last year. Mrs. Bob is pretty enough to be in pictures herself, isn't she?



# This Is *Bob Montgomery*

He isn't the obvious wise-cracker, or too serious about things, but you'll know Bob a lot better when you read this story

*By Sara Hamilton*

**B**OB MONTGOMERY has six grey hairs over each temple and a habit of putting his feet up on people's desks or tables. If he should happen to be wearing spurs, it makes no difference. The feet, spurs and all, go up just the same.

Various executives and Hollywood hostesses are constantly, and a bit proudly, pointing out scratched furniture.

"See that mark? Bob Montgomery did that."

The grey hairs arrived after his rise to stardom. It practically has him under—the stardom thing, I mean. Every time he gets ready for a big smash hit of his own, he swears something happens. So he usually winds up playing just another part, with another star, and liking it.

He will, in spite of Kingdom Come, hunch his shoulders in certain scenes. He goes into every picture vowing and swearing by all the gods that this time he won't hunch.

In five minutes, he's hunched. And that is partly responsible, along with his performance in "Inspiration," for the grey hairs.

His hands are long and white. His nails are spotted with tiny white spots, like a kid's.

He's six feet, one inch tall; weighs 170 pounds and looks like a boy. His eyes are blue and sober. His nose apparently at one time decided to detour to the left, but missed it by the fraction of an inch.

**H**IS hair is more than a bit curly. And is usually artfully tousled.

He's surprisingly serious—a bit too serious—and vaguely unhappy.

He's moody. Although he hides whatever gloom may surround him with a grin, his friends can detect it instantly.

He is, first, last and all times, not the wise-cracking, happy-go-lucky Bob Montgomery of the screen. Even when he's kidding, one feels he has a seriousness of purpose.

He scribbles all the time he talks, printing his name in squarish letters, or drawing pictures that look like Jimmy Durante's face with the mumps.

When he's working, he gets to bed at ten-thirty. When he isn't working he gets there at ten-thirty just the same, unless he's invited to a theater or a party. Then he may never get there.

He envies people who rush about saying, "I had the strangest dream last night." It seems he never dreams, so he thinks he must be abnormal and deliberately tries to work up a gorgeous nightmare every night. So far, the nightmare thing has been a total frost.

For fifteen minutes every morning he exercises in a rowing machine. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104 ]



"Let's travel," Bob Montgomery said to Madge Evans in "Lovers Courageous." "No," she replied, "let's have a baby." And as Bob was playing this scene before the cameras and microphones, his own baby lay dying. To have left the studio would have delayed the company for days. That's what's known in show business as real tramping



PHOTOPLAY'S

# Hollywood

Conducted By  
Carolyn  
Van Wyck



LILYAN TASHMAN'S  
tiny hats reveal the back  
coiffure, hence this close-  
to-the-head and decidedly  
decorative arrangement.  
Notice how the natural  
hairline is retained. The  
curls may be combed out.

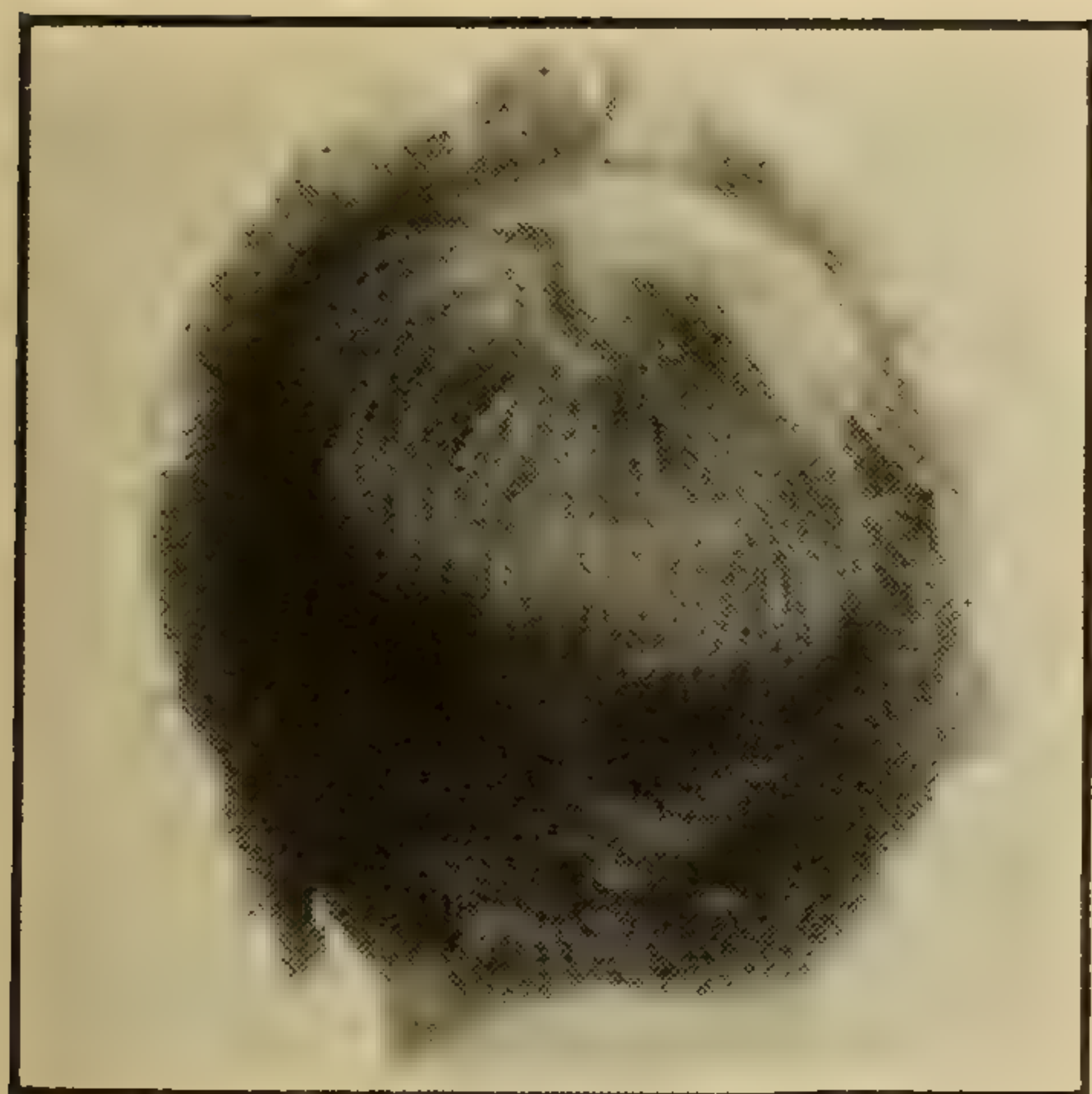
THIS coiffure a la Tashman embodies almost every style point of the current mode. There are the revealed ears, smooth, suave front contour, bangs and a pyramid of tight curls. Miss Tashman's blonde hair is parted at the left, brushed back in broad, flat finger waves, where the ends are caught in myriad curls. The design of the finger wave is copied in a lacy bang, a modish and softening touch to the long, slim or delicately moulded face. Naturally curly hair or hair susceptible to a finger wave is adaptable to this coiffure. A marvelous play for hair lights.





# Beauty Shop

*All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month*



THE back is flatly twirled so that the curls may caress the neck closely. This creates the trim head contour so necessary to the upturned and tilted hats. Three inches of hair are ample for wave and curls.



THIS charmingly naive departure in coiffures, the Coronet Bob, is introduced by Nancy Carroll in "Hot Saturday." It is a perfect answer to the maiden's prayer for a distinctive, simple and new hair arrangement. The hair from the crown of the head is brushed in equal sections forward, to the sides and down at the back. The hair is then shingled closely and waved in a deep border circling the head. The outer hair is closely curled and permitted to fall softly about the face. The Nancy Carroll type with hair inclined to curl will find this coronet effect especially grand.



# Four Simple Self-Aids to Loveliness



**K**ATHARINE HEPBURN cares for her own hands. She has never had a professional manicure. She stresses the importance of keeping the cuticle well trained. Cuticle cream or hand cream at night, cuticle remover and the gentle use of an orangewood stick will do the trick.



**B**ETTY FURNESS' interesting brows grow quite as nature intended. But the removal of stray hairs from beneath often improves the brows.



**N**OTHING is quite so good for retaining that sparkle in your eyes as a soothing, cleansing eye bath. The eye cup may be used morning, night or after eye strain. Lorena Layson finds it restful after a day in the studio.



**O**R you may prefer to apply your eye lotion from a dropper, as Lorena Layson is doing. Drip two or three drops in each eye, blink and wipe away with tissues. Pads of cotton saturated in the solution, placed over the closed eyes for ten minutes, also help.



# Coiffures Of The Evening



A HALO of intertwined silver leaves is a foil for Anita's blondness.



ANITA PAGE twines a garland of real flowers about her hair and is ready for the dance. The flowers match her frock tone. Rosebuds, gardenias, carnations and small flowers are charming. Choose a perfume natural to the flowers. Only the simple coiffure should be dressed.



PAULETTE GODDARD'S platinum locks are combed in a manner reminiscent of the gay nineties and caught at either side with a jeweled clip. The hair is shingled closely, the sides drawn back. The ends are fluffed in a pompadour and a bang fringes the forehead.



A DUO of clip pins nestle in Leila Hyams' soft curls to serve both useful and ornamental purposes. Very nice in simple bobs.





## Three Beauty Tips For Every Girl

DOROTHY WILSON, who stepped from stenographer to starlet, is shown recovering from a spirited tennis match. Dorothy first massages her feet gently but thoroughly with olive oil, steams them over boiling water for five or ten minutes, then bathes them in warm water. "Grand," is Dorothy's verdict. "I'd never know I'd played a strenuous game." At the same time a rich cream covers her hands, which in turn are protected by silk mitts, to guard against blisters.



THERE is a trick to applying cream lip rouge evenly. Betty Furness uses the dot method. Three dots are touched to the lips. Your most convenient finger then blends them smoothly. Always carry the rouge well inside the lips.



HOLLYWOOD adores toilet water for encouraging feathery curls about the face. Helen Vinson sprays a light mist over her tendril curls. Her atomizer is equipped with a non-evaporating device, an economical precaution for perfumes.



# Ears And Elbows Are In Fashion



**S**HEILA TERRY dresses a piece of ice in gauze before using it for astringent purposes. It is kinder to the skin this way, easier to use. Keep your bottle astringent in the icebox. It is more effective when iced. Swab or spray it on.

**"DON'T** neglect ear beauty with the modern coiffures and hats," advises Sheila Terry. Sheila bathes her ears in skin freshener or skin tonic to make them as pink as a baby's. A dab of cotton in the ear keeps the tonic out.



**M**ARY MASON knows that roughened elbows are fatal to arm beauty. Nightly she rubs cream generously into her own to keep them soft and dimpled. Begin your treatment with a soap, water and brush scrubbing to remove toughened cuticle. Then start the cream routine. Leaning on elbows mars them.

(For More Beauty Tips  
Turn to Page 102)







# LEW Wants Another Chance

And that lad of the  
"Western Front" is  
by far too good an  
actor not to take it

*By Jack Grant*

**L**ISTEN to Lew Ayres talking: "All I ask now is an opportunity. Why, I'd work just for coffee and cakes to have another chance half as good as the one I was lucky enough to get in 'All Quiet on the Western Front.'"

"I was rushed into stardom, perhaps before I was ready. Had anyone predicted three years ago that I would become a film star, I should have doubted his sanity. When it first happened, I doubted my own."

Lew recently signed a new contract with Universal Pictures, and with this new deal has come a great change in the boy himself.

Out of the misunderstandings and consequent indifference toward his work that developed after his success and swift decline, out of the lessons learned from those painful experiences, there has developed a different Lew Ayres.

To this changed Lew, his career on the screen has again become tremendously important, important enough to make sacrifices for.

You sense it in his latest picture, "Okay America!" He attacked his rôle of the columnist with a zest he has lacked for a long time. It is a good part, and Lew's spirited portrayal makes it a vital one.

"It would be silly," Lew says, "to hold the studio solely responsible for the many indifferent pictures in which I have played. Too many other things have contributed to the difficulty of finding suitable material to hold any single individual or group at fault. I must personally share some of the blame."

"I was intoxicated by the suddenness of my success.

Full of eager curiosity, Lew Ayres is as actively versatile as a colony of artists and scientists. But the screen is his great enthusiasm

"Then my practical side asserted itself. I was convinced this thing couldn't last so very long, and when I learned that I was being loaned to other studios at a price ten times the salary I was receiving, I struck for more money."

In no story about Lew Ayres can this episode be passed over without special comment. It was a period of misunderstandings. Lew was falsely accused of an increased size of headgear. Hearing these accusations, he withdrew even further into his shell. To the charge of swelled head was added that of sulking.

Lew is not the sulking kind. He is shy and, at times, inarticulate. He felt everybody was against him—criticizing him. He dreaded encounters with chance acquaintances and strangers. Reporters and writers called, got unfavorable impressions and went away to write harsh items. Those who really knew Lew—and they were pitifully few—argued his case for him with dubious success. Lew's inability to defend himself counted heavily against him.

The salary question was eventually amicably adjusted and Lew returned to work. He still believed that his career would be of short duration. He wanted desperately to make it last as long as possible. He attacked his assignments with enthusiasm, but the results were not particularly good. One weak picture followed another.

**M**OST boys of twenty-three would have turned to night clubs and gay living to forget. But Lew had his fill of night clubs in his several years of playing in dance orchestras.

His weekly pay-check had been only fifty dollars for "All Quiet." Now, after it had grown to four figures, there was no reason to throw it away. So he held his peace and kept his head high.

The first car he purchased was a second-hand wreck. He tinkered with it until it purred like a contented cat. What if the top was torn, the windshield [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112 ]



# Today Mrs. Longworth guards her skin's freshness with the same two creams she used and praised *seven years ago*

This message from a brilliant woman—one of the vital figures in the political and social life of today—who has continued to use the same two creams for over seven years—gives you the clue to their extraordinary following all over the world.



MRS. LONGWORTH IN 1925, when she said that Pond's Creams were "the foundation to a clear healthy skin."



MRS. LONGWORTH TODAY—fresher, more vital looking. "Pond's Two Creams are all one needs," she says.

"I NEVER USE MAKE-UP . . . I have never had a facial in my life . . . What I do believe in, is keeping the skin *clean* . . . *oiling* it to keep it supple . . . *protecting* it reasonably from dust and exposure.

"And Pond's Two Creams do just those things. I use them because I know they are *pure*. I never use anything on my face that I am not absolutely sure of."

So speaks Alice Roosevelt Longworth, with delightfully Rooseveltian forthrightness.

Mrs. Longworth is one of the most vivid personalities in American life.

Today she looks fresher, more vital, actually younger for her age—than at any other period in her mature life. And she is utterly practical about caring for her skin!

The two creams she found years ago to be "all one needs" to keep her skin in perfect condition—Pond's Two Creams—are still the only creams she depends on.

"I use them a great many ways," she says.

HERE are some of the special uses for which hundreds of American women depend upon Pond's Two Creams:—

**Pond's Cold Cream . . . A Grand Cleanser.** Gets your skin both clean and refreshed at the same time. Not heavy, can't clog the pores. Not extra-light and drying.

**To Take Away a Drawn Tired Look.** After cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream, give your face a fresh creaming and *let it stay on* a few minutes while you rest. You both feel and look like new! The fine, rich oils in Pond's

Cold Cream make the skin supple and *rested*. **Pond's Vanishing Cream . . . To Protect from Chapping.** Marvelous for that! Forms an invisible film that keeps the skin from drying and cracking.

**To Heal Roughnesses.** Softens and smooths away tiny particles of skin about to scale off.

**Holds Powder—Keeps Pores Clean—**Not only makes a smooth base to which powder clings, but keeps dust and dirt from pores.

Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for choice of FREE samples.



POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. L.  
114 Hudson Street . . . . . New York City  
Please send me (check choice):

Pond's New Face Powder in attractive glass jar. Light Cream ☐, Rose Cream ☐, Brunette ☐, Naturelle ☐.

OR

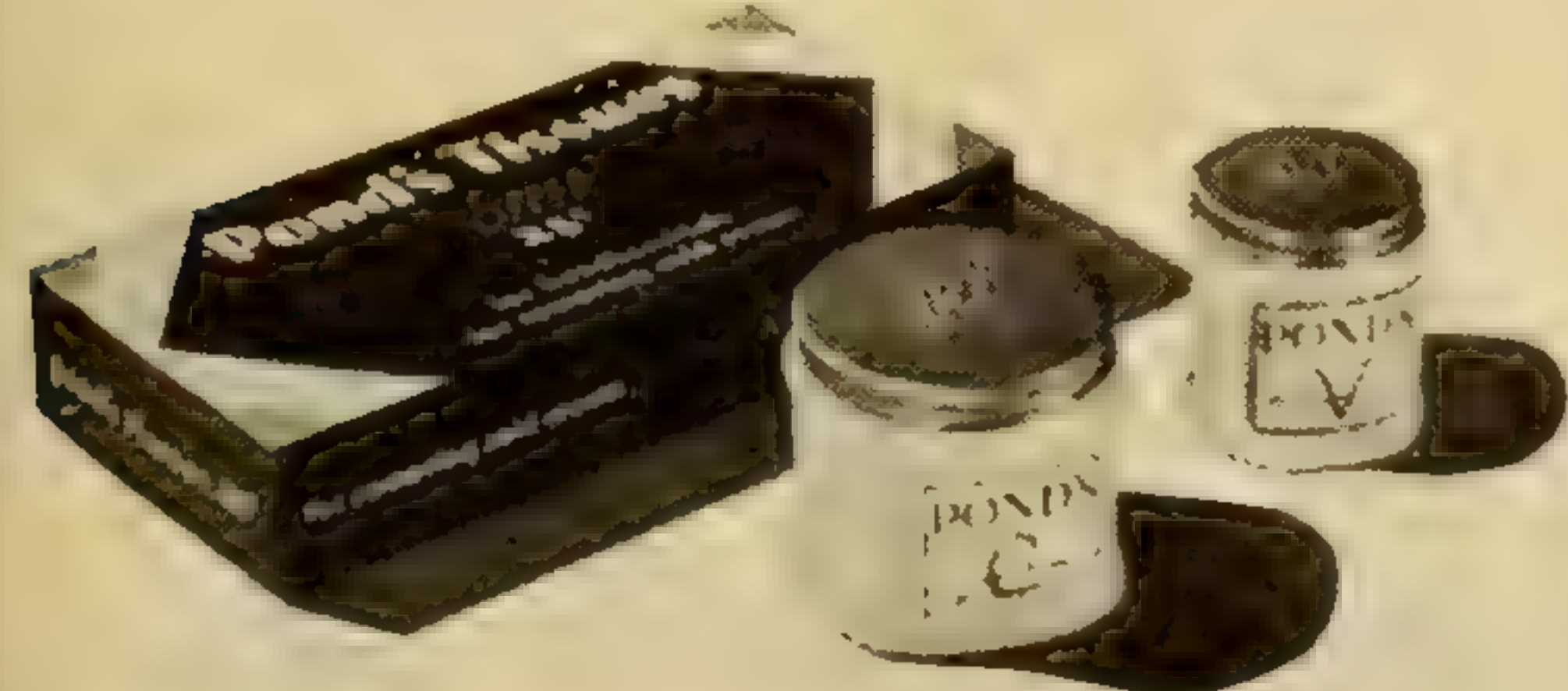
Pond's Two Creams, Tissues and Freshener ☐.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Copyright, 1932, Pond's Extract Company



## 3 Exquisite Pond's Preparations

The Cold Cream—The Vanishing Cream—The Soft, Absorbent Tissues of which Mrs. Longworth says, "I couldn't do without them."



# "I AM 19"

## Joyce Compton

adored young screen star, has already begun to guard youth's most precious possession—an exquisite smooth skin. She is using Hollywood's favorite beauty care regularly. "I use Lux Toilet Soap," she says. "It certainly keeps one's skin smooth and clear."



Recent photograph by Preston Duncan, Hollywood

## Screen Stars Know the secret of keeping Youthful Charm

**S**CREEN STARS have no fear of birthdays! They know the secret of having youthful charm at almost *any* age!

"Above everything else you must guard complexion beauty," they declare.

"I am 30 years old," says lovely Jetta Goudal. "There was a time when no woman would tell her age, but nowadays a woman need not hesitate to admit her years if she keeps her complexion 'the eternal 18.' I find Lux Toilet Soap a great help in keeping my complexion young."

The charming Billie Burke, beloved stage and screen star, says: "I really am 40. A star, of course, *must* keep youthful freshness. For years I have used Lux Toilet Soap regularly."

And young Joyce Compton says: "I'm 19. But no matter what my age, I could not hope to look lovelier than Billie Burke does right now. It's a comfort to know we both use the same complexion care! Lux Toilet Soap certainly keeps one's skin youthfully smooth and clear."

### *9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it*

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use this fragrant white soap regularly to guard complexion beauty. Therefore, it is the official soap of all the great film studios.

Its unrivaled whiteness will delight you—get some today.

# LUX



# "I AM 30"



## *Jetta Goudal*

"Stars of the stage and screen know that no woman can keep her charm without a perfect complexion," she says. "I find Lux Toilet Soap is a great help in keeping my complexion young."

Recent photograph by Russell Ball, Hollywood

# "I AM 40"



## *Billie Burke*

beloved stage and screen star, is a miracle of youthful loveliness at 40! "Youth has irresistible attraction," she says. "To keep this charm right through the years you must guard complexion beauty—keep your skin temptingly fresh and smooth. I use Lux Toilet Soap—regularly."

Recent photograph by Nickolas Murray, New York

# Toilet Soap





Van Arsdale

"Bla-bla yourself!" or The Quiet Movie Fan's R-r-r-revenge!



# Women!

## 95¢ Value for 59¢

### Combination Offer!

Get 2 boxes of New  
PHANTOM KOTEX  
and 1 box KLEENEX

95¢ Value

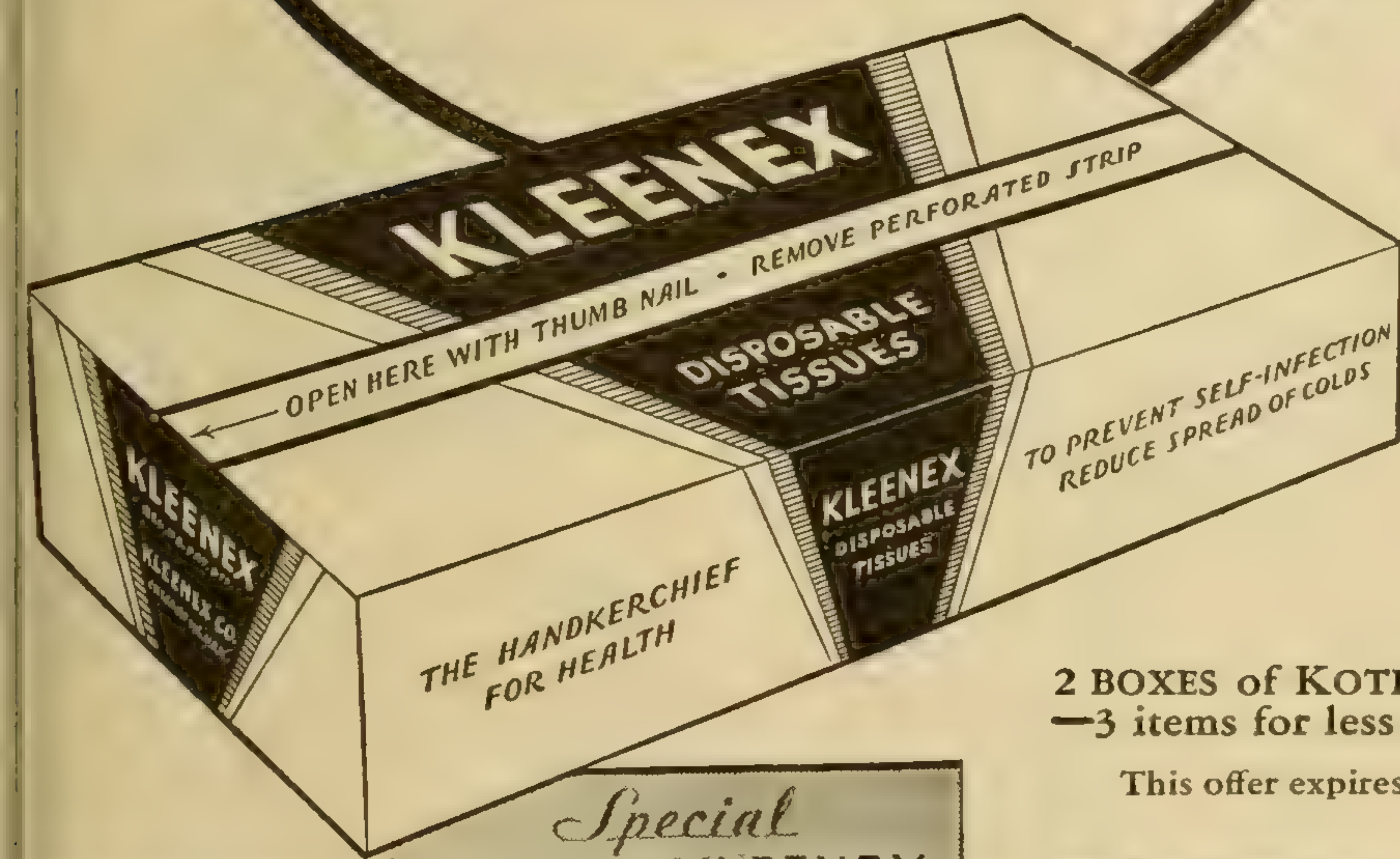
**ALL FOR 59¢**

In Canada 79¢

to introduce the New  
PHANTOM KOTEX



Boxes marked "Form-Fitting"  
contain Phantom Kotex



2 BOXES of KOTEX, 1 box KLEENEX  
—3 items for less than the price of 2!

This offer expires November 5, 1932

### PHANTOM (form-fitting) KOTEX Revolutionary, new!

The new Phantom Kotex—form-fitting, flattened, tapered, sanitary pad—is made to fit. It ends all fear of tell-tale outlines, even under the smoothest fitting dresses. You've never known perfect sanitary comfort like this before. There's nothing remotely like it.

Do not be confused. Other sanitary pads calling themselves form-fitting; other styles with so-called tapered ends, are in no sense the same as the New PHANTOM-KOTEX, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854. Here is your chance to try the New PHANTOM KOTEX at a revolutionary low price!

### KLEENEX TISSUES

For handkerchiefs—for removing cold cream and cosmetics

You know KLEENEX, the softest, yet strongest, absorbent tissues. Invaluable for handkerchiefs... to remove cold cream... as a substitute for linen, towels, napkins... for dozens of home and office uses.

Made of rayon-cellulose

KLEENEX is a dainty, downy square of tissue, handkerchief size. It is many times more absorbent than linen or cotton. Gentler, too—and luxuriously soft, because it is made of the finest rayon-cellulose. The softest yet strongest tissue on the market! Because you get a big supply for so little cost, you destroy each tissue when used.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Look for these window streamers and displays in your dealer's window.

These signs tell you where to go for the greatest value you've ever had on Kotex and Kleenex... indispensable accessories to every woman's comfort, daintiness, fine grooming.

### Special KOTEX-KLEENEX OFFER



**Combination Offer!**  
2 boxes PHANTOM KOTEX (form fitting) 59¢  
and 1 box KLEENEX 95¢ value

NEW PHANTOM KOTEX

**BUY TODAY!** Go to your dealer now! Buy your Phantom Kotex and Kleenex today, while supplies last at this special price!

**At all drug, dry goods, and department stores**



# Ask The Answer Man

## Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



Aline MacMahon smiles in this tender, human scene from "Life Begins," and she'll keep right on smiling when she reads here that picture goers are asking all about her

## Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, stamped, addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries: Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 22 W. 57th St., New York City

**A**LINE MACMAHON is the favorite this month. Hundreds of letters came in asking for information about her. That girl is becoming a regular picture stealer. No matter what part she plays, her work is outstanding. Now, here's the low-down:

Aline was born in McKeesport, Penna., on May 3, 1899. She is 5 feet, 8 inches tall; weighs 135 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. After graduating from Barnard College in New York, she decided on a stage career. She got her first chance by pestering Edgar Selwyn until he gave her a part in "The Mirage." Other plays that followed were "Beyond the Horizon," "Maya," "Her First Affair" and "Spread Eagle."

When casting was going on for the Broadway run of "Once in a Lifetime," Aline begged for the rôle of May. She was refused it then, but later got the part when the company took the play on its Western tour. Director Mervyn LeRoy saw Aline when the play reached California and promised her a chance in pictures. She got the rôle of the secretary in "Five Star Final." This was followed by "The Mouthpiece," "Week-End Marriage," "Life Begins," "One Way Passage," and her original rôle in "Once in a Lifetime."

Aline is happily married and says she intends to stay that way. Her husband, Clarence Stein, is a New York architect. Their careers keep them apart much of the time, but they manage to slip away together for several months each year.

Although Aline played the part of a secretary in two of her pictures, she has never been one in real life. Hundreds of stenographers and secretaries, after seeing her on the screen, have written to her asking her advice on "how to handle the boss."

Her chief hobbies are collecting old jewelry and English china. She is passionately fond of reading letters, anybody's letters, loves Hollywood and picture work. She is under contract to Warners.

**S. M., BAYONNE, N. J.**—Ruth Chatterton was divorced from Ralph Forbes on August 12 and married to George Brent the following day, August 13. George hails from the Emerald Isle, so maybe that makes Ruth Irish, too—by marriage!

**BOB, WASHINGTON, D. C.**—The Four Mad Marxes were all born in New York City. Chico, who plays the piano, was born on March 22, 1891. Harpo, the red-wigged silent one was born on November 21, 1893. Groucho, with the black moustache and glasses was born on October 2, 1895, and Zeppo, the youngest, on February 25, 1901. Their real names are Leonard, Arthur, Julius and Herbert, respectively. There is still another brother, Milton, who is in the dress business. His nickname is Gummo.

**NAOMI WOOD, LINCOLN, NEB.**—Put away the swords and pistols and stop the fighting. You each win half the argument, because Loretta Young has light brown hair. However, in her latest picture "Life Begins," she does wear a blonde wig. Adrienne Ames hails from Fort Worth, Texas.

**ELTA, BELFAST, ME.**—I almost made it Ireland. Jackie Cooper is 53 inches tall and weighs 80 pounds, but probably by the time this information reaches you, Jackie will be a little taller and a little heavier, 'cause he's growing fast. Marlene Dietrich's real name is Mary Magdalene Von Losch. Her father was a Lieutenant in the Prussian Army.

**ANNIE LEE, AKRON, OHIO.**—Annie, Maurice Chevalier celebrates his birthday every September 12.

**MARY, PORTLAND, ORE.**—A lot of boys think that Dorothy Jordan is just grand, but she has eyes only for Donald Dillaway. Remember, they played together in "Min and Bill"? Don was the rich boy. Dot is 5 feet, 2 inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. She was born in Clarksville, Tenn., on August 9, 1910.

**TESSIE, PHILADELPHIA, PENN.**—Of course, Nils Asther is still in pictures. Didn't you see him with Karen Morley and Lionel Barrymore in "The Washington Masquerade"? You missed a good film if you didn't see that. In his next, "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," Nils plays the rôle of a Chinaman. Now Tessie, don't write and ask me why he didn't sweeten the tea. And don't miss that grand picture of him in this month's gallery.

**TWO LITTLE GIRLS, WICHITA, KAN.**—Mitzi Green is busy making "Little Orphan Annie." You'll just love her with her tousled head of curls. Mitzi had to camouflage her dark Dutch bob for this picture. I haven't heard yet the name of the lucky pooch who plays the rôle of Sandy.

**MARY KAY, CHICAGO, ILL.**—You're right, Ralph Bellamy does hail from your home town. Aren't you proud of him? Ralph was 28 years old on June 17. He is 6 feet, ½ inch tall; weighs 178 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. Entered pictures in 1930. He was married to Katherine Willard in July 1931. Sorry to have to tell you that Kent Douglass is not planning to return to pictures at this writing.

**JOHN M., TORONTO, CAN.**—Ronald Corman's next picture will be "I Have Been Faithful," which is taken from the play "Cynara." Kay Francis will be his leading lady in this. They make a grand team. Remember them in "Raffles"? Vilma Banky, Ronny's leading lady in silent pictures, is perfectly content to be known as Mrs. Rod LaRocque.

**BILL, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.**—Bobby Coogan isn't making pictures at the present time. Brother Jackie, who will be 18 years old on October 26, is enrolled at Santa Clara University. He has been appointed "cheer leader." That ought to give him some good voice training.

**DOROTHY LEE, OMAHA, NEB.**—Any relation to Dot of screen fame? Jimmy "Sock-em" Cagney sure would hand you a wallop if he heard you say he was nearly 40 years old. Jimmy is really quite young, having first seen light on July 17, 1904. That makes him just 28.

**D. B., DELAWARE, OHIO.**—Fay Wray comes from Alberta, Canada. She was born there on September 15, 1907. Is 5 feet, 3 inches tall; weighs 114 pounds. Has lovely light brown hair and blue eyes. Fay and John Monk Saunders, who is a writer, were married on June 16, 1928. You can address Fay at the RKO-Radio Pictures studio.



# do the Creators of **Fashion** in Paris sanction nails that are **tinted or natural?**



Saks-Fifth Avenue

Importations Jay-Thorpe

## All Colors . . . the tint of the nails depends on the gown, says world manicure authority



IF you're lucky enough to sit in on an "opening" in Paris, you'll see the grand mannequins go gliding by not only in bewilderingly lovely gowns, but in a most alluring variety of Nail Tints.

No "Big House" goes colorless. And many of them sanction 3 or 4 shades for their mannequins.

These Elegant Girls have been tinting their nails for years. And it's time Everyone over here discovered how nicely the Right Nail Tint completes the costume.

You'll find that Rose nails click like anything with black or dark green street costumes. And Garnet nails, worn with the new tawny shades, go to the head like wine!

If you run out of original color schemes, you can rely on the panel

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

**Natural** just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes—is best with bright colors—red, blue, green, purple, orange, yellow.

**Rose** is a lovely feminine shade, good with any dress, pale or vivid. Charming with pastel pink, blue, lavender, dark green, black and brown.

**Coral** is enchanting with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues," black, dark brown. Smart also with deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

**Cardinal** is deep and exotic. It contrasts excitingly with black, white, or pale shades . . . is a good shade with gray, beige, the new blue. Wear Cardinal in your festive moods!

**Garnet**, a rich wine red, just right with frocks in the new tawny shades, cinnamon brown, black, white, beige, pearl gray or burnt orange.

**Colorless** is conservatively correct at any time. You'll be sure to want it for very bright or "difficult" colors!

above. The advice you get there has been checked by fashion experts and it's worth taking.

**B**UT please . . . don't think for a minute that any old polish will work these miracles. You want to remember it's CUTEX that flows on with that smooth, shining perfection—never cracks, peels or discolors, and lasts with lustre undimmed for a week or more. For Plus Value, the new bakelite cap comes with brush all attached and will keep the tip off your table forever.

Don't let the French be any more alluring than you are. Get your lovely Cutex colors today.

### THE EASY CUTEX MANICURE . . .

Scrub nails. Remove old cuticle and cleanse nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Polish Remover. Brush on the shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that suits your costume. Choose from Natural, Colorless, Rose, Coral, Cardinal or Garnet. Then use Cutex Nail White (Pencil or Cream) and finish with Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream. After every manicure and each night before retiring, massage hands with the new Cutex Hand Cream.

2 shades of Cutex  
Liquid Polish . . . and  
four other manicure  
essentials . . . 12¢



NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 2Q11  
191 Hudson Street . . . New York, N. Y.  
(In Canada, address Post Office Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 12¢ for the new Cutex Manicure Set, which includes Natural Liquid Polish and one other shade which I have checked . . . ☐ Rose ☐ Coral ☐ Cardinal

## Cutex Liquid Polish.. only 35¢



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

**R**ONNIE COLMAN is "getting away from it all"—again. In Hollywood it is known as "pulling a Garbo."

Ronnie has never liked Hollywood and Hollywood's social activities, so he has just bought several hundred acres with a half mile beach front on California's coast line. So remote is his place that Ronnie will have to build his own road to the estate.

The country about is full of game, with plenty of quail, wild cats, deer, mountain lions and what not. There is a bay on his beach suitable for yacht mooring, and deep sea fishing will be one of our handsome hermit's diversions.

**T**HE state of Hollywood's heart is like this: Madge Evans will marry Tom Gallery as soon as his and ZaSu Pitts' divorce is final.

But there's trouble brewing between Greta Nissen and her handsome husband, Weldon Heyburn.

Polan Banks is courting Lila Lee every Wednesday and Sunday night.

But Don Cook and Evalyn Knapp aren't seeing each other so often.

Then there's that miniature romance between Jack Oakie and Joyce Compton. They go Austin riding.

Maureen O'Sullivan's heavy flame is a San Francisco lad, Dick Seymore. And Jimmie Dunn is disconsolate.

Ann Harding goes to The Frolics with Eddie Cronjager, her cameraman.

And the little birds tell you that the romance between Ginger Rogers and Mervyn LeRoy is cooling off.

Lew Cody and Dorothy Ates go fox-trotting together.

Joan Blondell won't admit that she is married to George Barnes.

Lili Damita and Sidney Smith have quarreled. Again!

When Norma Shearer's brother, Douglas, got married, even Norma was surprised.

After a whole month David Manners and Billie Dove are still that way.

Jack Gilbert gave Virginia Bruce a grand piano for a wedding present.

Rudy Vallee and Fay Webb quarreled. She went to Reno. Then they made up.

**N**EIL HAMILTON was his father's best man when dad got married recently.

Johnny Weissmuller and Bobbe Arnst are talking over divorce plans.

Lyle Talbot and Eddie Burns argue over Estelle Taylor's free evenings. But Jack Dempsey calls up at least once a week.

AND

Richard Dix is so excited over the fact that he is going to be Daddy Dix pretty soon that he is already passing out cigars.

**G**EORGE RAFT and Constance Cummings are that way about each other.

They are playing together in "Night After Night." George keeps fresh roses in her dressing room daily.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92 ]



Schlenker

How to see Hollywood Boulevard — and make Hollywood Boulevard see you. Simple! Wear a suit and hat as smart as Barbara Weeks' new fall model



Another way to make villagers stare. Run over to your favorite soda fountain in a Chinese costume like Myrna Loy wears in "The Mask of Fu Manchu"



The best way to get attention is to stroll nonchalantly along the street in your oldest clothes while eating an ice cream cone. Charlie Bickford does that



# How to join the Mouth-Happy Club\*



**JOHN:** The initiation is quite simple. You pledge to smoke through one pack of Spud . . . the Club's own cigarette. Then you report back to the Committee of One . . . (that's me . . .) and tell what you discover.

**HOWARD:** I'm game . . . and I'll start right now, with one of your Spuds.

## FINALE

**HOWARD:** I'm reporting back, Mr. Committee. At first, the menthol taste was quite strong. But it soon disappeared and I got a grand, cool, clean taste. And then I discovered greater enjoyment of good tobacco. Sure, that's it . . . Mouth-happiness.

*\*Membership over 2,000,000 mouth-happy smokers.*



# SPUD



**MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES • 20 FOR 20c**

(30c IN CANADA) • THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90 ]



A beautiful girl and her grandmother? Don't you believe it. They're both Ann Harding. It's one of those skilful make-up jobs by Ern Westmore. Ann goes from youth to old age in her new film, "The Conquerors"

"FRIENDSHIP after divorce." That's the title of this story. Hollywood has gossiped much about Miriam Hopkins and writer husband Austin Parker. If they are divorced, why are they constantly together? Are they really divorced or merely living in separate houses? Those are the questions being asked.

Immediately before leaving for New York, Miriam said she hadn't had time to get a divorce. She'd been too busy. But when she stopped over in Chicago and adopted "Michael," the one-month-old baby, she said she was single.

Frankly, Hollywood didn't believe that statement.

But Hollywood is not trained to believe what is done quietly, unostentatiously, without publicity or excitement. When Miriam was said to be *too busy*, the divorce had already been granted!

"It was a mail-order one secured in Mexico," Mr. Parker explains. "It was granted early in March."

MR. PARKER spent some time in Mexico immediately after that divorce. He left hurriedly for New York. On the day of his arrival, he met a friend.

"How's Mrs. Parker?" the friend inquired.

"Very well, indeed."

"I haven't seen her for several days," the friend continued.

The ex-husband's eyes brightened. "What do you mean, *several days*?"

It was a delicate situation. Mr. Parker had not known Mrs. Parker was in New York. His friend didn't know of the divorce. Mr. Parker managed to secure the name of Mrs. Parker's hotel without arousing too much suspicion.

He telephoned her. She thought he was

calling from Mexico City. When she found he was at a certain hotel in New York City, she said, "But that hotel isn't as nice as mine. Why don't you move over?"

He moved. They had dinner. They talked it over.

And they reached a decision which all ex-husbands and ex-wives should consider: Why not be friends, even though divorced?



Hollywood is pretty confused, and hostesses don't know whether the two should be invited to the same parties or not, yet they are seen together at polo games, tennis matches and theater openings. Just another of Hollywood's social problems!

MARIAN NIXON and Eddie Hillman have separated—again. It's not the first time. So no one can be certain that it's the last, not even Marian and Eddie.

Eddie told his troubles to Ethel Barrymore, an intimate friend of his, when he and Marian quarreled. Marian says she is going to sell the Beverly Hills mansion which Eddie furnished for her.

CARY GRANT and the Pasadena society girl, Janet McCloud, have split. Also Randolph Scott and Martha Sleeper. Randy is now going with Vivian Gay, who brought Sari Maritza here and manages her.

"TO most folks," Jimmy Durante says, "'Strange Interlude' is a good movie or a long stage show. To me 'Strange Interlude' is the awful gap between my vest and pants."

THAT long drawn out battle between Tom Mix and his former wife over the custody of little ten-year-old Thomasina is over. A kindly judge took the little girl off by herself, talked things over with the child and as a result, Thomasina will spend the school terms with her mother and summer vacations with Tom.

And everyone is happy and satisfied.

The former Mrs. Mix is now the wife of a wealthy Argentine.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94 ]



Richard Dix does a little studio ageing, also in "The Conquerors." First he's a man of twenty-five, but before the flicker is over he is eighty-five. Now you know how he will look when some day he will be called "granddad"



# Now on Display: The Fashions of the Films!



JOSETTE de LIMA, *Talented* RKO DESIGNER

Who inspired the charming costumes worn by Marion Marsh in the RKO Radio picture "Sport Page," three of this month's smartest "Hollywood Fashions!" Mrs. de Lima believes that the young American woman typifies the chic "Lady of Fashion," all over the world.

As Selected by Seymour, PHOTOPLAY'S stylist, from the smartest frocks, coats and suits worn by famous stars in current pictures, "Hollywood Fashions" typify the newest mode, yet they are popularly priced.

"IF I COULD DRESS LIKE THAT!"... And why not — since faithful copies of the clever clothes worn by your favorite stars in latest motion pictures now are on display in many of the country's leading department and ready-to-wear stores (see page 107)! ... If "Hollywood Fashions," exact reproductions of the charming originals shown in this month's Fashion Section (Pages 62-67) are not sold in your city, please write PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE on coupon printed below.



The "Hollywood Fashions" franchise, offered exclusively to the leading ready-to-wear store in each community, now is held by the confidence-commanding firms listed on page 107. Inquiries from interested merchants in cities not represented are cordially invited. Just write Photoplay.



PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE  
CHICAGO " " " ILLINOIS

In Association With  
WAKEFIELD & O'CONNOR, INC. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

MR. DALE NORTON, DIRECTOR "HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS," PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,  
919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

I am interested in "Hollywood Fashions" (faithful copies of the smart frocks, coats and suits worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures), but know of no store in my community where they can be purchased. I like to shop at (Please name the department store you prefer).

My Name and Address is \_\_\_\_\_



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92 ]

**BOY**, oh boy, you should have seen Irene Dunne with that first class, A-1 mad on. And honestly you can't blame her.

Because she had been promised a month's vacation, her husband came from New York to spend the time in Honolulu with her. When they arrived at Hawaii there were three radio-grams from the studio telling her to return immediately to play the lead opposite Leslie Howard in "Animal Kingdom."

Without even unpacking their bags, they took a boat back and rushed to the studio straight from the docks, only to discover—I can hardly go on—that in the meantime somebody had changed his mind and Ann Harding was to play in the picture instead!

**YET** Irene Dunne was pleased that she did not have to play the lead in "Animal Kingdom." She was glad to get out of the part because she felt it was a man's picture. Leslie Howard was bound to get all the breaks!

And now Ann Harding is playing the rôle which Irene didn't want.

**L**OTS of folks in Hollywood will tell you that grand little trouper, Eric Linden, is ritzy, up-stage and high-hat. The truth of the mat-

ter is that the kid is as sensitive as a violin string and his nerves are pulled just as taut. Between scenes he simply cannot chat with his fellow actors.

And he has never been able to eat a full meal at lunch time. Instead, he has a glass of buttermilk in his dressing-room.

**I**T'S a nice little story—the reason why George Arliss begged to stay in England just as long as he could.

He wanted to be near his little garden, which is the loveliest in all England.

And it's fun to contemplate the grandest actor keeping up the garden himself.

**T**HE same old argument was on, about whether the director or actor is more important to the picture.

"Well, anyway," a well-known actor growled, "'Strange Interlude' was the only picture that gave an actor credit for thinking."

**A**ND still they come—stories about the making of "Grand Hotel." Here's a good yarn that we just heard.

Jack Barrymore and Greta Garbo had never met and the first day Jack arrived on the set with a large chip on his shoulder. Rumors of Garbo temperament had already come to him. He would show her that no Swedish upstart could put one over on a Barrymore. He arrived on the set fifteen minutes early to be prepared for her entrance.

Nine o'clock arrived. No Garbo. Nine-fifteen came.

Still no Garbo. Just as he expected. She was putting on an act, keeping a Barrymore waiting.

Just then a prop boy ran up to him. "I didn't know you were here, Mr. Barrymore," the lad said. "Miss Garbo has been waiting outside the door since nine o'clock to escort you onto the set. It was an honor she wanted to pay you."

Garbo followed the prop boy.

"This is a great day for me," she said. "How I have looked forward to working with John Barrymore."

The chip fell right off Jack's shoulder with a dull sickening thud. And that's why there was not even any attempted scene stealing between Greta and Jack.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96 ]



Clarence Sinclair Bull

The royal family—all of them, in the flesh and not in a motion picture. And when a Broadway-wise lad saw this picture he remarked, "How in the name of heaven did they get all the Barrymores together at one time?" But here they are. Seated are Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Ethel, Dolores Costello (Mrs. John), John and their two children, little Ethel and baby John. Standing in the back are Ethel's three children—Ethel Barrymore Colt, John Barrymore Colt and Samuel Colt. What a troop of troupers!



# MAY WE SPEAK IN BEHALF OF THE RETAIL DRUGGIST?



Your druggist occupies an intimate relationship with you. He brings to it a sense of high responsibility.

Most druggists are educated, intelligent and conscientious.

We don't pretend, naturally, that *every* druggist *everywhere* is a paragon of perfection; but generally speaking, the druggist adds on to a *commercial* competence a professional point of view.



Photoplay has recently published an advertisement about a growing practice on the part of *some* merchants of substituting unknown or inferior products.

A few of our readers, and a number of retail druggists, have unfortunately misunderstood and misconstrued our intention in publishing this advertisement. We *know* that a relatively small number of druggists are guilty of the practice.



Insofar as any of our readers, or any of our friends in the druggist trade have felt this advertisement to be a disparagement of the standards of the druggists fraternity, we want to take this opportunity to disclaim any such purpose in its publication.

Photoplay values highly the respect and the good will of the retail druggist, and the high standards of the druggists fraternity.



**PHOTOPLAY  
PUBLISHING CO.**



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94 ]



Wide World

Esther Ralston once said that she would be the happiest woman in the world if ever she had a beautiful baby girl. And now that little Mary is a year old, mama continues to grow more radiant by the minute. Esther goes right on making personal appearances and takes Mary with her

est! . . . Tom Mix is going around the world—with his wife, a troupe of cowboys and his faithful horse, Tony—just as soon as his new picture is finished. . . . There is a real Mickey Mouse. His name is Michael Mouse and he is an English barrister. . . . Ordinary paint is never used on movie sets. Paint is almost a solid and reflects sound waves, causing faint echoes. They use porous paint instead. . . . The gown Ethel Barrymore wears in "Rasputin" is an exact duplicate of the one worn by the Czarina and weighs twenty-five pounds. No wonder Ethel looks exhausted after every scene. . . . Those cobwebs you see in old houses in the movies are merely asbestos shredded very fine. . . . Through her agent, Garbo has bought the beautiful summer home of Ivar Kreuger, near Stockholm. . . . Gary Cooper's chimpanzee actually gets fan mail and gifts from all parts of the world. . . . The tallest feminine star in pictures is Aline MacMahon. She is five feet, eight. . . . When folks discovered that Ann Harding was disguising herself on the street by wearing a black wig, Ann had a red one made. And now we've gone and told the secret. . . . By a special dispensation of the famous California Tuna Fishing Club, Jack Barrymore's baby son has been made a member. . . . To avoid paying so much income tax the high salaried stars are going to work just about half the time. . . . Bebe Daniels is now making her 262nd picture.

**E**DDIE CANTOR was helping direct a miniature stage production of "Whoopee," when an actor demanded one hundred dollars to play an Indian.

Eddie hurriedly called the producer aside and whispered, "Listen, offer him fifty dollars and make it a half-breed."

**W**HEN the huge studio of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was just a ranch out in the country, some one planted two fig trees, that now bear fruit, just within the studio gates. A sign was hung on the trees warning every passerby to refrain from eating the fruit.

But when Greta Garbo first came onto the lot she spied the figs and ignoring the sign (maybe she no read English yet) helped herself to the figs. And the studio promptly sent out photographers to snap Greta plucking the luscious fruit.

And now it's a scramble every morning to see who gets in first to pluck the ripest figs from the old M-G-M fig trees.

**A**ND there's that snappy comeback of Corey Ford's, the writer.

"I'm not doing so well in this picture," an egotistical young actor remarked. "I think I ought to change my name after this film."

"Yeah," snapped Ford, "you ought to change your name after every picture."

**S**OMETHING Estelle Taylor said in a newspaper article, furnished the text for a sermon preached by a California minister. Hon-



What will those studios think up next? No day is complete without a new gadget to worry the poor actors. Here's a trick lighting effect for a close-up of Warner Baxter in "Six Hours to Live." Warner looks none too happy about it. The other actors are Edwin Maxwell and George Marion



GEORGE M. COHAN has gone back to Broadway. His Paramount picture, "The Phantom President," completed, he lost no time in shaking the Hollywood dust from his shoes. "If I stay in Hollywood," a friend quotes him, "I fear for my sense of humor. Maybe I'll laugh about what has happened to me when I go home. But I can't laugh here."

A HOLLYWOOD stable owner fell in a swoon when Joel McCrea ordered a pony—but not a polo pony, just a good old pack animal. You see, Joel has joined the back to nature movement, but it's a one man organization. All by himself, Joel—and pony—tramp around the high mountains, pitching a tent whenever he feels tired. Those Hollywood girls who demand all of the lad's time forced him into retreat.

EVER since Kay Francis took that disastrous trip to the "A Farewell To Arms" set, Director Ernst Lubitsch has forbidden a single member of his troupe to leave his stage.

Seems that Kay happened to wander over to watch Helen Hayes at work and got there just in time for the big death scene. Kay began to cry and couldn't stop. It took her thirty minutes to control her sobs and an hour and a half to repair the make-up she had damaged. What's more, she wasn't fit to work the rest of the day. And that's how come the new Lubitsch ruling.

BELIEVE it or not, a certain star walked into a swanky book shop in Hollywood and asked for four feet and eight inches of books. She had measured her empty shelves.

THE secret is out. We know now where these Marx brothers get all their wit. It seems the boys' father wanted to go to New York.

"Why do you want to go to New York for?" Groucho asked him.

"I'm lonesome for you boys," he replied.

"Why, we're all here in Hollywood," the surprised Groucho said.

"I know, but I'll go there and wait for you."

ROY DEL RUTH, the director, will have his jokes. Out at the First National commissary the other day he tossed a coin to the floor and covering it with his foot said aloud, "Did any one here lose a five-dollar gold piece?" Four writers spoke up at once, "I did."

"Well, here's a dime of it," the director said picking up the dime. "Let's all get down and hunt for the \$4.90."

FREDRIC MARCH and his wife, Florence Eldridge, gave the most sensational Hollywood party of this or any other month. Instead of the usual masquerade affair, they demanded that each guest arrive in a "gay nineties" costume. And when the boys and girls were assembled, they found the March home had been completely redecorated with horse hair sofas, post card racks and what-nots to conform to the period.

Mary Pickford arrived on a high-wheeled bicycle. Helen Hayes and Fay Wray were burlesque queens in high buttoned shoes and white tights. Norma Shearer leaned to feather boas and plumes. But young producer David Selznick made the hit of the evening as Teddy Roosevelt. He had a set of teeth especially made for the occasion. Well, there was more fun and, incidentally, it's a good idea. Try it in your home-town sometime.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98 ]

# "Dear Ivory Soap: Your new low prices mean Ivory for everything now!"

say friendly letters from coast to coast . . . .

"Dear Ivory Soap," begins a letter from Mrs. W. M. Tracey of Naperville, Ill., "for you *are* dear to me! Thank you for your new low prices . . . We simply couldn't keep house without you!"

And from Washington, D. C., Mrs. Henry R. Duryee, Jr., writes: "Before Ivory Soap was reduced, I used it only for toilet purposes, but now I use it for all household uses and am able to cut down expenses."

So it goes all over America. Letter after letter says—in effect —"Once I used Ivory, because

of its precious purity, only for the things I valued most. Now Ivory prices are so low that I can use it for everything—and keep my hands soft and smooth."

Have you discovered the economy of changing to Ivory for all *your* soap-and-water tasks? Your grocer has Ivory at the new low prices. Buy it by the half dozen or dozen cakes, and *save!*

face and hands

baby's bath

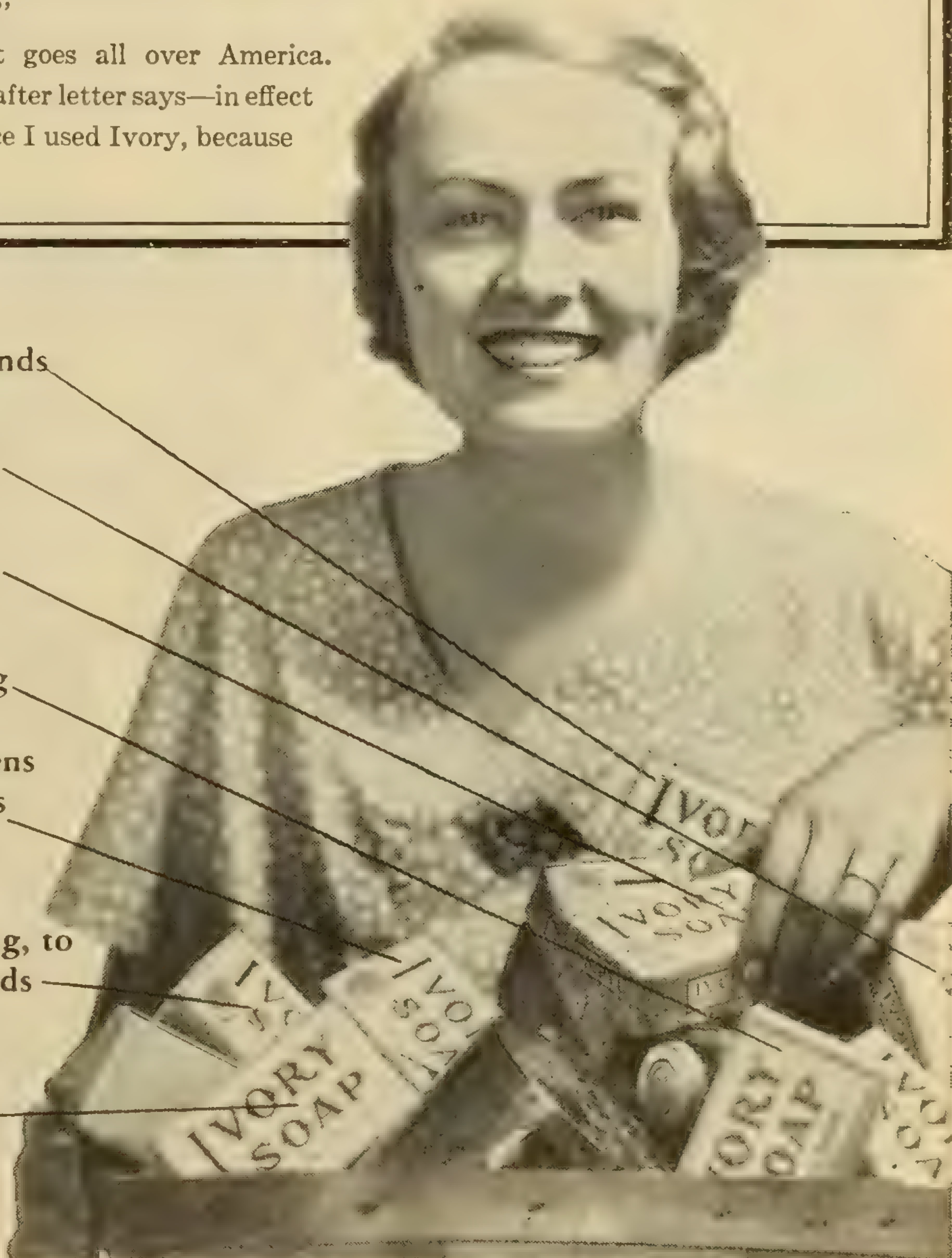
your bath

shampooing

silks, woolens  
nice cottons  
and linens

dish-washing, to  
protect hands

and every  
other soap  
purpose



IVORY SOAP • IVORY FLAKES • IVORY SNOW • 99 <sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % PURE



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97 ]

IN one of the scenes for the new *Fu Manchu* picture that's being made at M-G-M, Boris Karloff is supposed to reach up and snatch electricity from the air. They say it can be done, but if you don't mind I'll just have another one of those chocolate creams instead.

At any rate the set was all arranged and Boris, wearing copper plated shoes as an assurance that the bolt would pass immediately through his body, stood waiting for the word to start.

Suddenly an electrician rushed forward. "Open your mouth," he yelled.

Boris opened wide and said, "Ah."

"Okay, let her go," the electrician called.

It seems that somebody had just remembered that if Boris had had any gold teeth or even gold fillings the electricity would have been drawn right to his head—and, land sakes, what an explosion.

IMAGINE the surprise of the autograph seeker who asked, "Please sign your full name, Mr. Novarro," and Ramon very obligingly covered six pages with his own real name, which is Jose Ramon Gil Del Sagrado Corozan De Jesus Samieniego y Ghrilan y Signeiros y Guerrero. No kidding.

HE'S a very famous director and a very arrogant one. In the midst of a scene he yelled at an extra woman, "Hey, you! You woman in that corner, I want you." She sat

very still and quiet, never moving, knowing it might cost her her much needed job. The director swore and raved and finally stalked

over, "Listen you, can't you hear me calling you?" he bellowed.

"Not when you call me in that manner," she said quietly.

The director's face got red. He stammered and looked mortified but, to his credit, he asked her politely to enter the scene.

MORE things have happened on that "Rasputin" set where the three Barrymores are working. For instance, a gorgeously uniformed officer was to walk forward and meet an elaborately dressed lady-in-waiting. The camera turned and they advanced the length of the stage. They met and nearly swooned. They had been divorced just a year before and had never seen each other since.

POLLY MORAN took a house at faraway Laguna Beach in search, she said, of peace and quiet. The very first Sunday morning, Polly was awakened by a police siren screaming under her window. Perhaps I need not tell you it was Bill Haines.

Willie, with Tallulah Bankhead and a crowd of friends in tow, had driven to Laguna to keep Polly from getting lonesome. Not knowing the way to her house, they stopped a motor cycle cop to ask directions. The officer recognized the car full of celebrities and, wishing to do them honor in true Laguna style, offered personal escort. This to his mind meant opening wide his siren. Polly says the next time she goes away, she'll choose a spot where the cops are less hospitable.

SYLVIA SIDNEY just celebrated a birthday. Net results: One thoroughbred Dobermann-Pincher; one diamond wrist watch; several rare first editions on the history of art and two canaries.



Wide World

"The movies were never like this"—that's what Jackie Coogan said when he enrolled for study at Santa Clara University. In this sparsely furnished room Jackie is just like the other boys and no favoritism will be shown him. Bob Rohe, his room-mate, pronounced Jackie "a regular guy"



Keystone

The gayest foursome in Hollywood. They all stepped out together for the premiere of "Blessed Event." Heart-breaker Mary Brian, breaking "Big Boy" Williams' heart right before your very eyes, and Joan Blondell with George Barnes. Joan says she and George aren't married—but gossip is going the rounds of Hollywood about a secret wedding



AND here's the best yet. A well-dressed man with spats and cane strolled into the exclusive executive's private dining-room at M-G-M and sat down at the table, asking for a sandwich. Several writers and producers, thinking him some important guest of Irving Thalberg or Louis Mayer, raced to the kitchen for the sandwich. An order for a cup of coffee came next and this time, impressed by the stranger's nonchalance, everyone raced to the kitchen for the coffee. He ate in silence and then, looking up, demanded to know how much he owed them. It was an extra who thought he was in the studio commissary.

Can you see the look on their faces!

**P**OOR Jimmy Durante. He was going about looking very glum the other day when someone stopped and asked the cause of his woe.

"Well, you see, pardner, it's this way," Jimmy explained, "I bumped my nose on the set yesterday and I'm sore all over. Haaaaaa."

**P**ERHAPS you remember Mozelle Brittone, who, some three years ago, was hailed by Fox Studio as the discovery of the day. But Mozelle never worked before a camera. Shortly after she arrived in Hollywood, she was stricken by an ailment that sent her weight soaring toward the two hundred mark. Her contract with Fox was cancelled.

A few days back, I saw a pretty young lady working in the script department at Columbia. You've guessed it—Mozelle completely recovered from her illness. She weighs less than a hundred now and Harry Cohn has promised her a chance on the screen the first time a really good part comes along.

**I**T couldn't be a Cecil De Mille picture without someone taking a bath or two. So one hot day in August two tired workmen filled a huge Roman bath with milk on "The Sign of the Cross" set. At last it was ready. The lights were adjusted and the cameras in place. Elissa Landi was just about to step into the milk bath when there was a wild cry from an assistant director. The milk had curdled. And a Roman lady almost submerged herself in near cottage cheese. So the bath had to be emptied and the work of refilling began again.

**W**HEN Mary Boland arrived in Hollywood she was rushed immediately to the Paramount studios and handed a script to study.

She went straight home and stayed up half the night reading the story and learning her lines. The next morning the studio telephoned her, "We're terribly sorry, Miss Boland, we've made a mistake. That was Mae West's script we gave you."

And that, gentle reader, is why Hollywood stars go mad.

**"A**CHANEY will never use a double." Lon Chaney once said those words and now his son Creighton repeats them.

Playing his first important rôle at Radio Pictures, Creighton Chaney refused the offer of a double for dangerous stunts in "The Last Frontier." Because of his refusal, he suffered a grand total of three broken fingers, a torn ligament in the arm, two blackened eyes and a fractured heel that kept him on a cane for weeks, not to mention numerous cuts and bruises. But he never had a double and he never missed a day's work.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108 ]

# Film on teeth is dangerous

## Look at film under the microscope

Queer germs live on your teeth. Science links them to tooth decay, gum disorders and many other troubles. Germs are glued to teeth by an ever-forming film.



This is what the scientist finds when he analyzes film on teeth

- 1 A species of *Lactobacilli* now held responsible for tooth decay by many scientists.
- 2 A species of *Streptococcus Pyogenes* that gets into the blood through the tissues and causes serious infection.



**Y**OU don't need a microscope to pick out film-stained teeth. The naked eye can't miss them for film is ugly and disgusting.

But where the naked eye sees ugliness the microscope sees danger. Magnify film 1000 times and you will see living germs of many kinds. Look especially at those rod-shaped ones in pairs and groups—*Lactobacilli* is their scientific Latin name.

### Destroyers of lovely teeth

*Lactobacilli* are the "germs of tooth decay." They feed on the particles of food that cling to teeth. They give off lactic acid that dissolves the tooth enamel, then devours the part beneath. Finally the nerve is reached causing abscesses and infection.

*Lactobacilli* appear in countless numbers. In fact, the film scraped from a single tooth may easily contain millions of living organisms. The only way science accepts of removing germs from teeth is to remove the protective film-coat in which they live and multiply. Film clings stubbornly. It defies all ordinary ways of brushing. That's why Pepsodent laboratories have always centered their attention on the film-removing properties of their toothpaste.

### A new discovery

Now these scientific laboratories have developed a new and revolutionary material for removing ugly film and polishing teeth.

It is radically different from any found in other toothpastes, different in composition and in action.

Some toothpastes remove film with materials so hard that they scratch enamel. But the new material in Pepsodent is *soft*—twice as soft as the material commonly used in dentifrices. What's more, this new discovery shows extraordinary power in removing stubborn film and giving brilliant polish.

This new cleansing and polishing material is contained in Pepsodent *exclusively*. It sets a new standard in effectiveness and in safety.



### FREE Amos 'n' Andy or Goldberg Jig-saw Puzzles

**H**ERE are two great gifts for radio admirers of Amos 'n' Andy and the Goldbergs.

Each jig-saw puzzle contains 60 pieces, is printed on heavy board and brightly illustrated in colors. To get one simply write name and address on the

inside of an empty Pepsodent Toothpaste or Pepsodent Antiseptic box and mail it with coupon below. Send one empty box for each puzzle and be sure to name the one you want.

#### USE THIS COUPON

PEPSODENT CO., Box 1111  
919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

I enclose empty Pepsodent box for Jig-saw Puzzle of ☐ Amos 'n' Andy. ☐ Goldbergs.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

4643

USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—SEE YOUR DENTIST TWICE A YEAR



# Energy for the things they **LIKE**



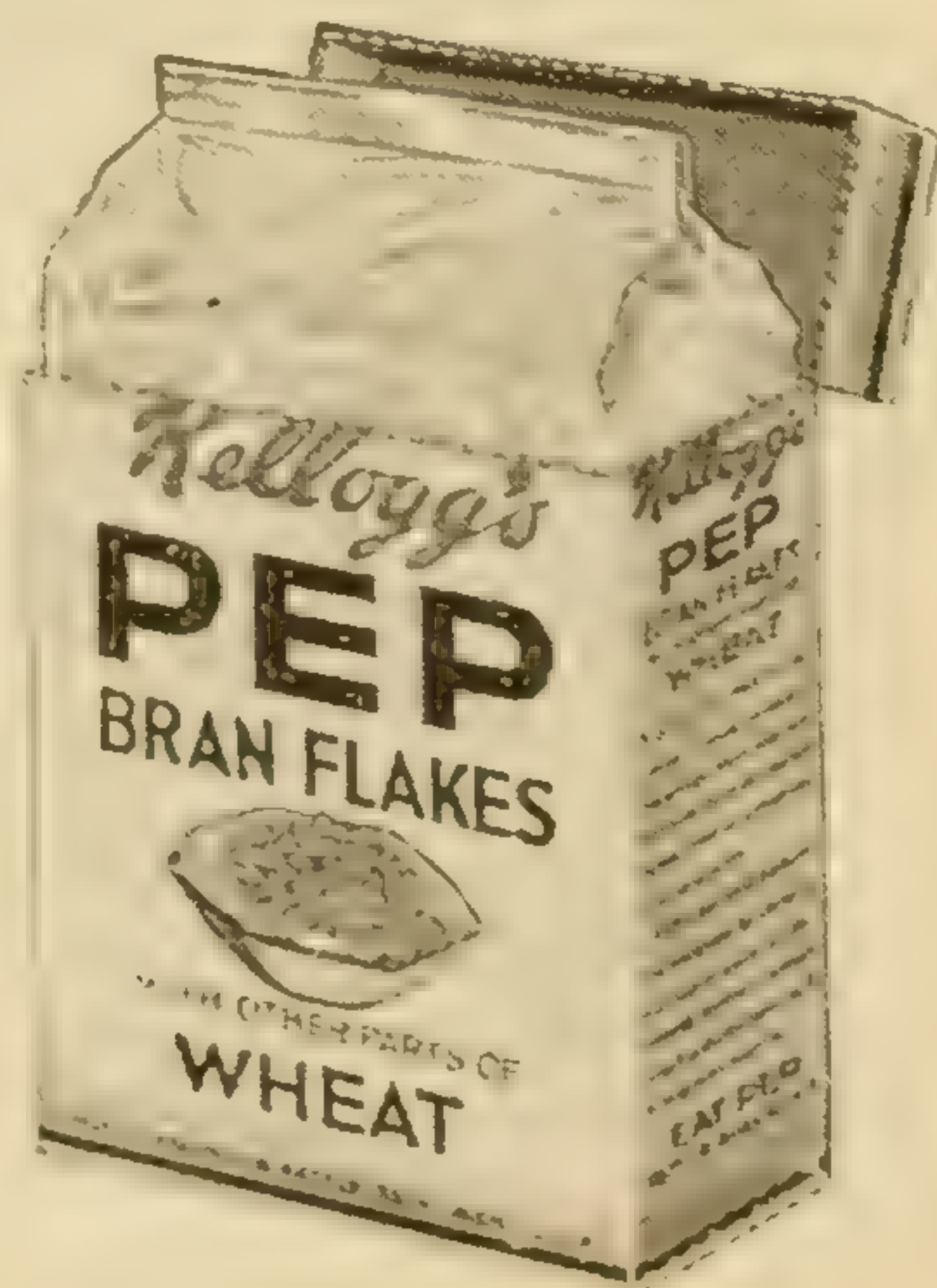
**P**HYSICAL fitness is largely the result of eating well and wisely. Nature made PEP Bran Flakes healthful and nourishing. Kellogg made them delicious to eat.

Here in one fine cereal is all the goodness of whole wheat. Plus enough bran to be mildly laxative . . . help keep you fit and regular.

Enjoy Kellogg's PEP by the bowlful with plenty of good milk or cream. Add fruit or honey for wonderful variety. "Better bran flakes" you'll say at breakfast, lunch or supper. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

**New Easy-Open Top** — Simply press with your thumbs along dotted line — and the patented hinged top opens!

**Kellogg's**  
**PEP**  
**BRAN FLAKES**  
*better bran flakes*



## Ah! These Clever Hollywood Blondes!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

Because she knows her "good business" business.

Oh, you can't beat these new commonsense blondes in Hollywood.

**T**HEY know at which end of the rainbow that pot of gold lies.

And they're going out after it.

Or else why does Karen Morley wave gaily to every newspaper and magazine writer in the business? Making each one feel he is the one and only? And never once forgetting a face, either.

Is Karen so passionately fond of writers? Well, well.

Why does Carole Lombard smile that little side-wheeler smile of hers as she tucks hers and Willie Powell's roll carefully away while Hollywood rants on about Carole and Willie not building one of those Spanish Union Depot things out in Beverly Hills?

And the new ones have it, too.

Even worse.

For instance, why did Joan Blondell hand back that stardom Warner Bros. handed her on a silver platter after her first hit or two and say:

"No, thank you. Not yet. I'd rather wait until the fans handed me that particular dish. And I'll wait until I see that they do?"

Why is that big, blue-eyed doll baby, Bette Davis, listened to with respect by every intelligent official on the First National lot?

Temperament? Never.

Common sense is the answer.

Good, clear thinking.

Shrewdness. **GOOD BUSINESS** ability.

Oh, what would be the fate, kind sir, of the Mae Murrays, the Lillian Gishes, the Mary Miles Minters, the Mildred Harrises in Hollywood today?

Where quick thinking, outguessing and good business is the theme song of these modern 1932 movies?

**F**LUTTERING hands, graceful hysterics on disgraceful couches are of no avail. Not in this day and age.

Yes, the day of the "dizzy blonde" is over. The peacock fan waving, carnation smelling nitwit of Hollywood is gone.

Today is the new type woman. As glamorous, as gloriously golden, as delectable as ever.

They are much too clever not to be. That's part of the good business.

But do they know all the answers?

Do they!

## Heart Throb

For the past fifteen years I have been caring for an invalid sister who has an incurable disease. Because of her condition I have been unable to do most of the things that life usually provides for happiness. My one recreation is the movies.

Once a week I enter into the land of beauty and adventure for which I long, and my heartfelt thanks go out to the actors, actresses and producers who make this romance possible for me.

Barbette Miller,  
Wellesley Hills, Mass.



# Turkey and Chestnut Sauce



IT'S not wise to chide a modern girl about her cooking ability! Several young men about Hollywood discovered that when they bet Mary Mason, Phyllis Fraser and Dorothy Wilson, that they couldn't plan and cook an old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner. Mary, Phyllis and Dorothy not only took up the wager—but sent the bills for the groceries to the disbelieving young men! The menu was carefully planned from soup to nuts. Here it is:

	Seafood Cocktail	
	Cream of Mushroom Soup	
Baked Kumquats	Celery	Cranberry Jelly
	Roast Stuffed Turkey	
	Chestnut Sauce	
Squash		Glacé Sweet Potatoes
Fruit Pudding		Pumpkin Tarts
Nuts		Demi-Tasse

The decorations for the table were unusually charming, as planned. The table was to be decorated in red and white. The cloth was to be white damask, the glassware red and the dishes white with a red fruit pattern. The centerpiece was to be fruit on a white dish, the whole resting on red autumn leaves. White candlesticks and red candles as a finishing touch.

Each one of the three had some particular recipe but all three agreed on the formula for the best turkey dressing.

*Turkey Dressing* — For this savory stuffing you will need the following ingredients: 1 quart of stale bread cut in pieces, 1 teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons fat drippings, melted; heart, liver and gizzard or pork sausage;  $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon ginger,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon poultry seasoning, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 egg and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of onion, chopped fine.

This smiling trio, Mary Mason, Dorothy Wilson and Phyllis Fraser, are busy winning a bet! Someone said modern girls couldn't plan a real old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner like mother did. Read their answer below—and too many cooks didn't spoil this dinner!

Soak the bread in cold water and squeeze dry. Season to taste and add the melted fat. Mix thoroughly, adding the egg slightly beaten, and the onion. Add the heart, liver and tenderest part of the gizzard, chopped fine and partially boiled. If you are using the sausage, add it instead. This is stuffed into the

turkey and the opening sewed up.

Mary Mason had a favorite chestnut sauce. Here it is:

*Chestnut Sauce*—Boil two cups of chestnuts in salted water, blanch and peel then mash fine. To this add turkey gravy which has been prepared from the fat in the roasting pan by adding four tablespoons of flour to four of the fat. Stir the gravy to a paste then add one pint of broth which has been made by simmering the neck, wing tips and giblets in a quart of water. When stirred smooth, strain. It is delicious.

*Fruit Pudding*—Dorothy doesn't think Thanksgiving is complete unless you have pudding. This is made by stirring together  $\frac{1}{4}$  cupful melted butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of maple syrup and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of milk. Sift 2 scant cupfuls of flour with  $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon of soda, a pinch each of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg. Mix the ingredients together and add 1 cup chopped seeded raisins,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped figs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped hickory nut meats. Add to this

mixture 2 well beaten eggs and turn into a greased mold. Cover and steam three to three and three-quarter hours. Garnish with glacé fruit.

*Pumpkin Tarts*—A favorite with Phyllis! Mix together  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups of sifted cooked pumpkin,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of maple syrup,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon each of ginger, cinnamon and nutmeg. Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cupful of melted butter,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon of salt, 1 cup of rich milk and 3 well beaten eggs. Line small tart tins with a flaky pastry. Fill with pumpkin custard and bake. These tarts may be covered with either whipped cream or meringue.

## PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents

Be sure to write name and address plainly.  
You may send either stamps or coin.



# The Hollywood Side Of Make-Up

By Carolyn Van Wyck



ERNEST WESTMORE is giving Dorothy Wilson her first lesson in screen make-up. Mr. Westmore suggests two good ideas for us all—that towel to protect the hair from powder and cream and that soft brush to remove surplus powder. Brushes come for this make-up purpose.



WE hardly recognized Myrna Loy in her lacquered wig. It is a burnished red and Myrna wears it with a white satin gown.

AND here is Harriet Hagan in the hands of Ernest Westmore, who is working a little art with eye shadow. You'd be surprised at the actual screen effect produced by shadow. That paint brush has many beauty uses, even for conventional make-up. Keep one on hand.

ILYAN TASHMAN has a reputation for chic—and a well-deserved one. I think one of the secrets of her achievement might be change, constant change. For every time I see her she springs a new surprise in costume or hair or make-up.

This month I asked her how often she changed her coiffure. "When everyone begins copying it and it becomes commonplace, then I change," she told me.

There, I think, is the germ of an idea for us all. Few of us are born with the magic touch of natural beauty; few of us have the natural art of wearing clothes like a Parisian mannequin.

But all of us can study ourselves, detect our beauty weaknesses and strengths, develop the small arts and graces that make one girl stand out from another.

ONE of the first needs is to avoid the obvious. To wear the colors of the moment because everyone is doing so, to choose lines of the mode with no regard for figure, to cut and curl the hair in stereotyped styles is a grave mistake.

There is probably no one else exactly like you or me in the world.

That is both a comforting and a disconcerting thought. But there are our types. And these should be our guides. Even then we have the responsibility of using our own imaginations to a small degree, adding this, taking away that.

This development of self, of individuality, is a dominating aim among the lovely women of Hollywood. There individuality comes at a high premium.

Each star and starlet strives to be herself in appearance as well as personality, to eliminate always the copybook idea of being like her neighbor.

STICK to your type but remember that even your type is very variable. A soft hairline may be becoming to you, but there are a dozen and one ways of achieving the effect. There are your color limitations, too, both in clothes and make-up. But change them about. If you wear pastel shades for evening, change to a white or even black. If you use a pale rose rouge with your pastels, use a more intense shade for your black frocks.

Don't think that clothes and personal loveliness are a cut and dried subject. Both are the most elastic, changeable matters in the world.

Change, constant change, should be your personal secret that will make you forever new and exciting to those about you and to yourself.

YOUNG Mitzi Green, I understand, is temporarily a blonde, and a curled blonde at that. The change is for her rôle as *Orphan Annie*. Mitzi does not think so much of the transformation, but it is all for the best in her forthcoming picture. So when you see your favorite players suddenly gone blonde or red-head or brunette, don't think it is a little whim of their own personal vanity. It is probably because a rôle calls for them like that or because they may photograph better.

IT is both surprising and encouraging to know how many Hollywood stars care for their own beauty. Katharine Hepburn, pictured elsewhere, who manicures her own nails; Norma Shearer who curls her own hair; Fifi Dorsay, whose own sister colors Fifi's hair that shining black to please the audience, when it is naturally a tawny shade.

So if your income has stylishly dwindled, don't think you are one of the world's unfortunates because you have to do for yourself.

AN attractive face and good figure are your surest aids to good looks. Our skin beauty leaflet and reducing booklet can help you attain both. Then there is our November letter on cosmetics. Ready, if you will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.



# Tongue-Twisters

HERE are some picture names that are often mispronounced:

CHARLES LAUGHTON says the only "laugh" in his name is on you if you don't pronounce it Law-ton, as it should be.

MARLENE DIETRICH has a rhythm all its own when you pronounce it right—Mar-lay'-na Dee'-trick.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is easy to say when you know how—just Claw-dett' Coal'-bear.

GWILI ANDRE answers only to Gwil-lee On'-dray (not Jee-lee).

MAURICE CHEVALIER is really Mau-reece' Shev-ahl'-yay.

BETTE DAVIS is just plain Betty.

SARI MARITZA is Sha'-ree Mah-rit'-suh.

IRVING PICHEL is called Mr. Pitch'-el (never, never Mr. Pickle).

LYDA ROBERTI is Lee-da Ro-ber'-tee for American tongues, but it sounds quite different when her Polish friends say it.

UNA MERKEL is Eu-na Mer-kel'.

RAMON NOVARRO is Ra-moan' Na-var'-ow.

DIANE WYNYARD, making her first screen appearance in "Rasputin," is Di-ann' Win'-yard.

And RASPUTIN is pronounced in Hollywood Ras-poot'-in.

As for TALLULAH BANKHEAD—you just gargle that name, Ta-loo'-lah.



Nobody in a studio is surprised when Ferdinand Gottschalk wanders over the lot like this—all made up for the rôle he plays in "The Sign of the Cross." A studio wisecracker said he was "just Roman around," but it's all right because an electrician dropped a light on the punster's head

## Hollywood's Make-Up Genius Tells How to Always Look Young with MAKE-UP



★ KAY FRANCIS in Warner Bros "The Jewel Robbery" Max Factor's Make-Up used exclusively.

HOLLYWOOD—Color is the life and attraction of youthful beauty, and this secret of color attraction is the magic principle in a new kind of make-up created for the screen stars, and you, by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up.

For twenty odd years Max Factor has created make-up for Hollywood's motion picture world. From this unique experience has come this original discovery...cosmetic color harmony. A make-up ensemble for street wear...powder, rouge, lipstick and other requisites...in color harmony for every type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

You'll be amazed at the difference in youthful beauty gained. Each shade in face powder, for example, is created to some screen star type. Not a flat color, but a color harmony tone composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors. Thus, off-color, spotty and powdery effects are overcome. A face powder so soft and silk-like in texture, it blends invisibly with the skin...yet imparts a lovely, delicate, natural color tone.

JOAN BLONDELL

Warner Bros., and Max Factor, Hollywood's Genius of Make-Up, using a color harmony tone in Max Factor's face powder for her type.



It creates that satin-smooth make-up you've admired on the screen. Velvety, you may be sure it never "shines," and it clings for hours, too, for screen stars will not trust a powder that fluffs away.

A luxury, created originally for the stars of the screen, now available to you at the nominal price of one dollar a box.

Rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow are created by Max Factor on the same amazing color harmony principle...fifty cents each. Purity guarantee in each package, with seal of Good Housekeeping Magazine. At all drug and department stores.

Send for Your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart for Your Type

Discover what lovely charm and beauty you can gain with your own personal color harmony in Max Factor's Make-Up. Accept this priceless beauty gift. Mail coupon now.

Max Factor's Society Make-Up

Cosmetics of the Stars★★HOLLYWOOD

Purse-Size Box of Powder...FREE

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California.

Without obligation, send my complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart; also 48-pg. illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." I enclose 10c for postage and handling. Include Purse-Size Box of Powder, in my color harmony shade. 1-11-53

Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair..... <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue... <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE	Dry... <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy.... <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Oily... <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium... <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel... <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	LIPS
Ruddy.... <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist... <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive..... <input type="checkbox"/>	Black... <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	Dry... <input type="checkbox"/>
Sun Tan... <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE
	Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD	
	Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# This Is Bob Montgomery

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75 ]

Gentility with Bob is real, not slung about him like a garment. To be removed at times. There is an unstudied ease about him that bespeaks a gentleman born. He can spot a broad "a" Jane and a false pose at once. And loathes both.

GIVEN to justifiable boastfulness, when he first arrived in Hollywood, he was a bit misunderstood.

The boasts have somehow disappeared from Bob Montgomery. He knows now, after three years in Hollywood, there are many things that can't be done.

He's quieter. And thinks the best definition of Hollywood he ever heard is, "Newark with palm trees."

He's the despair of every photographer on the lot. They could lie down and die in agony when they see him coming. But they have to admit they've had the best time they've had in years.

First he runs to the victrola and on goes "Manhattan Blues." Ta ta, ta ta. Te tum, te tum.

The photographer places him so. Suddenly he's into a tango.

The amazed photographer in his arms. Twirl. Dip. Glide.

Finally the photographer falls prostrate, wiping his brow. Feebly motioning to shut off the phonograph.

"Manhattan Blues" begins all over again. The photographer calmly, careful to keep out of Bob's clutches, poses him so. Now ready! Snap!

And up goes Bob's thumb to his nose and such a print as that turns out to be for Louis B. Mayer to look at. Tch. Tch. Tch.

He's impulsive and generous to a fault. He'll be seized with the idea of buying all his friends a present and nothing can stop him. And no one is forgotten.

He's lived in four houses since he arrived in Hollywood and has never owned one. He rents the comfortable but unpretentious home in which he now lives. And makes no attempt at swankiness.

He and Betty, his wife, are like every other happy and fairly contented suburban couple. Having dinners at friends' homes or going to the theaters.

And no orgies worth mentioning.

But he does have a passion for telephones. And has a gadget in his house that switches a call from room to room. He goes about telephoning from room to room and will call up New York with the slightest encouragement. Or even without.

He thinks Madge Evans is a grand and an ideal girl. And he still writes to the person who sent him his first fan letter, which Bob received by mistake.

It was meant for another actor and Bob promptly refused to give it up and wrote the astonished fan for another one.

TO Reginald Denny's mountain cabin he'll go during the winter, snowed in for days. Or off deep sea fishing.

He likes a man's sport. With a man's share of hardships.

He has a certain charm that works well. As a mere featured player, day after day in his rattling Dodge roadster, he smiled his way past the gateman. Which certainly was against the rules. And once in, he'd park it very grandly before Marion Davies' or Joan Crawford's front door.

Today, he drives through in his shining new Cadillac. With the same smile for the gateman.

One day he drove that Cadillac across the street from M-G-M to Charlie Bickford's

garage. A young boy and his sister sat in a rickety old Ford with a Texas license.

"O-o-o-o-o, Bob Montgomery," he heard them say. And strolled over. They told him they'd sat there since early morning, hoping someone would come out of the studio they could see before starting back to Texas next day. And he was the only one they'd seen. He loaded them both in his car. Through the magic portal of the studio gate they drove. All over the lot they went, stopping to speak to Joan Crawford, Jimmy Durante and Marie Dressler. Then out to Beverly Hills where Bob pointed out the homes of the various stars. Making them up when he didn't know. But who cared? For two youngsters left the next day for Texas. With a song in their hearts for Bob Montgomery.

He will, in spite of everything, pick up hitchhikers. Coming from Denny's mountain cabin, needing a shave and wearing an old sweater, he picked up a lad about fourteen who immediately placed Bob as a chauffeur.

The boy had tramped all the way across the states and was on his way to Glendale. To find a long lost aunt. Bob drove him there and then spent the balance of the day going from place to place, inquiring, "Excuse me, lady, but do you know a Mrs.," and so on and so on. The boy found his aunt. But as to the chauffeur who helped him, he doesn't know yet it was a very famous movie star. One Robert (alias Harry) Montgomery.

HE'S hard to place. A person hard to define. He isn't a wise-cracking nit-wit or a man overburdened with seriousness. Somewhere between is the real Bob. But most of all, he's a tremendous trouper.

His baby lay dying. The call from the hospital came. "Come," it said. The last remaining scene of "Lovers Courageous" was ready to be shot. The delay meant thousands of dollars.

"Let's do it," Bob said.

Over and over they rehearsed. And without a whimper of complaint, but a soul full of suffering creeping out of his eyes, Bob went into the scene.

"Let's travel," he said to Madge Evans in the picture. "No," she replied, "let's have a baby."

And after he'd gone, a crew of hard-boiled workmen, actors and the director sat down and openly and shamelessly wept.

For a man like Bob Montgomery

Gay or depressed, Bob rows as if the Indians, including Sitting Bull, were after him.

He sings Grand Opera in the shower; anyhow, he thinks it's opera. And he always eats the same breakfast—year in, year out—Christmas or just another Monday. It consists of one glass of orange juice, two soft boiled eggs, one glass of milk, three pieces of toast and two slices of bacon.

He's either a picture of what the well-dressed man not only will, but does wear, or a downtrodden beachcomber. His clothes, even in the downtrodden state, are always immaculate and good. It's the way he puts them on.

A collar is something he won't wear unless he's going to a party or is in a picture. He will dangle a scarf about his throat instead—always an expensive and fine one.

He wears white linen evening suits with short white Eton jackets. Why men should go about sweltering in more clothes than an Eskimo is beyond him, so he'll wear his linen suit and let who will be thunder-struck.

He's never late to a dinner party; thinks it beastly rude; and will invariably arrive on time and wait, a lone soldier, two hours and thirty-seven minutes, for the others to arrive.

Bob loathes large parties and thinks more than twelve at one gathering is simply an unintelligent mass of people, all talking and howling at once.

He has the happy faculty of being able to do a lot of things well. He can ride a surf-board like a Hawaiian, or whoever it is rides surf-boards; he rides horseback, plays a fair game of tennis, a better game of golf, a solid game of bridge, and a fine game of polo.

TWO years ago he played tennis constantly, and nothing else. One year ago it was golf. And now it's polo—to the exclusion of everything else, except an occasional hand of bridge. If there's one thing that bores him to tears it's people who play bridge by rules. Bob plays constantly by rules and never suspects it, for he absorbs every rule he hears.

He owns three polo ponies that cost him exactly \$110 a month to keep, for he belongs to a club that buys feed by the carload at wholesale rates. The stalls are \$5.00 per month. He didn't pay over \$200 for any of his ponies.

His polo suits are the most expensive thing about the game. You should see those panties.

He loves to wear a ring, but never does, claiming it brings a curse on him or something. Every time he wears a ring something happens. He wore a ring during the making of his first picture, "So This Is College," and right when his biggest scene arrived, someone stole his pants.

The director waited and the co-eds waited, and here was Bob, pantsless. So he threw the ring away.

He claims he knows absolutely nothing about business. He knows the only directions stocks go is up or down like an elevator, but why they do it, he can't imagine.

And he's one of the few who never lost a cent, crisis or no crisis.

He lives on an allowance and has someone to take care of financial affairs. His allowance usually runs out by Saturday and sends him wildly scurrying about trying to borrow fifty cents until Monday.

He eats cheese and crackers between every meal and far into the night. Once he was spotted with Garbo, while both were eating from the same apple—Bob taking a bite, then Garbo.

Garbo, to quote him, is an "amazing critter" and a really nice Swedish girl. He gave his worst performance with Garbo in "Inspiration."

Not, as has been hinted, that he was afraid of Garbo, but because no one ever told him what he was supposed to be.

It seems no one could ever find out. Even with diagrams. So he wandered around in a daze not knowing whether he was Garbo's uncle or what.

GARBO is right about seclusion, he thinks. Believes every star should keep himself a mystery. So the fans can get the thrill of something deep and glamorous. As they do with Garbo.

But how to go about being thrilly and glamorous has him stumped.

He is curious about successful people. And likes to take them apart to find out what makes them go.

But for friends, he sticks to the old ones he had before stardom and fame. He likes people, he claims, who are sincere, have nice teeth, and an integrity of purpose.

There is an innate, well-bred something about him that one senses, rather than sees.

A visitor on Bob Montgomery's set receives a chair, a cool drink of water, and every kind of attention.

Without any show or display.



# Hollywood Fashions

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 62-67) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

ABRAHAM & STRAUS,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. N. ADAM & COMPANY,  
Buffalo, N. Y.

J. L. BRANDEIS & SONS,  
Omaha, Neb.

CASTNER-KNOTT COMPANY,  
Nashville, Tenn.

THE DAYTON COMPANY,  
Minneapolis, Minn.

DEY BROTHERS & COMPANY,  
Syracuse, N. Y.

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY,  
Chicago, Ill.

WM. FILENE'S SONS COMPANY,  
Boston, Mass.

WM. FILENE'S SONS COMPANY,  
Worcester, Mass.

G. FOX & COMPANY, INC.,  
Hartford, Conn.

THE JOHN GERBER COMPANY,  
Memphis, Tenn.

WM. GOODYEAR & COMPANY,  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

THE GORTON COMPANY,  
Elmira, N. Y.

HARZFELD'S, INC.,  
Kansas City, Mo.

HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & COMPANY,  
Baltimore, Md.

J. B. IVEY & COMPANY,  
Charlotte, N. C.

FRANK R. JELLEFF, INC.,  
Washington, D. C.

THE LINDNER COMPANY,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

THE MORTON COMPANY,  
Binghamton, N. Y.

ODUM, BOWERS & WHITE,  
Birmingham, Ala.

ED. SCHUSTER & COMPANY,  
Milwaukee, Wis.

SCRUGGS-VANDERVOORT-BARNEY  
DRY GOODS Co.,  
St. Louis, Mo.

SEAMAN'S,  
Battle Creek, Mich.

THE STEWART DRY GOODS Co., Inc.,  
Louisville, Ky.

THE STYLE SHOP,  
Kalamazoo, Mich.

WOLF & DESSAUER,  
Fort Wayne, Ind.

YOUNKER BROTHERS, INC.,  
Des Moines, Iowa.

• there's a way to pick winners  
*every time* at the hosiery counter

You may like to take chances on horses and bridge hands. But not when you're investing in hosiery.

Just be sure it's Rollins. Then you know what you're getting—at whatever price you decide to pay.

Rollins standards of beauty and wearing service are true to form, always. Remember that when buying stockings, and you can congratulate yourself as you wear them.

You'll find a \$1 price on the same Rollins number—Style 3030—that two years ago was a value at \$1.65. And to understand what \$1.95 will really do today, just ask the Rollins dealer to show you the sheerest of them all—Style 5454.

ROLLINS HOSIERY MILLS, INC.  
New York, Chicago, Denver, Des Moines, San Francisco

Plain and Lacetop  
Chiffons and Meshes

\$1 to \$1.95

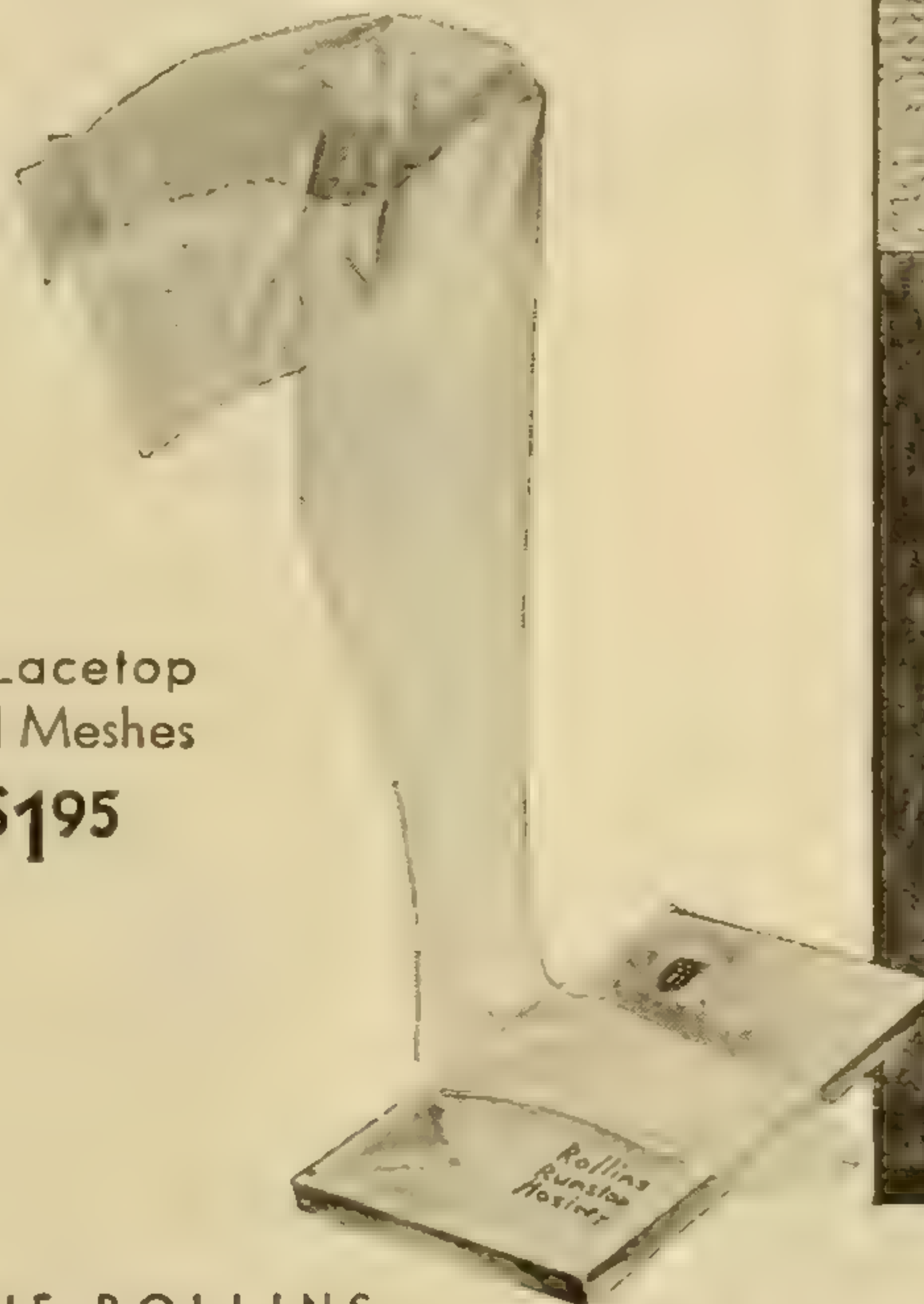
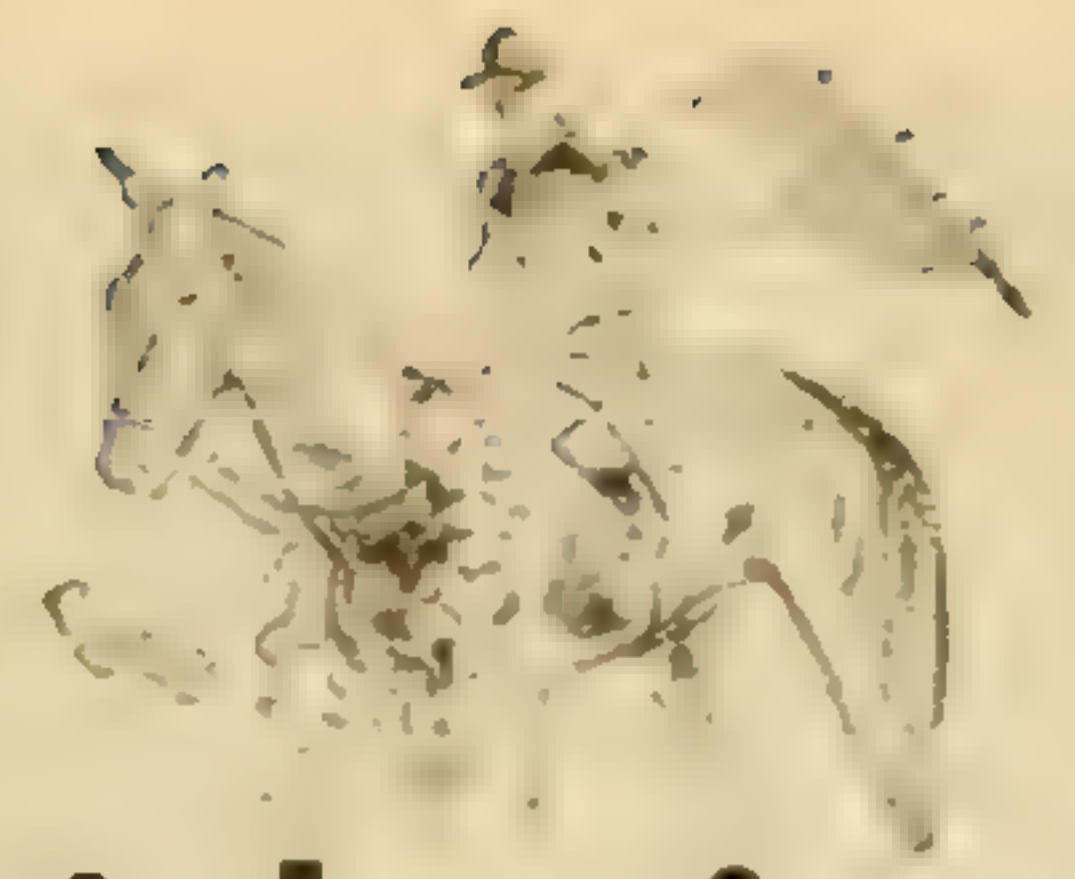
CONSULT THE ROLLINS

COLOR COORDINATION CHART • *Crystal Taupe • Haze Beige*  
*Smokestone • Brownwood • Dovebeige • Fawn*  
*Brown AND Rhumtone* ARE AMONG THE POPULAR

NEW ROLLINS SHADES

## Rollins Runstop Hosiery

DRAWS THE LINE ON GARTER RUNS







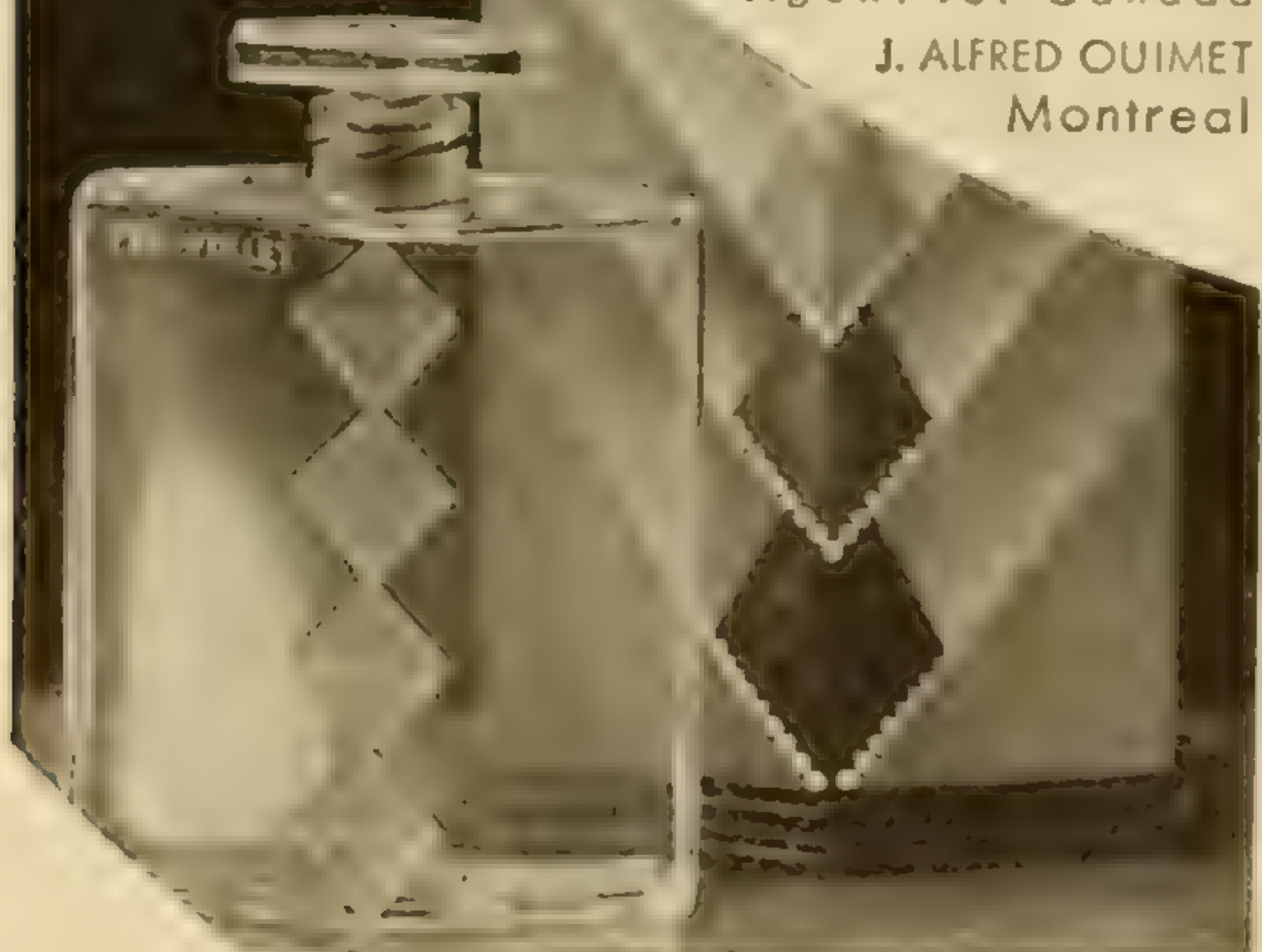
*When*  
**You Wear FEU-FOLLET**  
**You're Romantic . . .**  
*to Yourself and to Him*

To be romantic—beautiful to *him*—is the universal feminine desire. *Fragrance* is beauty's surest and most subtle appeal. *Feu Follet* (FLAME OF FOLLY), Roger & Gallet's newest Parisian fragrance, is the *spirit of beauty*—fresh—young—gay—an alluring "flame of folly". Use it on your skin, your personal belongings. You may have it in extract, face powder, soap, talcum, sachet, toilet water. Roger & Gallet's famous *Fleurs d'Amour* and the popular *Le Jade* reign supreme in a fragrance-loving world. All of these quality perfumes are popularly priced. At best stores everywhere.

FREE—A copy of "Fashions in Fragrance," describing how the Parisian woman is using Feu Follet. Send the coupon below.

**ROGER & GALLET**  
 Paris • New York

Agent for Canada  
 J. ALFRED OUMET  
 Montreal



ROGER & GALLET, 1071 6th Ave., New York

Please send me your free booklet by a famous beauty specialist, on the correct way to use perfume.

Name.....

Address.....

## Cal York's Monthly Broadcast From Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99 ]

PRODUCED, directed and photographed by an extra and played by three other extra people, a little featurette titled "Breakwater" will be included in the Warner Bros. releases this season. The entire picture is without dialogue or titles and was filmed at a cost of less than five hundred dollars.

Mike Siebert has cherished the dream of producing on his own ever since chance made him a director for a day. An extra in "Moby Dick," without invitation, he sat in on the preview. Someone, possibly in jest, asked his opinion.

Barrymore's encounter with the whale wasn't all it should be. The sequence hadn't been properly built-up. There should be more scenes in the water. This was needed to add punch. That to heighten drama. So Mike was put in charge of the crew that filmed the added scenes. He was given the job of directing the great Barrymore—of barely drowning him, according to Barrymore. But Mike got the scenes.

Now Mike is a full-fledged director. But he plans to continue plugging along as an extra.

OVERHEARD between a song writer and a casting director on the Paramount lot:

"Got someone to play *George Washington*?"

"Yeah, got Alan Mowbray."

"Swell, he'll be great for the part."

"Yeah, but he says he won't do that song and dance."

"He won't? Well, the so and so. . . ."

"Got a swell fellow to play *Thomas Jefferson*, too. Tall fellow."

"Fine. We can let *Jefferson* do the song, maybe, and either *Roosevelt* or *Lincoln* can go into the dance. How's that?"

"Great idea. Yeah, that's what we can do."

"Well, see you later."

"Yeah. So long."

CLARK and McCullough patter between scenes of "The Druggist's Dilemma."

Clark: "Have you seen Chicago's mounted police?"

McCullough: "No. Are they mounted before or after they shoot 'em?"

ELISSA LANDI is keeping steady company for the first time since she has been in Hollywood. A pleasant, personable, young chap is her constant escort. But the man in question is her husband, John Lawrence, young English barrister.



"All right, Marlene Dietrich, come in and dry the dishes!"



HERE'S the latest giggler going the rounds. Seems a lifeguard came to Estelle Taylor's Malibu beach home with the proposition that Estelle pay him ten dollars a month for protection. But Estelle assured him she didn't need the protection, as she never went into the water.

"All right, then," he grumbled, "I won't be able to save any of your guests, because I have too many clients."

JACK HOLT will don the helmet of an under-seas diver for the third time in his film career. He started in "Submarine."

Then he went "Fifty Fathoms Deep." Now he's to do "Bottom of the Sea." That should end it.

THE cousin of one of the lads who works in the M-G-M publicity department produced a play in New York some years ago called "Out of the Blue Sky."

The play flopped, but just listen to the names of the then only fairly well-known actors who worked in it.

Leslie Howard translated and directed it. The cast included Warren William, Clark Gable, Reginald Owen and Elissa Landi.

HERE'S a way to solve a trying problem, fathers. Wally Beery straps an Indian basket on his back in which he carries his two-year-old baby, Carol Ann. And does she love the buggy ride while daddy Wally prowls about his garden inspecting the flowers.

ADD Helen Mann, new contract player at Warners, to the list of Hollywood's descendants from royalty. Helen traces her ancestry directly back to Napoleon the Third and the Empress Eugenie, originator of *that* hat.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 132 ]



Have you seen the "Mickey-Mouse" hat? You must look then at this gay bonnet worn by Ruth Hall. Two little ears, which actually are only a fold of felt, give that nonchalant air of Mickey himself, to this felt hat. A style hit

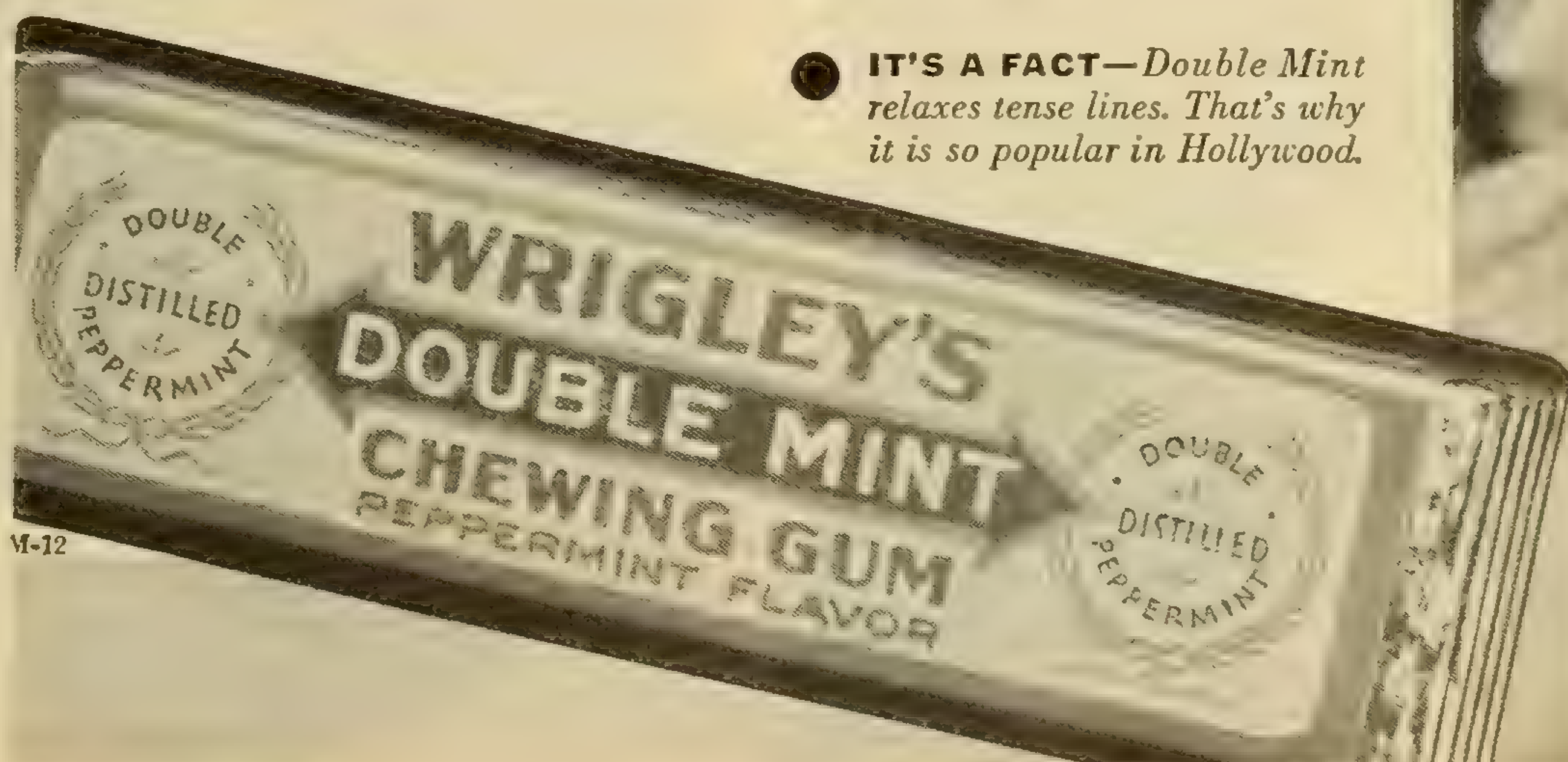
# WRIGLEY'S



## Quick and Sure

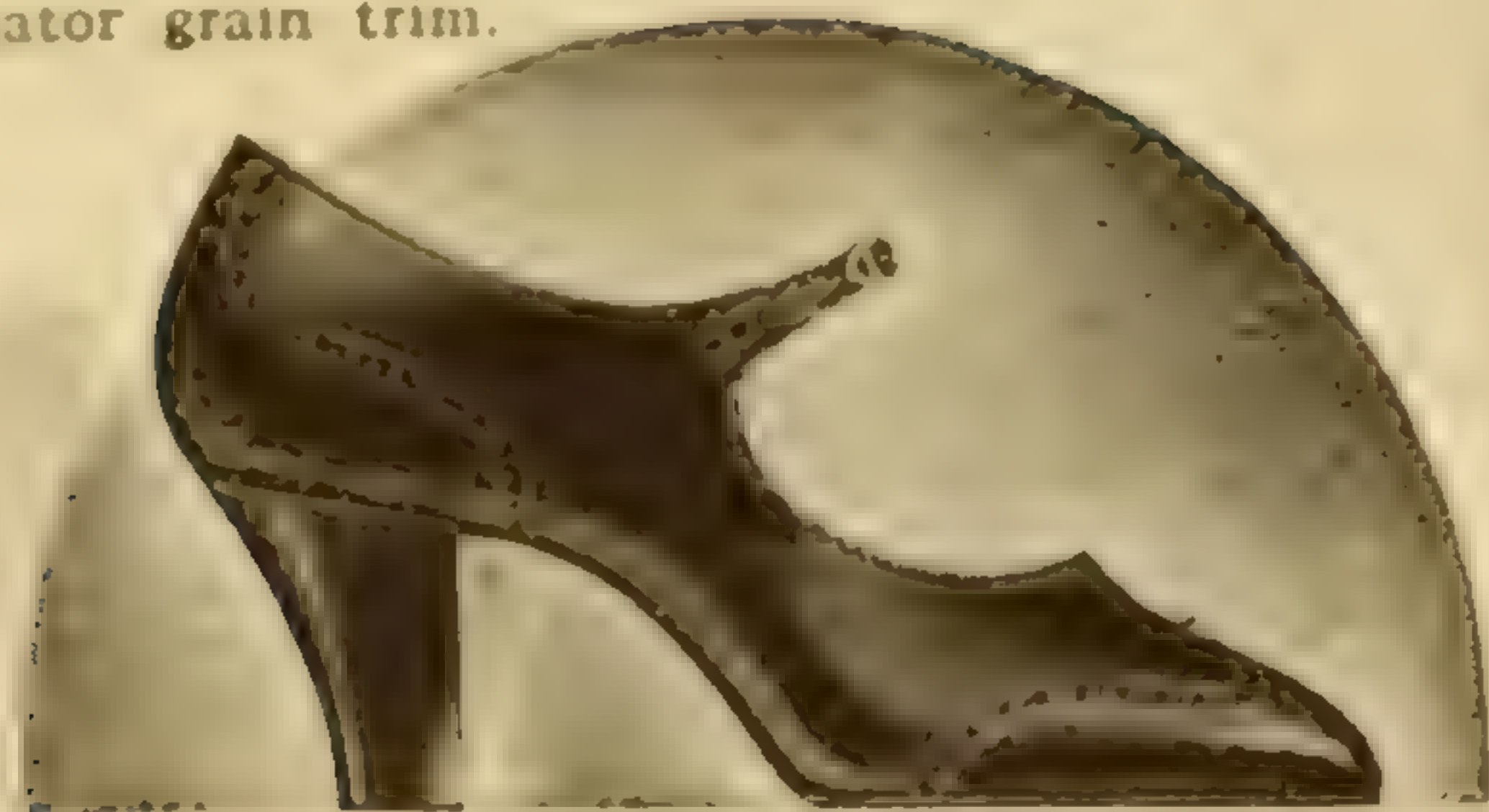
—are the amazing and charming results when you get the daily habit of enjoying Wrigley's delicious **DOUBLE MINT**. The extraordinarily pleasing peppermint flavor makes you like it just for itself. But more than this, the exercise of chewing tones up your skin and adds to the shapeliness of your mouth and lips.

● **IT'S A FACT**—Double Mint relaxes tense lines. That's why it is so popular in Hollywood.





The Coto—brown or black calf with alligator grain trim.



## Longer Service .. Lasting Foot-Ease

for \$4 and \$5

A few Styles, \$6



The Baldur—black or brown kid with contrasting trim.

The Quaker—black kid, Persian grain trim, metal buckle.

YOU get a fresh outlook upon what shoes can mean to you, after you've walked, shopped, danced in Natural Bridge Shoes, and never once wished you could rest your feet! That lively energy springs from the Natural Arch-Bridge, invigorating every step by giving constant, *normal* support to your *natural* arch. That lasting shapeliness, that *extra* service, comes from finer leathers, more beautiful workmanship, than ever before, in light-weight combination lasts that fit the exact contour of your foot. Junior Hi styles for growing girls.

Natural Bridge Shoemakers  
Division of Craddock-Terry Co.  
Lynchburg, Virginia.

Natural Bridge Shoe dealers all over the country are expert shoe fitters. Name of your nearest dealer on request.

Natural  
Bridge  
Shoes

COMBINATION LAST  
AAAA to EEE

## "Make My Willie a Star!"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53 ]

for every cent she spends—save for what she does with the seventy-five-dollar-a-week salary she is allowed for her work as guardian.

Yes—to put it in plain words, Jackie Cooper pays his own mother seventy-five dollars a week salary to be his guardian and administrator!

What Mrs. Cooper does with the \$1,425 weekly balance is a matter that the courts must pass on, first. As her boy's guardian, she has to submit, at intervals, a budget for the court's approval. On this budget must be itemized the disposal of every cent of Jackie's money—how much for rent, food, make-up, clothing, education, transportation, entertainment, and all the thousand-and-one expenses of a child star.

When the court approves the budget, Jackie's mother must stay within its limitations—and must prove that she has done so by submitting, at intervals, the books that show where the money has been spent in accordance with the approved budget.

And in view of that one thousand-five hundred-a-week salary, the items on that budget are not at all extravagant. Just one example: \$150 a month, for rent. Now \$150 a month rent is probably as little as any movie star with Jackie Cooper's income ever paid. It pays for a house in Beverly Hills—and \$150 a month for a Beverly Hills house is economy with a vengeance.

The greater part of Jackie's money is invested in endowment insurance policies, so scaled that when he reaches his twenties, Jackie will get the rewards of his camera labors of today—some in outright cash payments, some in income-for-life annuities—so that never

again, so long as he lives, will he have to worry about money.

If—and what a big word that *if* is!—Jackie keeps on making money as he is today, and saving it as his mother is doing for him, he'll be a millionaire in his mid-twenties. But what odds? And there is one other angle of this huge-income picture.

It's a safe bet that Jackie's income-earning value will poof out within a couple of years. There's no case on record where a child star of any magnitude lasted more than a few years. Look at Jackie Coogan—he plays a rôle now and then, but compared with his one-time fame, he's just a nonentity now. He goes to a school at Santa Clara, California, and is growing up into a nice-looking but hardly out-of-the-ordinary young man. Yes, his brother Bobby is the star of the family today—but Bobby's career won't be any longer than Jackie's was.

And that brings us to the Coogans—a dollar-crafty family who also knew how to protect their youngster's earnings. When Jackie flashed into the multi-dollar class with his performance in "The Kid," there was formed the Coogan Finance Corporation, under the able financial managership of one Arthur L. Bernstein. Bernstein, with the not-to-be-escaped okay of the courts, was empowered to take and invest the earnings of the Coogan children. Papa and Mama Coogan kept their hands off, save for the income they were legally entitled to as members of the Corporation—again, with the full legal approval of the courts.

And so it is that while Jackie goes to a fine school, both he and Bobby (whom you've seen on the screen thus far in the rags and



On a bicycle built for two—and it's not for a movie, either. When the Fredric Marches gave Hollywood's favorite party, they asked everybody to come dressed in gay nineties costumes, so Mary Pickford and a friend of hers, Miss Jans, arrived like this. And will you look at Mary's bloomers! That's Joel McCrea in the background looking altogether too modern



tatters of make-believe poverty) are really millionaires in their own right.

Let's see about some others—

There's Dickie Moore, who has been getting as high as five hundred dollars a week, but whose contract with the Roach comedy outfit—"Our Gang," you know—for one hundred fifty dollars a week over a long-term has been approved by the courts. Dickie's mother plunks Dickie's salary check into a good old-fashioned savings account each week. Big income hasn't gone to their heads—they still live in downtown Los Angeles, in the ordinary quarters where they lived before Dickie became famous. Virtually the only change they've made in their mode of living is that Dickie and his mother now ride to the studio in an automobile, instead of the street cars, as they used to.

"I see no reason," says Dickie's mother, "for making a splurge, just because Dickie happens to be in the 'big' money. There'll come a time when Dickie will grow out of kid rôles—and then I'll be prepared, with the money we're putting away in the bank now, to see him through the awkward period that comes, tragically enough, to screen kiddies."

Mitzi Green's parents are co-trustees with her in a trust fund established a long time ago, when she first began to scale the movie heights. Mitzi is already wealthy in her own name. The only monies that have been taken out of her earnings have been for clothes, photographs, publicity, and other items purely part of her professional career. Not even the family home is paid for out of Mitzi's money—it's a comfortable place on Long Island, bought and paid for by Mitzi's father before the girl made a screen hit.

Little Dorothy Grey's mother was left an orphan when a child. She learned what poverty meant.

Now that Dorothy is making a good movie income—well, here's her mother's explanation of what happens to the money!

"I put Dorothy into pictures for money, not fame. Now we have a roof over our heads—and a lot of good vacant lots that will insure the future."

Remember Farina—that I'll cullud tot? Well, Farina's day in pictures is already past. But Farina's parents knew enough to invest the youngster's money while it was coming in. Now they own a big hotel in Los Angeles' negro belt, and Farina won't ever have to worry over the future.

"Spanky"—the little three-year-old newcomer to the Roach ranks, now earns more money than his father, an automobile finance company executive. Business-trained, that father now invests all of Spanky's earnings—with the approval of the courts—in gilt-edged paper. "No use to let money lie idle," is Spanky's father's attitude.

WELL, there you are. From the outside, at quick glance, it may seem like a swell idea to have your youngsters drawing down a big movie pay-check every week. But it's not so sweet as it seems. Neither for mama nor papa, nor for the kiddie. And that brings to mind that true story about Jackie Cooper down at the beach one day. He was playing with another lad.

"Didn't I see you at the studio th'other day?" Jackie asked.

"Yeah," said the other boy, "I work in pictures." He was, it turned out, one of the hundreds of extras, who get five dollars a day when they work.

"How much d'ya get?" asked Jackie, as kids will.

"Me? I get five dollars a day," the other lad truthfully replied.

Jackie's eyes opened wide. "Gee," he finally gasped, "you must make a *nawful* lot o' money. Me—I only get fifty cents a week."

And that's true.

Out of the fifteen hundred dollars he earns, Jackie's own personal spending allotment is a four-bit piece, each pay day.

# Nation-wide HALF-FACE-TEST proved Woodbury's an incomparable beauty treatment for anyone troubled with . . . LARGE PORES • BLACKHEADS • OILY SKIN • DRY SKIN

Oily Skin . . . Dry Skin . . . Large Pores . . . Blackheads . . . are these distressing skin problems worrying you?

Among the 612 women of all ages and types who participated in the Half-face Test under the supervision of 15 of the country's foremost dermatologists were many women with these skin problems.

Each day these women cared for the left side of their faces with their customary creams, soaps and lotions. On the other side each applied daily only the creamy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap. By the end of thirty days Woodbury's had benefited 103 cases of blackheads, 83 cases of coarse pores, 115 cases of excessive oiliness, 106 cases of acne and 81 cases of dry skin. Even "normal" complexions found finer texture, a more velvety smoothness, a fresh bloom under the gentle stimulus of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

The reasons for this are deep rooted in the special formula of Woodbury's which was created by a skin specialist and contains cosmetic ingredients not found in ordinary toilet soaps. It is not sold in chip or flake form for laundry and kitchen use. It is much too fine and specialized for that. Woodbury's is a facial soap—providing a stimulating and corrective beauty treatment.

Begin its daily use tonight and prove for yourself what millions of women already know—that Woodbury's is an incomparable beauty treatment in cake form.

## TO PLEASE A MAN AT Christmas

New Woodbury's Gift Box for Men. Contains Woodbury's Facial Soap, Talc, Shaving Cream, and Woodbury's After-Shaving Lotion . . . Special value for one dollar. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.



Tune in, Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. Morton Downey and Leon Belasco orchestra. WABC and Columbia Network.



### COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 823 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢.

Oily Skin ☐ Coarse Pores ☐ Blackheads ☐  
Dry Skin ☐ Wrinkles ☐ Sallow Skin ☐  
Flabby Skin ☐ Pimples ☐

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

© 1932, John H. Woodbury, Inc.





## Is it PRIDE.. or DUTY?

HOW does he really feel when he takes you among his friends? ... Proud of his youthful wife—or just doing his duty?

Wives often make the mistake of letting gray hair fade their looks ... just *welcoming Heartbreak Age!*

Youth is precious. Hold it fast. Recolor your hair *undetectably* with Notox—the new *scientific* way that leaves your hair beautifully lustrous and natural.

Washing, waving, sunning have no more effect on Notoxed hair than on nature's own coloring! Better hairdressers always apply Inecto Rapid Notox. Resent a substitute—no *like* product exists. Buy Notox at smart shops everywhere.

● ● Send for free copy of the fascinating booklet "HEARTBREAK AGE"—and avoid that unhappy time! We will give you, too, the address of a conveniently located beauty shop where you may have your hair recolored with Notox. Write Inecto, Inc., Dept. 17, 33 W. 46 St., New York.

Inecto Rapid  
**NOTOX**  
*Colors hair inside  
where nature does*

## Lew Wants Another Chance

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82 ]

broken, the sides staved in and the fenders hanging by wires. It ran and it ran well. It got him places and brought him back.

Had Lew been the only thing that decrepit automobile brought back, this story would be less complicated.

The car's back seat, however, took on the aspect of a small boy's pockets, crammed as it constantly was with larger equivalents of string, marbles and tops.

Lew is a born collector. Old books, ancient firearms, telescopes—oh, yes, he's studied at the Mount Wilson observatory and today is recognized as a well-advanced amateur. Rocks—he's interested in geology.

Continuing his music as a hobby has led Lew into original compositions. He composes mostly on the organ, a small, portable affair. Modern interpretative themes—not jazz.

His artistic urge has likewise found other experimental expression. He sketches a little and models in clay, without ever having taken lessons in art or anatomy. Some of these small figures have been cast into book ends and similar objects. He is currently engaged on a more ambitious figure, that of a slave-driver.

This piece is being done with Lew as his own model. Whenever he is in doubt about an anatomical line, he poses himself before a large mirror to determine just how it should be.

BEFORE his marriage to Lola Lane, Lew's house was always cluttered with his "collections." Likely as not, you would find modeling clay on his living-room table where it would remain until he finished a figure. Lola, however, is a better housekeeper. She has compelled Lew to greater tidiness. All of the objects of his collecting hobbies are now segregated in one place, which they call "the junk room."

Marriage has done wonders for Lew Ayres. In Lola he has found an understanding given him by few others in Hollywood. Lola also knows the artistic urge and is therefore sympathetic. She wants to write. The arrangement is perfect. She seeks her desk and typewriter while Lew is puttering around "the junk room."

At the same time, Lola is something of a balance wheel for Lew. The very fact that he has a wife keeps Lew from doing many crazy, impulsive things. It is seldom that his impulses get out of hand.

Recently, however, it took Lola a whole morning to dissuade him from hopping a fast freight for San Diego.

There was no particular reason for the trip, which made it twice as desirable. Lew has never ridden blind baggage and he wanted the experience.

WISELY, Lola has not attempted to change Lew's habits. She allows him to go around in the old clothes he loves—a thing so few young wives have sense enough to do.

Nor has Lola interfered in any way with the friendship that has existed between Lew and his pals of the "All Quiet" days. Billy Bakewell, Russell Gleason and Ben Alexander are frequent visitors at the Ayres home. Together they form as delightfully mad a quartet as Hollywood has ever seen. Their exuberance and pranks are the talk of the town.

Hollywood understands this crowd as a gang, just as it has failed miserably to understand Lew as an individual. Into his desire to exclude himself from the social whirl Hollywood enjoys has been read a false meaning. Because he is innately shy and does not make new friends easily, Hollywood believed that success turned his head—enlarged it. All of which is a grave injustice to the real Lew Ayres.

But now it will be different. With the signing of his new contract have come new responsibilities and new ambition. Lew wants to make good, to do a better job than that well-nigh perfect one in "All Quiet."

"I am giving up all my hobbies for at least a year," he says. "I want to devote all my time and energy to my screen work. I have even put a lock on the door of my 'junk room.' Maybe I'll give the key to Lola to hide."

Lew is putting away his toys, you see. He has grown up to the stature of stardom.

The next time you see Lew on the screen it will be in the rôle of a bull-fighter in a picture called "Men Without Fear." A good title that, tailored to fit the new Lew Ayres.

## Whooie! Here Comes Joe E.

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33 ]

just Joe E. walking past that huge sign up there that said JOE E. BROWN on the front of the theater and trying to see if it were visible from all angles, to anyone whether trotting, hopping or just walking past.

Between shows he tried baseball. The thing he loves next to acting. He actually belonged at one time to the New York Giants. But didn't get far for, you see, when Joe got up to bat and opened his mouth to grin, the pitcher refused to throw the ball.

"What's the matter?" the umpire asked.

"Look at that," the pitcher said. "I can't throw a ball at that. He'll swallow it. And we're short on balls."

And there was the time the bases were full and two men had struck out. There was a moment of tense silence as the third man came to bat.

Now. The pitcher threw the ball. The batter swung. He hit it and made for second base, when suddenly Joe let out that "call of the wild" yell of his and in two seconds the pitcher had tramped the catcher silly trying to get

out, the batter was still running two blocks away, the umpire lay in a dead swoon and the stadium had completely emptied.

So Joe kind of gave up baseball. He has his own ball team out in Hollywood that even belongs to a league. And they do splendidly until Joe expands the "wide open spaces" and lets go that yell in the wrong places.

He claims he acquired that famous yell one summer at a lakeside camp. When the rest of the boys were a mile or so off shore fishing and Joe wanted to call them in for breakfast, he would go down to the shore, open up his mouth, begin a sound down in the region of the larynx and finally let go that water buffalo shout that not only brought in the fishermen but all the trading boats on Lake Erie as well. And Joe's been using that war whoop ever since.

And his mouth, strange as it may seem, isn't too noticeably large in every day life. Unless Joe wants it to be and opens it accordingly. Otherwise it's just a slightly unusual opening in a very pleasant countenance.



He has a tremendous following, officially ranking among the first ten in box-office pull. And he's really considerate and thoughtful of his fans.

His is one of the few contracts that definitely state every fan letter must be taken care of with no expense to the fan. And do they write!

From San Francisco comes a letter from a judge. "Well, Joe," he writes, "I was on my way to a doctor last night when I passed a movie with your mug out front. I never did care for doctors so I decided to postpone the ordeal an hour or two and see my friend Joe again. Why, say, you shook every ill and pain out of me. I never did see that doctor, you rascal, you!"

From Bombay, India: "Dear Sahib Brown: I never fail to miss one of your pictures when it comes here."

And Joe is still scratching his head over that one.

ALSO, there was the time Joe was having lunch at a fashionable hotel in Washington, D. C. About him sat the city's best.

Presently a beautiful young lady, neatly dressed, came over to Joe's table.

"Mr. Brown," she said a little confused. "I have a favor to ask of you."

"Why, what is it?" Joe asked in surprise.

"May I touch you?" she blushing asked.

"Why certainly," Joe grinned sheepishly.

She laid a dainty finger on his sleeve.

"Now I have a favor to ask you," Joe said.

"Oh, what?" she asked breathlessly.

"May I touch you?"

And he laid a finger on her sleeve.

And then as though it were the most natural thing in the world, they bowed, shook hands and departed.

He's a home body, Joe is. In love with his wife, two boys and baby girl. And despite the fact he's a rather serious minded and decidedly unfunny person off the screen, his two boys, fourteen and twelve, think he's a card. And much funnier than the four Marx Brothers. Much. Everything he says is a scream to the boys.

For instance, if Mr. Brown remarks to Mrs. Brown at the dinner table that the situation in China looks bad, the boys know immediately Daddy must be clowning and go into such hysterics they have to leave the table. Isn't he the funny one, their dad, though?

Then there's that recent high excitement out in the exclusive suburb of Beverly Hills.

Strange, ghostly noises were issuing nightly from a grand mansion on one of the very quiet streets.

It went on for a week. With the sounds growing more and more terrifying.

Finally, the neighbors, in feverish excitement, but loathe to bring in vulgar outsiders, were unable to control themselves further, and summoned the cops.

Aforesaid cops were awed as they crowded past several butlers and footmen. Up the tastefully carpeted stairs their big feet tore to where the sounds issued from a front room.

As one, they made a dash for the door only to have two sedate and composed French maids open the door.

In the center of the room stood madam looking at them in astonishment. They stared back at her in equal astonishment.

"WHAT," she demanded, in icy, cultured tones, "is the meaning of this?"

She raised a gold lorgnette and peered at them haughtily.

"Why,—that is, lady," Officer Reilly stammered, "we heard a terrible noise and came to investigate."

"The idea," the dowager sniffed. "Can't a lady practice yelling like Joe E. Brown without the entire police force interrupting?"

And they carefully tiptoed downstairs and outside.

While upstairs a great social light went on with her practicing of yelling like Joe E. Brown. Whoowowwwie!



## Skinny! New way adds pounds quicker than BEER

*Astonishing gains with sensational double tonic. Richest yeast known, imported beer yeast, concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks*



FOR years doctors have prescribed beer for skinny, run-down men and

women who want to put on flesh. But now, thanks to a remarkable new scientific discovery, you can get even better results—put on firmer, healthier flesh than with beer—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining pounds of solid, beauty-bringing flesh—but other benefits as well. Muddy, blemished skin changes to a fresh, glowing, radiantly clear complexion. Constipation, poor appetite, lack of pep and energy vanish. Life becomes a thrilling adventure.

### Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, called Ironized Yeast, is in pleasant tablet form. It is made from specially cultured, imported beer yeast—the richest yeast ever known—which through a new process has been concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast concentrate is then ironized—scientifically combined with three special kinds of iron which strengthen and enrich the blood—add abounding new energy and pep.

### Watch the change

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, you'll see ugly, gawky angles fill out. Hollow chests develop and pipe-stem arms and legs

round out attractively. Complexion becomes radiantly clear—indigestion disappears—you'll have new, surging vitality, new self-confidence.

### Skinniness dangerous

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases than the strong, well-built person. So begin at once to get back the rich blood and healthy flesh you need. *Do it before it is too late.*

### Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast is guaranteed to build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If not delighted with results of very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, and not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the genuine, with "I. Y." stamped on each tablet.

### Special FREE Offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this offer. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 511, Atlanta, Ga.

#### 12 Lbs. in 3 Weeks

"After taking Ironized Yeast three weeks I gained 12 pounds." Frank Piccunas, 6555 S. Washenaw Ave., Chicago, Ill.

#### 14 Lbs. in 21 Days

"Before 21 days were up I had gained 14 pounds. My complexion was muddy and is now perfect." Yvonne Murray, 906 Dixie Overland Blvd., Shreveport, La.

#### 14 Lbs. in Month

"I have gained 14 pounds in a month." Joseph H. Clebeck, 3 Allen St., New York, N. Y.



## When Nature needs *Only* a gentle **NUDGE!**

A laxative that gets its results through a violent purging of the intestines is worse than no laxative at all. For that's too big a price to pay for temporary relief from constipation. Such cathartics disturb digestion. They upset the stomach. They shock the nervous system. They are not good for you!

### Next to Nature—Ex-Lax

The best laxative is the one that comes closest to Nature's own way of acting. Ex-Lax gently stimulates the bowels to action. It does not impair the *normal functions* of the intestines. It does not shock the system. It doesn't gripe. It helps Nature to help herself!

### No secret about Ex-Lax

Ex-Lax is simply that scientific laxative ingredient—phenolphthalein—of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose—combined with delicious chocolate in the special Ex-Lax way.

That's why Ex-Lax is so gentle, why it is not habit-forming. Ex-Lax checks on every point your doctor looks for in a laxative.

### Give Ex-Lax a trial!

There's only one way to know that Ex-Lax is better than any other laxative you may now be using. And that is to find out for yourself! Take one or two before going to bed tonight! Tomorrow you'll know why Ex-Lax is the choice of millions.

In 10c, 25c and 50c sizes. Or return the coupon below for a free sample.

Keep "regular" with  
**EX-LAX**  
—the safe laxative  
that tastes like chocolate

#### MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170,  
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A112

Kindly send me a free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## What's All This Chatter About Novarro?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]

Admittedly, it was a Latin sense of humor and one that appreciated pranks more readily than subtleties. But, whereas Ramon always has an appreciation of poetry and things poetic, he had, at the same time, a love of fun.

WHEN he first entered pictures—twelve years ago—PHOTOPLAY asked him to fill out the usual biographical formula for the files and when he came to the question "Married?" Ramon wrote—"No, not that I remember." It wasn't a very funny joke, but Ramon was very young then and probably thought it was. So the super-serious young man sort of falls apart, doesn't he, when one starts to analyze him?

People who know Ramon—and have known him for years—know him to be a good fellow, a good Mexican (to whom light wines and dancing are far from unknown) and fun at a party.

When he was making a sea picture and the company was on location at Long Beach, I went down to spend a few days to watch the players work. At night after dinner, Ramon gathered a group of us together in his room to indulge in a little impromptu party. We laughed ourselves sick that night. I remember that Ramon showed us a goofy Mexican card game, but didn't show it to us very well, and we, being confused by the whole process, could do nothing but let him win—which was exactly Ramon's idea.

All the bunk written about Ramon; the recluse Ramon; the actor longing for the priesthood; Ramon the poet with head in the clouds, amused Ramon's friends—the friends who were privileged to know him as he was.

And then a terrific change came about in Hollywood, itself.

The place went grand, it went social, it became more keenly publicized.

Ramon underwent a change, too. His old friends scattered—Alice Terry, Rex Ingram and Kate Key in France, Renee Adoree ill, his pals in the publicity department gone to seek

other jobs. Added to this, Ramon's brother died—a brother whom he loved devotedly and whom he was sending through college. Ramon did more or less shut himself off, as anyone would do at a time like that. He did, also, do some thinking.

The death of a loved one invariably leaves a mark and it started Ramon to dwelling along more mature lines.

A new crop of actors came to California, introducing new ways to the old guard—of which Ramon was one. The legend of Ramon Novarro and his mysterious life (which was just about as mysterious as the workings of a row boat) was recounted and because none of his old friends were there to tell them any different, the new Hollywood believed all the things that have been printed about him.

And that is why the new Hollywood thought it had discovered Ramon. For he met new friends and was gay with them as he had been with the old. The grief of his brother's death took its rightful place in his scheme of things. He began going out again. And people pounced on that and said Ramon had changed.

Ramon has grown mentally in eleven years. His youthful ideals have been fairly well rubbed off, as youthful ideals usually are. Ramon proved himself not only a star, but a director as well. But he has never been an aesthete and never a recluse. Of course he has changed, but he has changed far less than the people who talk about him would have you believe.

ONCE he went to small, informal parties—since they were the only sort Hollywood gave at the time. Now he goes to large, formal, elaborate affairs—because that's the fad of the moment.

And if anybody ever again tells you that Ramon was once a deeply religious introvert, who suddenly blossomed into a good time Charlie—you'll know the answer to that one.

## Why Chevalier Sits Alone

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29 ]

And Chevalier smiled one of his rare off-screen smiles.

"Sometimes I forget. But it never forgets. I get a flash and things go black before my eyes. The flash seldom lasts long, but I am upset for days."

Chevalier's reticence in discussing his injury is paralleled by his dislike of talking about the war, even in generalities. "I was in the service so short a time," he says. Then resorting to his favorite method of evasion, "There is nothing to tell."

Again I must quarrel with you, *Monsieur*. Any man who fell on the battlefield fighting for his country, who was captured by the enemy to be interned twenty-six months in a prison camp only to escape by a dangerous ruse, who was awarded the *Croix de Guerre* for his bravery—any man who has suffered such experiences, has a great deal to tell.

TRUE, your active services as a *soldat* were brief in point of time. France declared war on Germany August 3, 1914. You were among the very first to go. Nineteen days after the declaration of war, you lay in a hospital behind the German lines, cruelly wounded.

You were treated by enemy doctors. You do not complain of the treatment you received though, chances are, had you been in more interested hands, you would not be carrying shrapnel in your chest today. Possibly they

did the best they could for you—the best considering the fact you were just one of many hundred wounded, most of whom were countrymen, not alien French.

THE surface of his wound healed and Chevalier was sent to a German prison camp. Far from strong, the rigid discipline and unsanitary conditions of the camp retarded his return to health. These were days of mental torture much more maddening than any physical injury. As a prisoner of war, Chevalier first learned to sit alone.

His companions were mostly Russian and English. He did not speak their language, and conversation had to be carried on through interpreters. Chevalier's habit of sitting silently in a crowd was born under such circumstances.

Slowly Chevalier mended as month followed dreary month and the second monotonous year neared its end. Imprisoned Red Cross workers were to be exchanged by France and Germany. Chevalier decided to take a desperate chance. He falsified his papers to pose as a member of the Red Cross and filed an application that would put him on the exchange list.

The penalty for such an action was court martial and a probable death sentence. The least he could expect, if discovered, was solitary confinement.

There were dreadful weeks of waiting to be



endured while his application passed from hand to hand. He knew he must face an examination from the Germans that would sorely tax his limited knowledge of surgery and medical science. But whatever the possible cost, escape he must or go mad.

In the twenty-sixth month of his imprisonment, Chevalier was called before the board of German Red Cross examiners. He felt an antagonism as his personal inquisitor eyed him.

"You are a Red Cross man, *oui*?" the German asked.

"*Oui*," answered Chevalier.

"We shall see," the German said, opening his list of questions. But something distracted his attention, what, Chevalier does not know to this day. He sat absent-mindedly fingering the paper. At last, his gaze returned to the boy who stood before him. "Why haven't you moved on?" he asked, impatiently. "You have passed. Next man." It was all Chevalier could do to control a shout of joy.

Given three months leave of absence upon his return to France with the Red Cross contingent, Chevalier sought the finest available specialists. X-ray photographs revealed the position of the shrapnel near his heart. One by one the doctors gravely shook their heads and refused to chance an operation. It was, they said, sure death at this late date.

Chevalier offered himself again for active duty. The enemy, he thought, might as well finish the job they had begun. But the government thought otherwise. A medal was pinned on him and he was sent back to civilian life with an honorable discharge as unfit for further military service.

Shortly after his discharge, Chevalier's nerves broke. The reaction from his long

strain in a prison camp finally made itself felt. The break came while on a theater stage. His vitality failed him and he was unable to finish the performance.

Again he made the round of doctors. All prescribed rest and quiet in retirement if he wished to live. For over a year he rested. But while he won back strength, he did not win back an interest in life. The theater had become too much an integral part of his existence for him to be happy away from it. Disregarding the doctors' orders, he resumed his career.

It wasn't easy at first. Fighting giddiness, quick fatigue, the constriction of his lungs, he was not the Chevalier who had once been the idol of French music-halls. But he threw himself into his work with the intensity of a man who knows how good it is to work again. Consequently his work improved.

He taught himself the trick of turning on and off the charm which had once been spontaneous. If his candle was burning at both ends, he wanted it to give the brightest light possible. Before long he regained the hearts of all France. Then came America and even greater triumphs in motion pictures.

Perhaps his tremendous popularity has become sweet to him with the sweetness of a fleeting, transitory thing. Perhaps he now seeks to conserve all the energy that he does not have to lavish in public appearances. Perhaps living eighteen years of a life constantly menaced by sudden death has made him resigned to his fate.

"Since the war, I have been living on borrowed time. Some day the loan will be called. Then—pouff!"

And there you have it.

## They Say "No, No, Janet"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55 ]

Later, she went to Europe. She returned with her hair made redder and instead of the gentle curls, she wore a smart, shorter bob. She came back with a determination, too—a determination that she would not play any more "typical Janet Gaynor rôles." She had taken on the outward indication of sophistication, to boot.

What happened when this news was broadcast to the world? Hundreds of letters protesting against both bob and sophistication came to Janet. Janet must not cut her curls, the letters begged. Their idol of "7th Heaven" must not grow sophisticated!

A trade publication took a poll of theater owners throughout the United States to discover which actor or actress had the greatest individual drawing power. Marie Dressler was first, Janet was second. But it was the Janet of "Daddy Long Legs" who got the votes.

But Janet could not give up so quickly a desire which she had held for so many years and which had already cost her so much money. I'm referring to her long hold-out when she went to Hawaii and was off salary.

"Why can't I be different? Why can't I prove that there's something in me besides 'sugar and spice and everything nice'?" she wailed.

In the meantime, she had refused to do "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" that had been purchased for her. "Rebecca" was just the sort of thing she meant—the sort of thing she most of all did not want to do! So, to keep her happy, she was given "The First Year," a story originally intended for Sally Eilers and Jimmie Dunn, and Marian Nixon was handed "Rebecca."

What followed made Janet think—and think hard. Although "Rebecca" has not been released long enough for us to know exactly how it rates, it seems a sure-fire hit. But that wasn't so important to Janet as the re-

views concerning Marian's work. Some have claimed her the equal of Janet, others said Marian was Janet's superior.

Sophistication or no sophistication, art or no art—that was a pretty bitter pill, for if Janet had played "Rebecca," as was originally intended, there would not have been any drawing of comparisons. And she knew it!

Other things caused Janet to do some thinking, of which she is thoroughly capable, I can tell you! There is Joan Bennett. It is no secret that Joan's ambition is to play Gaynor-type rôles and that she resents being made a carbon copy of her sister, Connie.

THEN there is Sally Eilers. Janet had insisted upon doing "The First Year." Might not Sally retaliate by taking one of Janet's stories? Sally and Jimmie Dunn were well toward the top in that popularity poll.

In the meantime, Lilian Harvey arrived from Europe. And Janet knew that when "Congress Dances," a foreign-made picture with Lilian, was released the critics had said, "Miss Harvey has what Janet Gaynor has—and more!"

So that was the set-up. Remembering the storm of protest that her announcement to go semi-sophisticated had caused, she realized that the public wanted her just one way and no other; that "they" had her set in their minds as a sweet, fragile, flower-like creature; that she could never, so long as she looked as she did, hope to be different on the screen.

If she satisfied herself in her choice of screen material, there were four other girls ready and willing to take her place. So what?

So what! She has given up the dream of becoming a great dramatic actress. She has acceded to "their" demands. It's sweet little Diane from now on.

The people's choice—you'd call that. Janet has decided at last. She remains upon the screen as she has always been!

## Another KLEENEX PRICE REDUCTION

Full size package now costs but  
**25c**



Use Kleenex for handkerchiefs!  
For removing cosmetics, for dust-  
ing, for polishing—for everything!

**25c**

NOW use all the Kleenex you want! Be as lavish as you like! For the price is once more reduced. That big box—for which you paid 50 cents a year ago—35 cents six months ago—now costs but 25 cents.

At this new low price, no one need risk germ-filled handkerchiefs during colds. A Kleenex Tissue may be used once, then destroyed. There is no self-infection. No spreading germs to others as when soiled handkerchiefs are used.

**Softest—yet strongest**

Kleenex is made of softest rayon-cellulose and is more absorbent than linen. Though the softest tissue available, it is also the strongest.

Note the Kleenex products listed below. Every one has a place in your home. The price is low—try them all!

1. REGULAR KLEENEX comes in a variety of shades, 180 sheets for only . . . 25c.
2. ROLLS OF KLEENEX are convenient to hang in bathroom or kitchen. In pink or white, . . . 25c.
3. 'KERFS for dress-up handkerchiefs and tea napkins. Four thicknesses of tissue, smartly bordered. . . . 25c.
4. LARGE SIZE KLEENEX is 3 times the regular size. Splendid for removing face creams and for household uses. Formerly \$1, now . . . 50c.

**KLEENEX** *disposable*  
TISSUES



# "Please, Dear . . . Hollywood Introduces Gay Colors And Giddy Details

by Seymour



## take that PAINT off your LIPS!"

"TED had never spoken to me like that before! But after I'd looked in my mirror I knew he was right. My lips did look PAINTED—COMMON!"

Do you have that painted look—perhaps without knowing it? It's all too common—and it's one thing men simply cannot stand! So forget ordinary lipsticks! From now on—always Tangee your lips.

Tangee can't make you look painted. It's not paint. It *looks* orange. But put it on! It changes on your lips to the one color best for you! Tangee lasts, too—it's waterproof. And its special cold cream base prevents parching and caking.

Try Tangee—today! It costs no more than ordinary lipstick. At any drug-gist's or cosmetic counter. Or send 10¢ for Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.



**Get a Sample of Tangee Rouge, too!**  
Samples containing many days' supply of both Tangee Lipstick and Tangee Rouge are included in the Miracle Make-Up Set. Tangee Rouge changes on the cheeks just the way Tangee Lipstick does on the lips. It gives the color most becoming to you—ends that "painted look."

### TRY TANGEE LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

-----Send 10¢ for Miracle Make-Up Set-----  
containing samples of lipstick and rouge

The GEORGE W. LUFT CO.  
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

P 5-11

Gentlemen: I enclose 10¢. Please send your miracle make-up set to:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

SUCH frivolities of fashion as ruffs, bows and ruchings are busily occupying the thoughts of smart Hollywood these days. Ruffs of coque feathers are one of the newest rages. Jean Harlow has one with a small feather turban to match. The ruff fastens with a huge bow of green velvet. And Constance Bennett wears a collar of pink coque feathers on a negligée. Velvet and organdie neck fancies, not to mention good old-fashioned ostrich feather boas, are making their appearances, too. The girls are going very giddy, indeed!

RED seems to get the biggest applause in colors. You see it in all shades. Marlene Dietrich prefers a dark red. She appeared on the lot the other day wearing a very tailored lightweight wool frock in this shade. And a small military cape, fitted about the shoulders, tied in a scarf high at the neckline.

Lupe Velez, wouldn't you know, likes her reds flaming! She strolled into the studio commissary for lunch wearing a coat with matching fabric hat in the brightest shade she could find.

Plaids are part of the color gaiety and style giddiness. Anita Loos, the writer, wears a bright plaid coat and hat. Charlotte Susa, one of the more recent German importations, wears plaid pajamas.

ALTHOUGH little hats are the general choice of the stars, some very wide brimmed ones, similar to those known years ago as "The Merry Widow," are seen at afternoon affairs. Carole Lombard wears one in

brown. Jean Harlow has one in hatters' plush. A well-known American hat designer says that the very large brimmed hats are for you who wish to look unusually distinguished.

Adrian, who is famous for the stunning clothes he designs for Joan Crawford, prophesies that draped skirts will be much in the fashion picture soon. In fact, he is doing a gown with one for "Rasputin."

HOSIERY tends toward brown or tan tones as seen about Hollywood. The other evening at a premiere, Bette Davis wore a very dark shade of sun tan with a brown lace dress. Darker hose in very sheer weights are seen everywhere.

Norma Shearer wears a dark brown shade for all her daytime costumes. Lilyan Tashman wears a brown stocking with gray costumes—this brown and gray alliance is smartly seen in costumes and accessories.

JOAN CRAWFORD brought back the most striking evening wrap from Europe. Joan, you know, promised herself not to shop abroad. She says she practically kept her promise because she only brought three things back with her! This wrap is a long black velvet coat that hangs loosely from the shoulders to the hem of her gown. It has no ornamentation of any kind. The neckline closes right at the throat and the shoulders are padded to give a squarish look. It is the robe a stage tragedienne might wear—Joan makes it look doubly dramatic with her beautiful, sad face rising above it.

## Lo, the Poor Russian

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69 ]

greatest stress was laid on a political examination with the screen test a mere formality.

She had to stand before a board of stern examiners who bombarded her with such questions as, "What is your understanding of the Marxian dialectic?"—the type of question which in any other country a political candidate might be expected to answer, but surely not a movie aspirant.

WHATEVER slips Joan made were excused on the basis that she had been "contaminated" by living in a capitalist country. She survived the ordeal and was given parts in three pictures.

Joan lived well here, but not entirely on the salary she got from acting. She had a private income from the United States. The average salary of a leading actor or actress varies between three hundred to five hundred rubles a month.

This they get whether or not they are working on a picture. Translated into American money this would mean from one hundred fifty to two hundred fifty dollars a month, but this won't buy nearly as much in Russia as in America.

An actress cannot afford many pairs of silk stockings at this rate when their price in Moscow is thirty rubles a pair, or a small matter of fifteen dollars. Neither can she

boast of a sumptuous home with beautiful green lawns and a marble swimming pool. Instead, she has one room to herself, or, if she is lucky, a two-room apartment. If the room brags of a bath, it doesn't mean much because it has to be shared with the occupants of about five other rooms.

After her breakfast of black bread and tea, there is no limousine waiting at the door to rush her off to the "kino factory," as the studio is known here.

She has to push her way on a street car which is always as crowded as a New York subway during the rush hour, or a truck calls for her, which has already picked up electricians, carpenters and extras. She gets home the same way.

DURING the noon hour at the "factory," everyone piles into one restaurant and during the lunch a leading actress may rub elbows with an extra with the grime of a foundry still on his hands, for everyone eats in the same place—directors, actors, prop-men and extras.

The kino actress doesn't know what fan mail means. The main reason is that she isn't glorified in the picture; she isn't the main figure in the plot—the director sees to that. In fact, Pudovkin prefers to pick his characters from the street, rather than to use trained actors. He considers that the latter will be



too artificial and won't portray real life as well as the man who has just come out of it.

This kind of existence would be considered pretty tough in Hollywood, but the Russian is used to it.

Besides, they vary the monotony of it with occasional parties. They may not be as swank as Hollywood parties, but the guests seem to have a lot of fun.

The general procedure is the same as for any Russian party.

**F**IRST they pick out the person with the biggest room and make him host.

The guests arrive bearing whatever food they could forage or with their arms laden with various bottles, most of them filled with vodka. Then they gather in one room and toss off vodka in astounding quantities, taking a few bites of food between each gulp to quench that burning sensation that always goes with the Russian national drink.

## Ricardo Is a Riddle

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45 ]

tenderness. Due to a series of circumstances over which he had no control, he was forced to adopt this armor or he would have been trampled. What seems like indifference is merely compensation."

Director La Cava did not go into these circumstances. But we know them. You know them.

**C**ORTEZ retreated to an apartment on the top floor of a tall Hollywood building and barricaded himself from Hollywood society. He saw only a few intimates.

He retreated from public life except for his work on the sets. When important Hollywood folks invited this handsome unattached man to their parties, he refused to attend. He became a social recluse; a Hollywood hermit.

It can't be done.

While Ricardo was retreating, Joel McCrea was advancing. He was being seen with Gloria Swanson, Connie Bennett. He was building his reputation as a man who could interest women.

All male screen sensations must prove that they can interest women.

And escorting Hollywood's prominent feminine stars is, naturally, the course of least resistance.

Joel's a nice lad. He has no complexes. He admits he's lazy—that he follows the course of least resistance.

Ricardo could never, in his heart, follow the course of least resistance. He'd have to worry and feel deeply about everything he does. He'd even have to suffer a little about it.

Ricardo is never a nonchalant person.

But Hollywood calls for a certain amount of nonchalance. When parties are given, they like to have handsome, intriguing, unmarried men present.

These men—as partners for the world's most beautiful women—make for excitable entertainment.

And these parties give handsome actors a chance to meet the producers and executives on an equal footing—become social brothers. The actor impresses himself on the consciousness of the producers so, when a picture is to be cast, they cannot help but remember him.

It's just good fellowship which is a help in any business.

Ricardo has not established that feeling.

Being seen with such women as Gloria Swanson or Connie Bennett makes an equal impression upon writers and, eventually, the public.

If the women of Hollywood become interested in a man, it is inevitable that the women of

These parties often last until dawn, but they don't cause many divorces.

**R**USSIAN actresses may not desert their husbands very often, but they sometimes desert their country. Baclanova was once a well-known Sovietkino actress. She went to America on a stage tour, saw Hollywood and has never returned to the gold-domed churches and horse-drawn droshkis of her native Moscow.

Just recently Anna Sten, one of the kino's shining lights, has hit the Hollywood trail. Her fellow actors criticise her for being "un-Soviet."

They consider that she yielded to the lure of fame, fortune and fine clothes, instead of devoting herself to "the Cause." They feel she ought to return.

But once she sees her name blazoned in electric lights, on Broadway, what do you think her choice will be?

the country will believe that the man is worthy of their interest.

A social hermit has no such opportunity.

Ricardo is beginning to realize it. He's even verging on the cynical in thinking about it.

"If you spend fifteen years in any other business and tend to your work, you can expect to be a junior partner or even a senior one. If an artist paints a great picture, he may not get recognition while he lives, but his work lives on and inspires after he is gone. The same of writing.

"But an actor—he is so soon forgotten. He does a good piece of work in one picture, and if he doesn't get a chance in another good part for six months, he is forgotten. The only thing he has is money and, although you can't live without money, it's pretty tough to try to live just for it.

"I don't seem to be able to flatter people. I couldn't go to the Olympics day in and day out just to be seen there because it's good publicity. I went to the events I really wanted to see. They seemed to be the ones which the big crowds overlooked.

"I can't sit around and content myself with life just because I'm making more money than the ordinary man of my age.

"And I can't go off the lot in make-up and rush to the Brown Derby for luncheon just to sign my name to a lot of autograph books. I have always removed my make-up before I left the lot and I suppose I always will. I have taken the picture business as I would any other business."

**B**UT pictures aren't like any other business!

Picture making is a business dealing in personalities rather than pickles. You can sell pickles and forget them. You can't do that with a personality. The public buys the personalities, which are thrust constantly before them—which they are forced to remember.

But Ricardo's beginning to emerge.

This cynicism is the first sign. He's analyzing.

Why, he even admitted to me that he's in love with a blonde non-professional. And for reticent Ricardo to admit love is the healthiest of signs.

Another director who knows him well made this remark:

"When he finds himself, you'll see a new personality, even on the screen. One for which producers will be hunting madly for stories. He'll be a sensation."

If he finally decides to shed that armor he's wearing—watch out. There'll be a feminine riot.

## Beauty Shop Expert



## "It's beauty care for your hands"

"We always urge women who do their own work to use Lux for dishes and all soap and water tasks. Its pure suds actually benefit the hands—never leave them harsh and dry as ordinary soaps often do."

GLADYS PERRY

Charles of the Ritz—B. Altman & Co.

## Housewife



## "It washes the dishes so quickly"

"No more dishwashing drudgery for me now that I'm using Lux. It dissolves so much faster than ordinary bar soaps or chips, and has such beautiful lasting suds that dishes and glasses are sparkling without any effort. It washes so quickly!"

MRS. M. MARVIN WRIGHT

Millions of women—and beauty experts everywhere—are enthusiastic about Lux for dishes. It's so quick. And it's so marvelous for the hands.

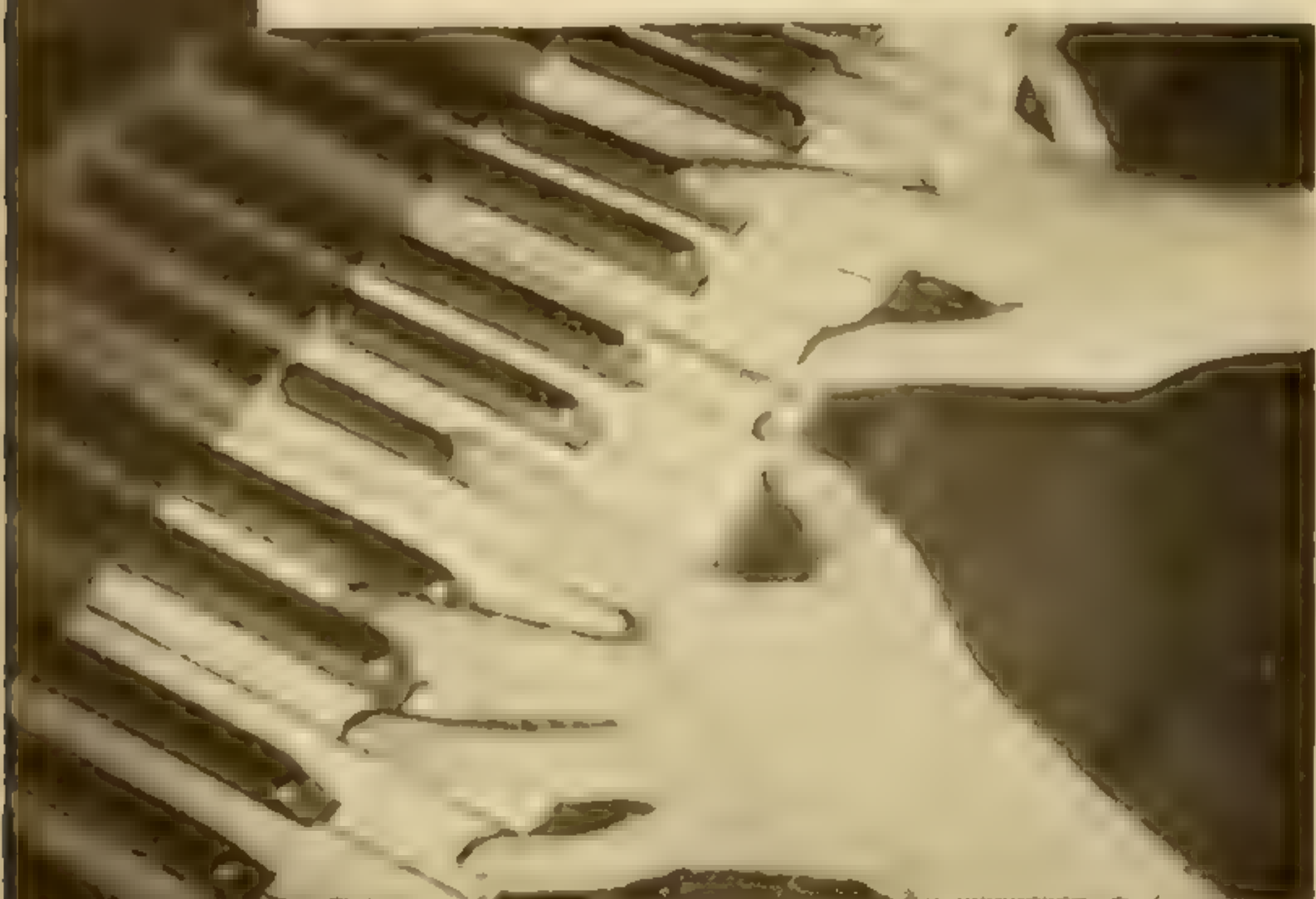
Ordinary soaps too often contain harmful alkali which dries the skin, leaves it coarse and rough. Lux has no harmful alkali—that's why it leaves the hands so soft and fastidiously white.

**LUX**  
for  
dishes





## Blue Songs changed to LOVE SONGS!



If you own chappy, red hands—no one ever asks permission to hold them. How different with *white hands, soft, smooth hands!*

Put your hands in Frostilla Lotion's soothing care. This famous skin protector dries quickly, isn't sticky. It costs so little, does so much! Massage in a few drops night, morning and after hands are wet... watch coarse hands become soft hands... hear blue songs change to love songs!



★Don't be "switched" when you ask for Frostilla. 35c, 50c, \$1 sizes at druggists. 10c bottle at 5 & 10c stores. (Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N. Y. C., Sales Reps.)

**FROSTILLA  
LOTION**  
for chapped,  
dry skin

## Gray Hair

### Best Remedy is Made At Home

To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair and makes it soft and glossy. Barbo will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

## High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

**AMERICAN SCHOOL**

Dept. H-843, Drexel Ave. & 58th St. © AS 1923 CHICAGO

## Snapshot Enlargements!

Clear as original! Large subject, no waste matter. Cabinet size, 5x7, matte or glossy—two from one film 50c. "Soft focus" if wanted—no extra charge. Sepia tone 15c. Fast service. BROMAR PHOTO CO., Dept. P, Pontiac, Mich.

## Make Your Figure Perfect—Sylvia

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73 ]

### DINNER

Fruit cup.  
Salad of lettuce and tomato or any other salad except avocado.  
Salad dressing of mineral oil and lemon juice.  
Small broiled rare steak.  
or  
Double lamb chop  
or  
One slice of ¼-inch thick roast beef  
or  
Two slices of turkey or chicken and a wing  
or  
Two slices of broiled lamb  
or  
Ground round steak, without fat and use the cheaper meat where you get the fibres.  
(Cut off the fat from all the meat and don't use gravy).  
Two green vegetables (peas, carrots, broccoli, greens, cauliflower, cabbage, etc.)  
No bread, instead do this:  
Bake a potato. When it is done, scoop out the inside leaving about ¼ inch to the peel. Throw away the inside and put the rest back in the oven until it is dry. Eat this instead of bread without salt and no butter. It's delicious.  
Gelatin  
or  
Baked apple without sugar  
or  
Stewed fruits without sugar.  
Use no salt on anything, as there are mineral salts in most foods.

Previous articles by Sylvia in PHOTOPLAY.

FEBRUARY—General reducing diet, general building-up diet. Exercises to limber the body up and prepare it for specialized reduction. General routine for reducing fifteen pounds in one month. Also general advice to thin women for gaining fifteen pounds in a month.

MARCH—How to reduce the hips and how to keep the face from becoming flabby while reduction is going on. Diet for anemic people. How thin girls may make their bust larger and general advice on keeping fit.

APRIL—How to have plenty of pep. How to reduce the stomach. Exercises to quiet the nerves. How thin girls can enlarge their chest measure two to four inches. And a special diet for special occasions.

MAY—How to reduce the arms and legs. How to hold your shoulders up and carry yourself well. When to leave off the diet. And other good pieces of interesting advice.

JUNE—How to make the bust firm. Diet for reducing the bust. How to take off a double chin and to mold the lines of the nose. How to reduce the back, and other individual problems.

JULY—Advice to the in-between girls. Also how to take off surplus spots of flesh by Sylvia's famous manipulations. How to build up and shapen calves of the legs. How to reduce upper leg and thigh. A diet for the in-between girl. And other amazing tips.

AUGUST—Advice to office and other workers who sit all day. How to take off that "desk chair spread." What to do when you feel nervous and jumpy. How to get good, relaxing sleep at night.

SEPTEMBER—How to keep a good figure if you have one. How to take off the lump of fat from the back of the neck and how to get a firm chin. Also a grand exercise for reducing the stomach. How to tell when your figure needs toning up, and a figure-preserving diet.

OCTOBER—How to keep your hands young and beautiful. Care of the feet and special exercises for girls who stand all day. How to make the hands thin and the fingers tapering.

You may have any or all of these issues by writing PHOTOPLAY office at 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. They are twenty-five cents each.

## The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59 ]

### BREACH OF PROMISE—World Wide

IT will take more than the good performances of Mae Clarke and Chester Morris to lift this story from the ordinary. A small town kitchen slavey learns about breach of promise from her city girl friend. She tries it out on the town's shining hope for state senator. Becoming remorseful over ruining his career, she confesses perjury and takes her punishment. Not good, not bad.

### THE GIRL FROM CALGARY— First Division-Monogram

ANOTHER little girl from the wide open spaces wins an Atlantic City (is that all they do in that town?) beauty contest, gets a coveted spot in the Follies, falls into the naughty hands of a designing millionaire, but is saved by her honest press-agent. Fifi Dorsay is cute and plump as the girl. Paul Kelly, making a comeback, plays opposite. Interesting, despite the aged plot.

### OUTLAW JUSTICE—Majestic Pictures

THIS Western is just a little different. Of course, hero Jack Hoxie saves girl-friend Dorothy Gulliver from danger, but the scenario writer let him do it in a unique manner. Although there's plenty of gorgeous scenery, the action is not sacrificed to it. There is lots of excitement.

### A PARISIAN ROMANCE— Allied Pictures

LEW CODY, Marion Shilling, Gilbert Roland, Joyce Compton, Yola D'Avril, Helen Jerome Eddy and Bryant Washburn! Such a cast gives any picture, even one with a story as dull as this, some interest. Cody is a roué; Roland an artist and Marion Shilling the girl who causes the complications. You get your money's worth watching those competent troupers try to steal scenes from each other.

### ALIAS MARY SMITH— Mayfair Pictures

THIS one looks as if somebody took ten minutes off on a busy day and decided to write a scenario. Many favorites are in the cast, including John Darrow, Gwen Lee, Raymond Hatton, Henry B. Walthall, Alec B. Francis, Edmund Breese, Blanche Mehaffey and Myrtle Stedman.

### KLONDIKE—Monogram

OLD mellerdrama of the silent days, made into a talkie. And it limps from sheer old age. Villains are villains, virtue gets rewarded, and the hero is pretty good. Lyle Talbot does as well as he can with this picture, but Thelma Todd is unfortunately cast as the sweet young thing.



### OUT OF SINGAPORE— Goldsmith Prod.

BACK in the old, old days—long before talkies—you probably got a thrill out of pictures like this. It's about a villain who shanghai sailors, sinks ships, attacks innocent daughters of kind sea-captains and commits unnecessary murders. Noah Beery, Dorothy Burgess and Miriam Seegar try hard, but can't do much with the material at hand.

### THE LAST MAN—Columbia

A SHIP floats at sea like a derelict, yet when a boat overtakes it, all hands are found dead except a crazed old man, a girl and a tough young seaman. Charles Bickford, as the last man, recounts a lurid tale of mutiny at sea. Dramatic moments and good acting, but the story drags. Constance Cummings is charming.

### STRANGE JUSTICE—RKO-Radio

TOO bad. Here's excellent directing and actors who cannot be bettered. Richard Bennett, Norman Foster, Marian Marsh (who does her best to date), Reginald Denny and Irving Pichel. Yet the story is over-dramatic and never once rings true. It's about a Broadway play boy, a hat check girl and a chauffeur.

### THE BIG STAMPEDE—Warners

CATTLE rustlers, deputy sheriffs, brave heroes and all the other typical Western characters are so well played that this is a better-than-average movie of this type. John Wayne, Noah Beery and Luis Alberni are in the cast.

### EXPOSURE—Tower Prod.

A GOOD cast. Lila Lee, Walter Byron, Tully Marshall, Mary Doran, Bryant Washburn, Pat O'Malley. But a weak story. This lags way behind those top-notch columnist stories that you have been seeing. The peep-hole writer builds his newspaper circulation on scandal and then tosses it all over to save the family of his deadliest enemy from disgrace.

### MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM— Carl Froelich Prod.

THIS German language film (with English subtitles) was acclaimed in Europe. And with reason. A moving and sensitive story about a fourteen-year-old girl who enters a school for daughters of officers, and the effect of the rigid discipline and repression on her emotional life. As the one understanding and loving teacher, Dorothea Wieck gives a tender and beautiful performance, and the direction by Leontine Sagan is flawless.

### PHANTOM EXPRESS—Majestic

MYSTERY thrillers are riding the rails now! A railroad is being forced to sell out to a syndicate because four of its crack trains have been mysteriously wrecked by a "Phantom" train speeding toward them in the dark. Old time melodrama, but exciting. Buster Collier, Sally Blane and J. Farrell MacDonald try hard to make the story convincing.

## Picture Puzzle Contest Entries

The deadline for solutions in the contest which ended in the October issue is Oct. 20. Be sure your solution is submitted in time. Winners will be announced in the Feb. 1933 issue.

## THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN DEMAND

# BON TON

# FOUNDATIONS



The Bon Ton pictured is designed for medium normal figures . . . . No matter what your figure type may be . . . . No matter what style foundation garment you prefer . . . . there is a Bon Ton especially designed for you . . . . . Prices are from \$1 to \$15 . . . . . Bon Ton Bandeaux are priced from 50 cents up.

**BON TON No. 5516E**  
*Side Hooking Girdle*  
Beautifully made of lovely figured batiste trimmed with crepe de chine embroidered applique. Hand loom elastic in front Gores, Side Panels and Special Bandlet at top of back.  
At Your Dealer . . . \$5

ROYAL WORCESTER CORSET COMPANY

New York      Chicago      San Francisco      London, England



## Blonde marries millionaire

A REAL love match! He couldn't help falling in love with her. Such thrilling golden hair would captivate any man! Her secret? . . . Blondex, the powdery shampoo for blondes only. Light hair need never become old, faded, stringy, if you use Blondex regularly. Brings back deep, natural golden gleam—vivid sparkle—caressable softness. Not a dye. Contains no injurious chemicals. No fuss—no bother to use. Blondex bubbles instantly into a rich, frothy, searching foam that reaches down to the hair roots. For blonde hair beauty men can't resist—start using Blondex today. At all drug and department stores.



## Moles

### HOW TO REMOVE THEM

A simple, home treatment—25 years success in my practice. Moles dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.

WM. DAVIS, M. D., 124-D Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

## GET "COAST TO COAST"



Volotone Super-tuner brings dozens of new stations. Sharpens tuning. Easy attached. Write Imperial Lab., 9996 Candler Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., for Sample Unit Offer.

## What \$2.50 Will Bring You

In twelve numbers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, hundreds of pictures of photoplayers and illustrations of their work and pastime.

Scores of interesting articles about the people you see on the screen.

Splendidly written short stories, some of which you will see acted at your moving picture theater.

Brief reviews of current pictures with full casts of stars playing.

The *truth* and nothing but the *truth*, about motion pictures, the stars, and the industry.

You have read this issue of Photo-play, so there is no necessity for telling you that it is one of the most superbly illustrated, the best written and most attractively printed magazines published today—and alone in its field of motion pictures.

Send a money order or check for \$2.50  
[Canada \$3.50; Foreign \$3.50]  
addressed to

**PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE**  
Dept. H-11, 919 No. Michigan Av., CHICAGO

and receive the next issue and eleven issues thereafter.



# FAT GIRLS

NEVER WIN THE  
MEN THEY LOVE!



Fat women must take "the leavings" when it comes to choosing sweethearts and husbands. After all, you can't blame any man for preferring a winsome, slender girl!

Start to-day and get rid of ugly fat—the SAFE way—the HEALTHY way with a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast. Kruschen is a splendid blend of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland and body organ to function properly and throw off poisons and waste accumulations.

Surplus fat gradually leaves until weight is restored to NORMAL. And what glorious good health you'll enjoy—more energy, too. Many women hasten results by going lighter on potatoes, pastries and fatty meats.

Mrs. J. Gipe of Willow Hill, Pa. reduced 43 lbs. in 3 months with Kruschen—she's overjoyed!

An 85c bottle (lasts 4 weeks) is sold by leading drugstores the world over.

Write for a copy of "How to Lose Fat Without Injuring Health." Dept. H. E. Griffiths Hughes Inc., Rochester, N. Y.

## KRUSCHEN SALTS



## "My Clear White Skin Captured Him!"

MEN who instantly shy away from girls with dull, dark skin are irresistibly drawn to smooth, white beauty. A hint for you! For this new discovery, Golden Peacock Bleach Cream, whitens the most roughened, muddy complexion one shade a night—or your money back! Quickly banishes freckles, blackheads, pimples, blotches—safely. Golden Peacock acts so fast—you use so little—it's more economical than all other bleaches that work. Try a jar to-day. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.



# Winners of Photoplay's Second Treasure Hunt

HUNTING blackface words throughout the pages of PHOTOPLAY Magazine is popular, judging from the avalanche of letters submitted in the second Treasure Hunt Contest, announced in the August issue. The first, in the April issue, introduced PHOTOPLAY readers to this interesting contest, and brought such a tremendous response from all parts of the United States and from foreign countries, too, that the judges had quite a task in reading and sorting all the solutions, and selecting the winners.

And the response in the second contest was even greater. Within a few days

after the August issue of PHOTOPLAY was placed in the mails and put on sale at newsstands everywhere, replies started coming in. And kept coming in a steady stream right up to the deadline, midnight September 5.

Remembering their experience in the first contest, the judges were ready for stack after stack of solutions, and started their work immediately after the close of the contest.

And here are the names of the winning contestants—and the amounts they were awarded—of the August Treasure Hunt:

### First Prize \$200

MRS. HOWARD K. ROWE  
175 Allerton Road, Newton Highlands, Mass.

### Second Prize \$100

E. C. RUHAAK  
3907 E. 39th St., Kansas City, Mo.

### Third Prize \$50

MRS. EDWARD LORTZ  
841 E. Chestnut St., Louisville, Ky.

### Five Dollar Prizes

MISS JESSIE R. DASHNER  
1844 S. Second St., Springfield, Ill.

MISS ALTHEA HUFF  
11 Mechanic St., Saco, Maine

MISS RUTH C. MAXWELL  
22 Jones St., Montgomery, Ala.

VIVIAN SLATON  
6210 First Avenue North, Birmingham, Ala.

MARVIN B. MULOCK  
948 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITH H. GODDARD  
1436 Elizabeth St., Denver, Colo.

MILDRED SCHMIDT  
4958 N. Kildare Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MARGARET E. PADDOCK  
Greenwood, Ind.

MINNIE A. VERNIER  
Liberty, Ind.

ALICE E. JOHNSON  
Bonaparte, Iowa

MRS. JOHN C. WALKER  
501 Arch St., Leavenworth, Kan.

MRS. J. ROBERT PERRY  
544 E. Main St., New Iberia, La.

MISS FANNIE TERRELL  
1308 Ryan St., Lake Charles, La.

MRS. C. H. MARTIN  
Box 432, Ferriday, La.

MRS. ELSIE CHASE  
Algonquin Manor, Cambridge, Md.

MRS. ALICE E. JAMES  
28 Evergreen St., Framingham, Mass.

MRS. CLIFFORD SUMMERVILLE  
Apt. 15, 1303 Delaware Ave., Detroit, Mich.

MRS. MOLLIE COLLETT  
307 S. Franklin St., Greenville, Mich.

MARIE GREGORY  
1801 Girard Ave., South, Minneapolis, Minn.

MAUDE G. LEDBETTER  
821 La Branch St., McComb, Miss.

MRS. A. E. SAUMS  
Jackson, Miss.

EILEEN FOLEY  
4535 Olive St., Kansas City, Mo.

MRS. E. J. CUSIC  
232 W. Emma St., Slater, Mo.

MRS. C. R. MCCLURE  
Pawnee City, Nebr.

NOEL AUSTIN  
c/o Ellsworth, 85 Van Reypen St., Shelbourne,  
N-I-D, Jersey City, N. J.

EDNA SCHENCK  
Elm Place, Woodcliff Lake, N. J.

MRS. E. M. PAVER  
310 Helen St., Cincinnati, Ohio

MARJORIE CHICK  
607 Moulton Place, Portsmouth, Ohio

MISS FRANCES TORMEY  
608 E. Gorham St., Madison, Wis.

A. E. CUTHBERT  
1708 Louis Ave., Windsor, Ontario, Canada



# Short Subjects of the Month



We've shown you photos of so many human comedians that we thought it about time a couple of grand actors like these two got a break. These fellows—you recognize your old friend Pete—do a lot to make Hal Roach's "Our Gang" comedies entertaining

## COUNTY HOSPITAL *Hal Roach Comedy*

"You bring me hard boiled eggs and nuts!" accuses Mr. Hardy as his broken leg swings in a cast above the hospital bed. Mr. Laurel looks abashed while he eats his sickbed offering and plucks at the counterpane. Another goofy comedy by this mad team with a hair-raising ride as climax.

## SEEING THE U. S. BY STATES *Picture Classics*

This is the first of a series of short subjects which should be grand entertainment as well as educational. Instead of taking a camera journey to foreign shores, you are introduced to the United States. This one, about Georgia, shows big cities as well as small towns. Watch for these novelties—they're good.

## THE BIRD STORE *Silly Symphony-Columbia*

Such twitterings and tweetings as go on in this gay bird store of Walt Disney's! There's a strong social line drawn between the differently priced birds, too. But all unite to save one small straying bird from the claws of a marauding cat. Rollicking tunes.

## BRING 'EM BACK HALF SHOT *RKO-Radio*

The animated cartoonist has turned in a very funny travesty on Frank Buck's famous "Bring 'Em Back Alive." You'll get a real chuckle out of this one, which opens up a whole new field for the pen and ink comedies.

## MICKEY'S REVUE *Walt Disney-Columbia*

Mickey's giving a small town musical revue this time—and don't miss it! Musical instruments range from ash cans to wash tubs—and the syncopation, is it hot! We don't have to tell you that it's fun.

## THE TRANS-ATLANTIC MYSTERY *Vitaphone*

Another of those exceptionally well done and complicated short mystery dramas of S. S. Van Dine in which two murders take place on board a ship which also carries a gang of jewel thieves. This is worth fifteen minutes of anybody's time.

## NIAGARA FALLS *RKO-Pathé*

June McCloy's nice, huskily sung ditties save this from being just another comedy. The good old plot of three girls trying to evade the irate landlady while they find work, is dusted off again. Gertrude Short and Marion Shilling complete the trio. Only mildly amusing.

## WAR BABIES *Educational*

The first of a series of miniature burlesques in which the child actors take the adult troupers for a comedy ride. This one is a travesty on the "Cock-eyed World" type of picture and is a sprightly little piece. Grown-ups will like it as well as kids.

## TEE FOR TWO *Vitaphone*

Unlike so many of the musical shorts, this has a bit of comedy plot with Franklin Pangborn indulging in his usual side-splitting antics—this time on a golf course. The singing and dancing is good, too. Plenty of entertainment here.

## BERLIN TODAY *Vitaphone*

If you want to know how German police dogs are trained, here's your chance—but don't expect your own Rover to behave so well as these fellows. This is an entertaining ten minutes that takes you through the German metropolis.

## I Was Ashamed of My Poor Hands

.. So Chapped ..  
Rough and Ugly



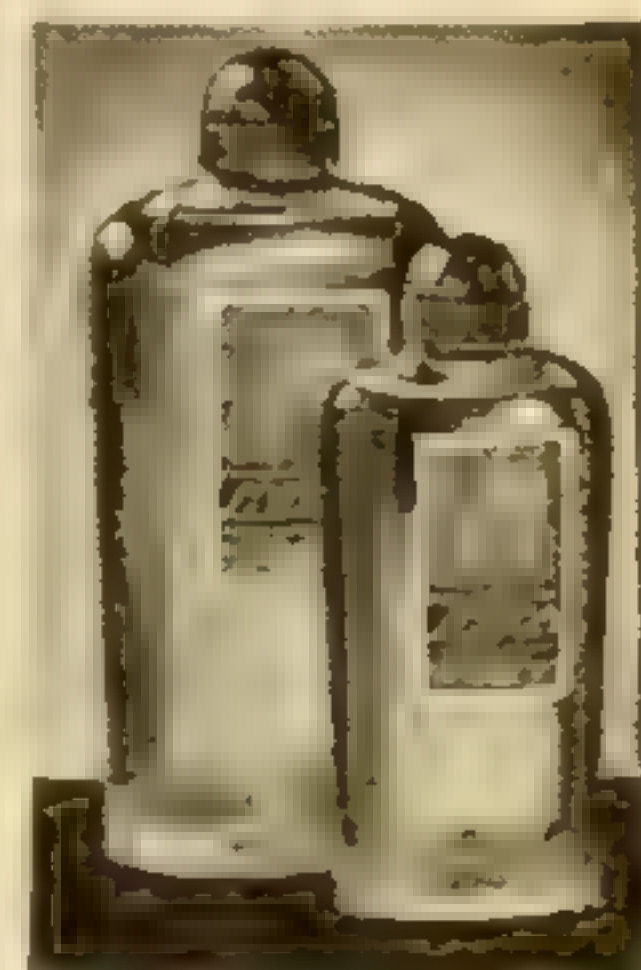
## Everything Failed Until I Discovered This Utterly New Type Lotion

"I WAS embarrassed to death when anyone glanced at my miserable-looking hands. But how proudly I show them now!"

Your hands can be lovelier, too, if you use this new kind of lotion—so different from ordinary preparations. Called Chamberlain's Lotion, it contains 13 different, imported oils, each for a specific purpose. One clears and whitens red, discolored hands—removes even fruit, vegetable, nicotine stains. Another, antiseptic, brings quick, soothing relief from chaf, soreness, windburn and annoying skin irritations. Still another refines coarse pores, revives dried-out skin (the forerunner of wrinkles, lines), and softens skin texture so wonderfully even callouses disappear. The most abused hands become revitalized and *naturally lovelier*—velvety-smooth and years younger-looking.

Tests prove Chamberlain's Lotion is absorbed in 37 seconds! No waiting to dry—no stickiness—no bothersome massage of gummy lotions that must be rubbed in.

Try Chamberlain's Lotion. Prove in 7 days you can gain appealingly soft, white hands—recapture youthful skin bloom—or money back. Ideal as a powder base. Delightfully fragrant. Two sizes—at all drug and department stores.



Chamberlain Laboratories, Des Moines, Iowa

**Chamberlain's**  
The 37 Second  
Beauty Treatment *LOTION*





## The Master's Touch MAKES it a COCKTAIL

**H**ELP yourself to a long drink of original College Inn Tomato Cocktail. Taste it—then you'll know why it's called tomato cocktail—more than mere tomato juice. It's carefully, delicately seasoned to provide a flavor unmatched, *unequalled* anywhere. There's no more reason to drink unseasoned tomato juice than to eat unseasoned salads or meats.

Only College Inn gives you masterful tomato cocktail blending—all the glory of whole tomatoes *plus* the Master's touch.

Insist upon Original College Inn Tomato Cocktail and you'll enjoy a better tomato drink.

# College Inn

THE ORIGINAL  
TOMATO JUICE  
COCKTAIL

COLLEGE INN FOOD PRODUCTS CO.  
Hotel Sherman, Chicago • 415 Greenwich St., New York

## "Youth Hasn't Changed"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48 ]

But because I was fortunate enough to shape my life so that I could use one of the talents, one of the gifts, which had come to me from—I don't know where, but from some great power outside myself.

We all have those gifts. They are that divine heritage of which we must be conscious. Only we mustn't be so lazy about it. We must use it, dig it out, think it out.

**I** BELIEVE sincerely and completely that your body is the instrument of your mind, and that your life is the instrument of your soul. Use them—don't let them use you. Get to work. Make your body do what you want it to do and your life be what you want it to be. The divine gift is there, but it's no more use if you don't use it than a bottle of perfume you got for Christmas if you don't open it.

The glorious doors of the past, always open to us through books, prove that at least half the really great men of this world were born in poverty, grew up without education or training. Charles Dickens was an abjectly poor boy. But he used his genius to make life easier for other children.

Abraham Lincoln grew up in dire and tragic circumstances, but he used his gifts and he made his homeliness beloved.

To me, the essential thing with youth is to be ready—but never to force. To set a good example, without talking too much about it. To prove by your own living that the things you tell them bring happiness. The desire of all young hearts is for happiness—for love—for joy. All other traits are educated, are the result of development. If a child sees that those about him are not happy, that they don't bring happiness into the lives of others, then he's bound to think that he doesn't particularly want to follow their theories. That makes sense, doesn't it?

Leave children free to choose for themselves. God made us the gift of free will—of choice. Why can't we pass that on to our children? Let them choose their own work, their own mates. They'll come out all right. They have a divine instinct which will guide and help them. And often pressure put upon them forces them to demonstrate their own independence by doing something that they don't want to do at all.

Make them love you—and through that love accept such help as you can give them. And show them early that self-discipline is a magnificent help in getting what you want from life. Self-control is essential to achievement—and they'll soon see it.

You may think that I am speaking without the experience of motherhood, but you will be wrong. Physical motherhood isn't the only one by a long ways. I sometimes wonder if God fails to send children to some women so that they may be free to mother the motherless. It has been a great blessing to me—the opportunity to mother those who needed it and didn't have it. You'd be surprised how many grown-ups still need mothering. It has been my great compensation.

**C**OMPENSATION is one of the things we learn about as we grow older and about which youth knows nothing. The eternal and beautiful law of compensation. The fullness of life that gives so liberally that even when we lose or are denied things, there are other things to take their place.

But as there is nothing unforgivable to youth, there is much that is unforgivable to us older ones. Experience has taught us. Life has shown us the way. We have had a chance to get our sense of values and to know what life means. It is an obligation upon us to be gracious, to be serene, to be joyous. It is an

obligation upon us to use the results of all that we have gone through.

As I drove to the studio the other morning, I made an attempt to straighten out definitely in my mind the things that I admire and the things that are worth while in people—for people are after all the most important thing in life to those of us who live in the world.

There are so many things which the world thinks important, which do not seem so to me any more.

And it has been said often that a chain is only as strong as its weakest link. But I have made up my mind that sometimes it is as strong as its strongest link. A person may measure up to the finest thing in him as often as he falls to the lowest thing in him. It is our business always to see and to expect that it is the strongest link which will hold and not the weakest link which will break.

The attribute of human nature that I admire most is kindness.

**O**H, what a lot of things rush into my head under that one word.

Kindness and what it means. To cheer others on their way. To overlook faults. To put aside prejudices. To remember always to give real appreciation and real praise where and when it is due. To protect others from humiliation. To meet all without jealousy or envy or rancor. To think and expect the best of everyone.

Kindness—which will make beautiful even needed rebuke, which will enable you to stand for principle when you need to do so without hurting anyone.

The kindness which is courtesy and which makes the world such a pleasant place to live in.

Do you know what is my greatest pleasure in life? To know that I am loved by those with whom I come in daily contact. To walk around my studio lots and to be met with smiles. To see faces light up when I pass. To feel that when I come on the set they are all glad to see me. To be given each day the courtesy and affection of those I meet.

I may say all that without vanity, because I tell you that my gratitude for it is deep and humble. It is a gift to me from love. And my heart is filled with appreciation for it.

There is nothing from my long experience which I can pass on to you today that is more valuable than to tell you how wonderful it is to have those about you fond of you and loyal to you and glad to be with you. Nothing. No investment you can make, no success, no worldly place nor any of the things that money can buy you will give you the real joy of living that comes from being loved.

And nothing will so lift the world above darkness and despair, nothing will leaven the lump and bring gladness, as will ordinary, everyday kindness, to be shared by all. If we all began just to be kind, to speak kindly, to think kindly—why, it would be like the coming of spring to a garden. What that would do for the world!

**N**EXT, come loyalty and courage. For strangely enough, neither is worth much without the other.

Those are the aggressive characteristics of life. Courage to face all things without faltering and to know that you can get up on your feet, maybe with your knees scarred, but with your ability to walk intact. Courage not to sell out, not to prostitute yourself nor your talents.

You all know what loyalty is and how important it is to a fine character. You cannot know love nor friendship, those two great gifts, unless you yourself possess loyalty.



And tolerance. Down through the ages, intolerance has been the curse of mankind. It has wrecked kingdoms, cost lives, prevented progress. It destroys peace and happiness everywhere it touches.

Yet it goes on. We say, "If you don't think as I do, you must be wrong. If you don't believe as I do, I will punish you if I can. All that is right is contained in and included in what I think—and if you disagree with me I will use force, if I can, to make you conform to my beliefs."

Tolerance includes understanding. For if you understand all people, you will be tolerant of them. How little we know about those we criticize.

How little we understand about what has made a man or woman what they are, about the forces that have beaten upon them, about the temptations that have beset them.

If we understand, if we can get into the other fellow's shoes mentally, we will always be tolerant.

The older I grow, the more I find that the thing I dislike most, and of which it is most difficult for me to be tolerant, is pretense.

Pretense is silly and useless and tiresome.

I have never known a pretentious person who was attractive.

**D**ON'T pretend. Be yourself—in everything. And if you don't like that self, improve it. But don't pretend to be what you're not, to know what you don't, to believe what you don't understand. Pretense robs us of the opportunity to learn.

Yes, life is a grand adventure. The days are full of new things to learn, of books to read, of friends to love, of a chance to get closer to God.

I have been sad. I have been wounded. I have been defeated.

But I thank God with all my heart that I have never been bored. I have always wanted to see the next sunrise. I have always been glad of the chance to live—of that great, supreme gift of living, of being part of the game, of being in the forefront of the battle even when I was losing it.



Keystone

Greetings, little Renee, you've been away from the screen much too long. Hollywood welcomed Renee Adoree with open arms—and large bunches of flowers—when she returned from two years in an Arizona sanatorium. In a couple of months—when she gets over her "sea legs"—she'll be back at work in the studios again



## Her Nervous Prostration

**D**O you know her . . . this poor woman who wakes up as tired as she went to bed?

Her head is still aching . . . her nerves are ragged . . . she's on the verge of tears as she faces another day of work.

How many young women are fast approaching a nervous breakdown because they let suffering due to female weakness rob them of their strength and health.

Nature did not mean women to suffer

so cruelly. If they would only try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound! It has befriended women against their "peculiar" troubles for over 50 years.

It brings soothing, comforting relief . . . gently corrects through its strengthening tonic action.

Give it at least *one chance* to help you. Get a bottle from your nearest druggist today. Or, try it in the new, convenient tablet form.

*Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablet Form*



# HOLLYWOOD STARS

The screen's greatest celebrities have honored Hotel Sherman.

- Vilma Banky
- Ethel Barrymore
- Maurice Chevalier
- Ronald Colman
- Lili Damita
- Dolores Del Rio
- Fifi Dorsay
- Douglas Fairbanks
- John Gilbert
- Rod La Rocque
- Beatrice Lillie
- Edmund Lowe
- Dorothy Mackaill
- Victor McLaglen
- Mary Pickford
- Will Rogers
- Gloria Swanson
- Constance Talmadge
- Lupe Velez

find luxurious comfort and hospitality unsurpassed at Hotel Sherman

1700 ROOMS  
1700 BATHS  
FROM \$3.



HOME OF THE COLLEGE INN

## HOTEL SHERMAN CHICAGO





**Indera**  
**FIGURFIT**

**SLIPS**  
*keep cold out  
warmth in*

No need to dread the bitter, cold days of winter—not if you're wearing an Indera Figurfit Knit Slip.

For Indera is knitted by a special process that keeps cold out and warmth in.

Knitted, too, to lie without a wrinkle underneath your smartest frock. They simply cannot crawl around your hips or bunch between your knees. And the patented STA-UP shoulder straps stay up, always.

Easy to launder. No ironing necessary.

Ask your favorite store to show you Indera Slips in wool, wool and cotton, wool and rayon—in a variety of fast colors. For women, misses, children. Send for free style folder No. 312 in color.

**INDERA MILLS CO.**  
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Don't suffer from  
**HAIR AND SCALP TROUBLES**

**FREE HAIR ANALYSIS!**

Enjoy normal, healthy, lustrous hair! Let us tell you how to correct your oily hair—dry hair—dandruff—falling hair—graying hair—scalp troubles—dead-looking colorless hair. We learn the cause of your hair and scalp troubles by photographing and testing of hair under a microscope. **FREE** personal instructions to fit your own case. Thousands men and women already benefited. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**MAIL COUPON** for **FREE** Hair Analysis and instructions for home treatment. Just send small strand of hair (clipping or combing) and check hair disorder. Absolutely free. No c. o. d. charges. Send no money.

**VELVETINA LABORATORIES, Dept. 1-23, Omaha, Nebr.**

Check hair disorders—send clipping or combing of hair with coupon.

☐ Dandruff ☐ Dry Hair ☐ Oily Hair ☐ Eczema  
☐ Baldness ☐ Falling Hair ☐ Graying Hair

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....



**Your Form**  
**Beautifully Developed**

IS FASHION'S DECREE—a full, rounded form of feminine grace and charm. If you are flat-chested and unattractive, investigate the National Developer. Sold for sixteen years—praised by hundreds. Write for booklet, "BEAUTY CURVES DEVELOPED," sent **FREE**—no obligation.

**THE OLIVE COMPANY**  
Dept. P Manitou, Colo.

**SUBSCRIBE FOR**  
**PHOTOPLAY**

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; \$3.50 Canada; \$3.50 to foreign countries. Remittance should be made by check, or postal or express money order.

**PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE**  
919 Michigan Avenue CHICAGO, ILL.

**WONDER**  
**FEATURE-LIFTING MASK**

A new creation by a famous beauty expert—the Wonder Feature-lifting Mask makes facial surgery unnecessary. Young and old are overjoyed by astonishing improvement. Especially effective in correcting facial blemishes. Introductory price for limited time only **FIVE DOLLARS!** Postpaid, with full directions.

**LADY DAINTY CO., Main St., Peru, Ind.**

## Screen Memories From Photoplay

### 15 Years Ago

DO you remember Irene Castle? Sure, you do, but maybe what you have forgotten is that it was Irene who introduced bobbed hair—in those days called the Castle clip. And fifteen years ago she was such an important screen star that PHOTOPLAY gave her a story that covered three pages. Now, retired from the screen, she spends her time gathering up homeless dogs and cats and providing for them right royally.

My, my, how times change. Here's a page of pictures, one showing the home life of Mary Pickford and Owen Moore, and another of Mae Murray and her director, Bob Leonard, who was soon to become her husband. But here's one thing that doesn't change. Frances Marion, the scenario writing dynamo, was known then as "the highest paid woman scenarist in pictures." She is still that and still turning out grand film stories.



Irene  
Castle

One of the biggest stars of the day was William Farnum. "The Spoilers" had set him on top and he was still there. But during the years Bill was forgotten. He has just been re-discovered by his friend Doug Fairbanks, and you'll catch an interesting glimpse of him in Doug's new picture, "Mr. Robinson Crusoe."

Mae Murray was the girl on the cover, and those who graced the gallery were Mary Fuller, Mabel Taliaferro, Virginia Pearson and Anna Q. Nilsson.

In the "Shadow Stage" department some of the pictures reviewed were "Jack and the Beanstalk," Norma Talmadge in "The Moth," Florence LaBadie in "War and Women," Dustin Farnum in "The Spy" and Doug Fairbanks in "Down to Earth."

Cal York item: Marion Davies, musical comedy star, makes her motion picture debut in "Runaway Romany."

### 10 Years Ago

TEN years ago we asked the question, "Who Is the Most Popular Girl in Hollywood," and then answered—"Bebe Daniels," going on to point out that not only was she the most sought after of her own social set, but she was head girl with every studio worker, as well. That was ten years ago and yet I believe that if a popularity vote were taken today, Bebe's name would still be close to the top. Her Sunday buffet suppers draw hundreds of filmdom's notables.

Bebe was beamed around by a score or more of young men, and now, as Mrs. Ben Lyon, she is one of Hollywood's favorite hostesses.

We ran a couple of pages of pictures of film couples who were "keeping steady company." Of the five couples only two married each other. Colleen Moore and John McCormick, Helen Ferguson and William Russell, did—but Betty Compson and Walter Morosco, Eddie Sutherland and May McAvoy, Bebe Daniels and Harold Lloyd, didn't. They all married



Bebe  
Daniels

somebody else. New Hollywood romances flourish every day.

By far the most sensational star was Pola Negri, and those that say Garbo started the vogue for glamour are wrong. Pola was one of the first foreign stars. She put on an act that would make Garbo blush for shame. She had Hollywood as much on its ear ten years ago as Garbo has today.

Colleen Moore appeared on the cover, while lovely Barbara Lamar, Anna Q. Nilsson, Gloria Swanson, Jack Holt, Milton Sills,

Norma Talmadge and Lila Lee were in the gallery.

The six best pictures were "Timothy's Quest," "Love Is an Awful Thing," "Remembrance," Marion Davies in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," Lew Cody in "The Valley of Silent Men," and Leatrice Joy in "Manslaughter."

Cal York items: Mabel Normand returned from Paris with a lot of new frocks. . . . Bill Hart is the father of a nine-pound boy.

### 5 Years Ago

FIVE years ago the fad was youth, the cry of the producers was for youth—just as today glamour is the word. Charming young faces were being snapped up by all the studios, and among those for whom we predicted sensational futures were Charlie Farrell, Janet Gaynor, Buddy Rogers, Dolores Del Rio, Gary Cooper, Thelma Todd and Dick Arlen. Those were pretty good prophecies, yes?

The most vivid personality of five years ago was Maria Corda, the Hungarian beauty who created such a stir in "Helen of Troy." She had her little day of glory and then—pfft!—her light was out.

An eminent psychologist asked the question, "Why Can't They Stay Married?" He meant picture stars, of course, and here's how he answered that query, "After the glamour and romance of the honeymoon fades away the actor, with his innate habit of pretending, can't face the realities of life." Those words are as



Doug  
Fairbanks, Jr.

true today as they were then.

Just by way of comment we ran a little item which read, "Doug Fairbanks Jr. thinks John Barrymore a great actor and expresses his admiration by letting his hair grow long over his collar." Remember when everybody wondered why Doug didn't get a hair cut? Now look at him—close cropped and smart as a fashion-plate in his English clothes. Jetta Goudal was the girl on the cover. Clara Bow, Emil Jannings, Gloria Swanson, Ronald Colman, Renee Adoree and George Bancroft were in the gallery.

The six best pictures were Lillian Gish in "The Wind," Garbo and Gilbert in "Love," Norma Shearer and Ramon Novarro in "The Student Prince," "Rose of the Golden West," "Two Arabian Knights" and "Mile-a-minute Love" with Reginald Denny.

Cal York item: Gloria Swanson denies that she and the Marquis are to be divorced.



# Rules of \$1,000 Gag Idea Contest

See Page 60

1. Every Gag Idea must be written in 500 words or less on one side of a sheet of paper, and mailed in a post-paid envelope to:

Movie Crazy Contest Editor,

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,

221 West 57th Street, New York City.

2. Gag Ideas will be read, prior to award of prizes, only by the Judges of the Contest and persons employed by them for that purpose. No gag ideas will be returned at the conclusion of the Contest. Those that do not win prizes will be destroyed.

3. Each and every Gag Idea must be signed with the full name of the person submitting the same and must be accompanied by the coupon or a copy of the coupon which appears on this page, personally signed by the contestant in his or her own handwriting, together with his or her full address, in which the contestant agrees to the conditions set forth therein and herein. These rules and the coupon should be read carefully by contestants before submission.

4. Everyone, whether a subscriber or a reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine or not, may enter this Contest, except persons in any way connected with PHOTOPLAY Magazine or Harold Lloyd Corporation or Paramount-Publix Corp., their relatives or members of their households, or anyone actively employed in the production department of any other motion-picture company.

5. The Board of Judges shall consist of Harold Lloyd, and selected members of PHOTOPLAY's editorial staff. The decision of the Judges shall be final.

6. The prizes to be awarded shall be as follows:

First Prize.....	\$250.00
Second Prize.....	\$100.00
Third Prize.....	\$ 50.00
Four Prizes of \$25 each.....	\$100.00
One Hundred Prizes of \$5 each..	\$500.00

In case of a tie for any of the prizes offered, the full amount of the prize tied for will be awarded each tying contestant.

7. Harold Lloyd Corporation will donate the prizes which PHOTOPLAY Magazine will pay for the winning Gag Ideas and will be entitled to full and complete rights for their use in motion-picture productions and for any and all other purposes. Harold Lloyd Corporation may use the winning Gag Ideas in whole or in part, alter the same, and require the execu-

tion of any papers by the successful contestants which, before payment, it deems necessary or expedient.

8. There is always danger that contestants may become so convinced of the merit or originality of their own suggestions or ideas that they are suspicious when they see something approximating theirs which may come from another source. To avoid all questions of this sort or of any other character whatsoever, all contestants must submit and will be deemed to have submitted their Gag Ideas upon the distinct agreement and understanding that neither PHOTOPLAY Magazine nor Harold Lloyd Corporation nor Paramount-Publix Corp., shall be liable in any way save to pay such prizes as may be awarded and that said PHOTOPLAY Magazine and Harold Lloyd Corporation and Paramount-Publix Corp., are released from any and all liability for any cause or reason by each contestant.

9. Every effort will be made by the Judges to make this Contest fair and to conduct it in strict accordance with the Rules of the Contest.

10. Harold Lloyd Corporation shall not be bound to use any of the Gag Ideas even if they win prizes. All copyrightable matter and all rights therein, including the copyright and the right to secure and renew the same, shall be the property of Harold Lloyd Corporation.

11. Gag Ideas expressed in exactly the same language or slight variations of the same language, which would seem to indicate collusion between different individuals, shall not be submitted, although any one person may submit Gag Ideas based upon the same central ideas but having different treatments.

12. No profane, immoral, libelous or copyrighted matter shall be submitted.

13. Facility of writing and style of expression are not necessary to the winning of the prizes, but the clearness and specific quality of the Gag Idea will be considered.

14. Any single individual may submit any number of Gag Ideas.

15. The contest will close at midnight, November 15th, 1932. No ideas received after that date will be considered by the judges and no responsibility in the matter of mail delays or loss will rest with PHOTOPLAY Magazine. Gag Ideas may be sent in at any time after the 15th of August, when the September issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine appears on the newsstands.

## IMPORTANT

This Coupon or copy of this Coupon must accompany each Gag Idea

In submitting the accompanying Gag Idea as a contestant for the cash prizes offered by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, I agree to all of the terms and conditions contained in the "Rules of the Contest" as published in said magazine, which terms and conditions I acknowledge I have read, and in consideration of the conduct of said Contest and of my Gag Idea being examined and considered in said Contest, I hereby release said PHOTOPLAY Magazine, PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co., Harold Lloyd Corporation and Paramount-Publix Corp., from any and all claims or liability, present or future, by reason of any use or asserted use thereof, in whole or in part, in any form or manner, by any of them, except from payment of a prize if awarded to me.

I state that the development of this Gag Idea is wholly original with me.

I hereby grant and assign this Gag Idea and all of my rights of every nature therein throughout the world to the PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co., and Harold Lloyd Corporation, together with the exclusive right to use same in any form or manner, and the right to adapt, add to or subtract therefrom, without any compensation to me or my legal representatives, save for one of such prizes if awarded to me, pursuant to the "Rules of the Contest."

.....L. S.

.....Address

## CORNS

RELIEF in ONE Minute!



### Quickly Removes Corns!

You get relief from corns, sore toes, bunions and callouses the instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These thin, soothing, healing, protective pads remove the cause—shoe pressure. They prevent blisters and immediately end all discomfort from new or tight shoes. Always keep a box handy for the perfect comfort they insure.

### Don't cut your Corns

and risk infection; or use caustic liquids or plasters—they often cause acid burn. BE SAFE!

Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the Pink Medicated Disks, included at no extra cost, to quickly remove corns and callouses. At drug and shoe stores. Made by the makers of Dr. Scholl's Arch

Supports and Foot Remedies for all foot troubles.

← Soothing, healing PAD ends pain and cause—shoe pressure.

← Medicated DISK quickly loosens and removes corns and callouses.

## Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!



## WHISPERED Great Complexion Secret!

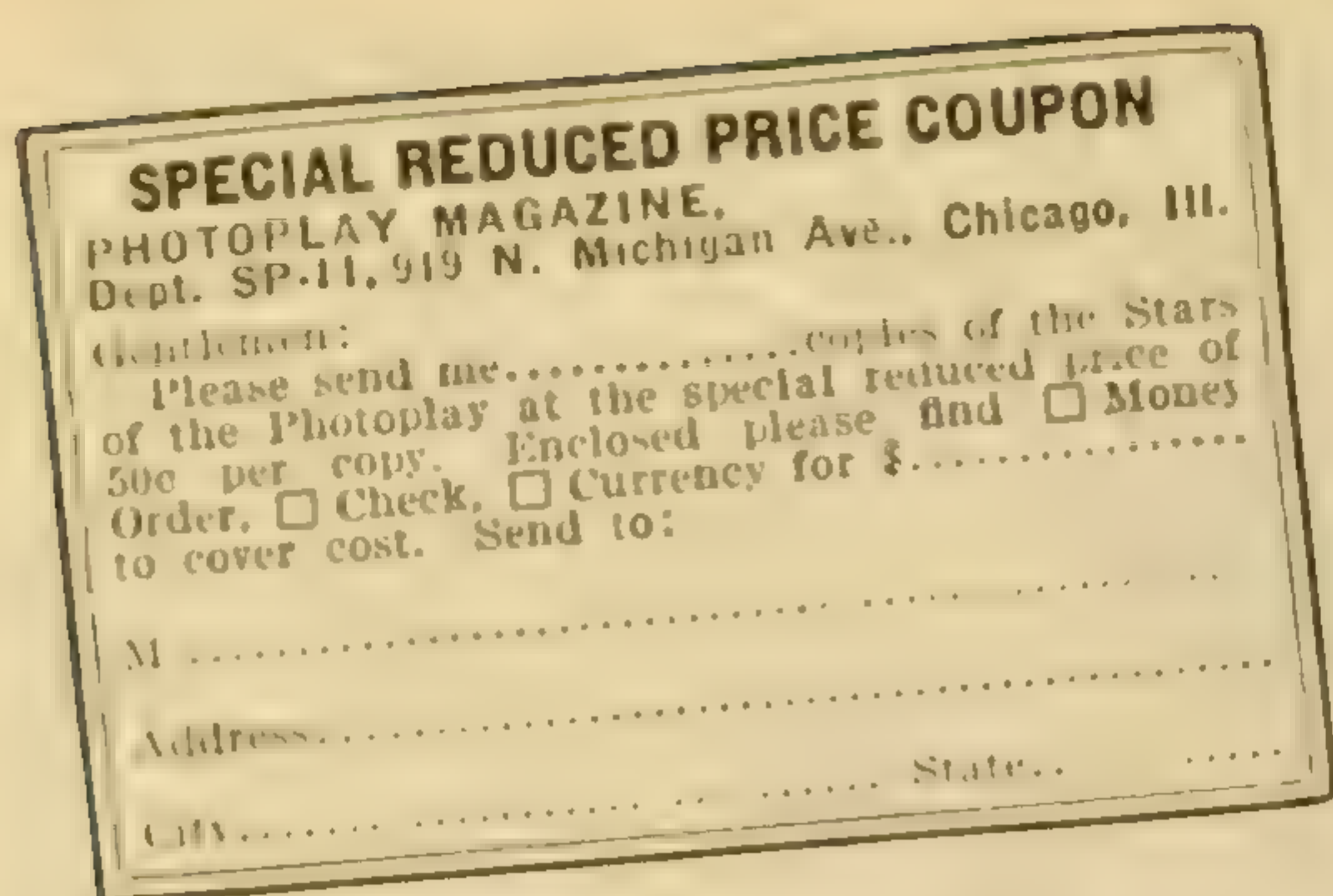
To her friend she confessed the secret of her flawless clear white skin. Long ago she learned that no cosmetic would hide blotches, pimples or sallowness. She found the secret of real complexion beauty in NR Tablets (Nature's Remedy). They cleansed and cleared the eliminative tract—corrected sluggish bowel action—drove out the poisonous wastes. She felt better, too, full of pep, tingling with vitality. Try this mild, safe, dependable, all-vegetable corrective tonight. See your complexion improve, see headaches, dullness vanish. At all druggists—only 25c.

**FREE!** Beautiful 1933 Calendar-Thermometer—samples NR and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to A. H. LEWIS CO. Desk 55-G St. Louis, Missouri

**NR TO-NIGHT**  
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

**"TUMS"** Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.





# THIS COUPON will entitle you to "STARS of the PHOTOPLAY" AT THE SPECIAL REDUCED PRICE— NOW ONLY **50c**

Thousands of copies of this de luxe edition of the Stars of the Photoplay have been sold at the original price of \$1.75 per copy, and thousands more at the reduced price of \$1.25, but they are now offered to PHOTOPLAY readers *as long as they last* at the ridiculously low price of 50c.

No reader can afford to be without a copy of this wonderful collection of 250 portraits of leading moving picture stars at this price, which is less than the single admission price of most moving picture theaters. The Stars of the Photoplay will give you many evenings' entertainment and will be your constant reference for information about the stars you have seen on the screen.

The outside measurement of the book is 7¼ x 10½ inches, and the size of each portrait is 5½ x 7½ inches.

The portraits are rich, rotogravure reproductions, and under each is a brief biographical sketch of the star featured, including such information as age, weight, height, complexion, etc. Just the kind of information that you want. The cover is a handsome Red Art Fabrikoid with gold lettering, a book you will be proud to own.

## An Ideal Gift

The Stars of the Photoplay will make an excellent Gift for birthdays or bridge prizes and the value looks many times its cost. We are not limiting this offer to one book per reader. Send for as many as you can use, and we know you will be more than pleased with your purchase. Just fill out the coupon and enclose check, money order or currency. Send it today and the books will be sent by return mail.

**PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE**  
 Dept. SP-11  
 919 N. Michigan Ave. CHICAGO

# Addresses of the Stars

## Hollywood, Calif.

### Paramount Publix Studios

Ross Alexander  
 Adrienne Allen  
 Adrienne Ames  
 Richard Arlen  
 Tallulah Bankhead  
 George Barbier  
 Richard Bennett  
 Mary Boland  
 Clive Brook  
 Nancy Carroll  
 Maurice Chevalier  
 Marguerite Churchill  
 Claudette Colbert  
 Gary Cooper  
 Bing Crosby  
 Frances Dee  
 Marlene Dietrich  
 Claire Dodd  
 Stuart Erwin  
 Susan Fleming  
 Wynne Gibson  
 Cary Grant  
 Phillips Holmes

Miriam Hopkins  
 Charles Laughton  
 Carole Lombard  
 Jeanette MacDonald  
 Florine McKinney  
 Fredric March  
 Sari Maritza  
 Herbert Marshall  
 Marx Brothers  
 Jack Oakie  
 Irving Pichel  
 George Raft  
 Gene Raymond  
 Charlie Ruggles  
 Randolph Scott  
 Sylvia Sydney  
 Alison Skipworth  
 Charles Starrett  
 Kent Taylor  
 Jerry Tucker  
 Mae West  
 Gordon Westcott

### Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Warner Baxter  
 Ralph Bellamy  
 Joan Bennett  
 John Boles  
 Clara Bow  
 El Brendel  
 Marion Burns  
 James Dunn  
 Sally Eilers  
 Charles Farrell  
 Janet Gaynor  
 Minna Gombell  
 Bert Hanlon  
 Miriam Jordan  
 Alexander Kirkland

Elissa Landi  
 Edmund Lowe  
 Patricia "Boots" Malory  
 Ralph Morgan  
 Herbert Mundin  
 Greta Nissen  
 Marian Nixon  
 George O'Brien  
 William Pawley  
 Arthur Pierson  
 Will Rogers  
 Raul Roulien  
 Spencer Tracy  
 Irene Ware

### RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Gwili Andre  
 Robert Armstrong  
 Rosco Ates  
 Constance Bennett  
 Bruce Cabot  
 Joseph Cawthorn  
 Creighton Chaney  
 Ricardo Cortez  
 Richard Dix  
 Irene Dunne  
 Jill Esmond  
 William Gargan  
 John Halliday  
 Ann Harding  
 Julie Haydon  
 Katharine Hepburn

Hugh Herbert  
 Leslie Howard  
 Rochelle Hudson  
 Arline Judge  
 Tom Keene  
 Edgar Kennedy  
 Eric Linden  
 Anita Louise  
 Joel McCrea  
 Mary Mason  
 Edna May Oliver  
 Laurence Olivier  
 Gregory Ratoff  
 Helen Twelvetrees  
 Dorothy Wilson  
 Fay Wray

### United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Florence Britton  
 Eddie Cantor  
 Charles Chaplin  
 Ronald Colman  
 Lily Damita  
 Melvyn Douglas  
 Billie Dove

Douglas Fairbanks  
 Greta Granstedt  
 Ruth Hall  
 Al Jolson  
 Mary Pickford  
 Gloria Swanson  
 Norma Talmadge

### Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Charles Bickford  
 Eddie Buzzell  
 Richard Cromwell  
 Constance Cummings  
 Ralph Graves  
 Jack Holt  
 Buck Jones  
 Evalyn Knapp  
 Tim McCoy  
 Adolphe Menjou

Mayo Methot  
 Pat O'Brien  
 Barbara Stanwyck  
 Ruthelma Stevens  
 Genevieve Tobin  
 Lee Tracy  
 Barbara Weeks  
 Bert Wheeler  
 Robert Woolsey

## Culver City, Calif.

### Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase  
 Mickey Daniels  
 Dorothy Granger  
 Oliver Hardy  
 Mary Kornman  
 Stan Laurel

Gertie Messinger  
 Our Gang  
 David Sharpe  
 Grady Sutton  
 Thelma Todd

## Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Nils Asther  
 Ethel Barrymore  
 John Barrymore  
 Lionel Barrymore  
 Wallace Beery  
 Virginia Bruce  
 Marie Dressler  
 Claire DuBrey  
 Jimmy Durante  
 Madge Evans  
 Muriel Evans  
 Wallace Ford  
 Clark Gable  
 Greta Garbo  
 John Gilbert  
 Lawrence Grant  
 Nora Gregor  
 Mary Carlisle  
 Virginia Cherrill  
 Jackie Cooper  
 Joan Crawford  
 Marion Davies  
 William Haines  
 Louise Closser Hale  
 Jean Harlow  
 Helen Hayes  
 Jean Hersholt  
 Hedda Hopper

Walter Huston  
 Leila Hyams  
 Dorothy Jordan  
 Buster Keaton  
 Myrna Loy  
 Una Merkel  
 John Miljan  
 Robert Montgomery  
 Colleen Moore  
 Polly Moran  
 Karen Morley  
 Conrad Nagel  
 David Newell  
 Ramon Novarro  
 Maureen O'Sullivan  
 Anita Page  
 Kane Richmond  
 Helen Robinson  
 May Robson  
 Ruth Selwyn  
 Norma Shearer  
 Diane Sinclair  
 Martha Sleeper  
 Lewis Stone  
 Verree Teasdale  
 Johnny Weissmuller  
 Diana Wynyard  
 Robert Young

## Universal City, Calif.

### Universal Studios

Frank Albertson  
 Lew Ayres  
 Noah Beery, Jr.  
 Tala Birell  
 Tom Brown  
 June Clyde  
 Andy Devine  
 Arletta Duncan  
 Sidney Fox

James Gleason  
 Russell Hopton  
 Boris Karloff  
 Paul Lukas  
 Tom Mix  
 ZaSu Pitts  
 Onslow Stevens  
 Gloria Stuart  
 Slim Summerville

## Burbank, Calif.

### Warners-First National Studios

Hardie Albright  
 George Arliss  
 Richard Barthelmess  
 Joan Blondell  
 George Brent  
 Joe E. Brown  
 James Cagney  
 Ruth Chatterton  
 Bebe Daniels  
 Bette Davis  
 Patricia Ellis  
 Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.  
 Preston Foster  
 Kay Francis  
 Guy Kibbee

Lorena Layton  
 Edward McNamara  
 Paul Mum  
 Dick Powell  
 William Powell  
 Edward G. Robinson  
 Chas. "Chic" Sale  
 Lyle Talbot  
 Sheila Terry  
 Helen Vinson  
 John Wayne  
 Alice White  
 Warren William  
 John Wray  
 Loretta Young

## Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.  
 Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.  
 Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.  
 Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.  
 Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.  
 Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

## Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.  
 Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.  
 Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.  
 Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.  
 Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.  
 George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.



# No Chaplin Honors for Garbo

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 ]

Garbo a young woman who has done much to direct the attention of the world to Sweden; who has given the people of Sweden a good object lesson in success.

Remember, too, that Garbo was trained in the Royal Dramatic School of Stockholm; played in the Royal Dramatic Theater.

Surely, the royal family admires Garbo as an actress. The king, for example, is fond of motion pictures; has them exhibited during the winter at the Royal palace.

But, for all that, there are a number of factors which would prevent a situation such as that in which Chaplin found himself in London. For one thing, court life in Sweden cannot be termed pretentious. There are receptions, to be sure, and the Crown Prince, the most popular man in Sweden, entertains, but everything moves more quietly, in keeping with the general tenor of the country itself.

At intervals there are invitations to opera singers . . . invitations which might be construed as "command" appearances, but the word "request" would be much more appropriate. There isn't a great deal of fuss and hullabaloo. Members of the royal family lead an active, constructive life. And that's that.

So Garbo had no need to worry about "command" appearances. If she wanted to be left alone the royal family, it is safe to say, would have been the last to interfere with her wishes.

WHAT does the royal family really think of her? Are they interested or amused at the publicity given Garbo in America? Did they consider how to give formal recognition in some way to Garbo as a great actress, or as a famous citizen, or as a girl who has achieved something worthwhile?

It's something of a puzzle, a secret; and the answer is locked inside the beautiful walls of a beautiful castle.

And it's safe to say that Garbo, vacationing

at a luxurious summer villa in the Stockholm archipelago, concerned with swimming, sleeping and the love of a free life, gave the matter no thought. Like all Swedes, she respects and admires the royal family.

There is an interesting anecdote, in this connection. It concerns Ivar Kreuger, the match king. Kreuger, so the story goes, was invited, along with other business leaders, to a reception at the royal castle. He didn't attend. Perhaps because he knew that he would, by precedence, be seated quite a way from the head table. Perhaps because he was too busy. Stockholm chuckled.

I don't think Garbo would have had to fear a situation like that. Her genius would have been respected and honored accordingly.

In London, in his pre-fame days, Chaplin wore his baggy trousers, his floppy shoes, and got nowhere. And so in the beginning in Stockholm, Garbo was just another young girl with theatrical ambitions. A few persons believed in her, but only a few.

In the reviews which Swedish newspapers gave, in 1924, to "The Legend of Gosta Berling" the first film in which Garbo had anything like a major rôle, there was only a scant mention of her. One newspaper commented:

"*Ebba Dohna* is played by Mona Martenson, who is pretty and lively; *Elizabeth Dohna* by Greta Garbo, who is pretty in a more amusing sort of way."

"Amusing"! But only slightly so.

So Garbo also had to look to America.

But I'm sure that Garbo has no bitterness toward the Swedish people for all that. Why should she? She must realize, as she did then, that Swedish simplicity was not big enough to afford her full play for her talent and ambitions.

What does Sweden think of Garbo now?

For one thing, her life, to the Swedish people, is an amazing fairy tale; a bit of unreality; that she should sweep so high on the curve of suc-



An old still from a film that made motion picture history. This is the way Garbo looked—and acted—in her first picture, "The Legend of Gosta Berling." The character actress with her had a larger part, but Garbo—then unheard of in this country—only is remembered

How to  
have  
**LOVELY  
LUSTROUS**  
Hair  
.....always!



GENEVIEVE TOBIN — FEATURED  
IN UNIVERSAL PICTURES

Does your hair ever seem dull to you—drab, lifeless? Have you not wished for something that would keep it looking prettier—richer in tone?

The secret lies in proper shampooing! Not just soap-and-water "washings", but regular use of a shampoo that really *beautifies*—one that was created especially to improve dull hair and add that little something extra so often lacking.

If you really wish to make your hair bewitchingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it! Does more than merely *cleanse*. It gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a difference it makes in one's appearance; that exquisite softness of tone that everyone admires! Millions use regularly! You'll like it! There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

**FREE**

J. W. KOBİ CO., 604 Rainier Ave., Dept. L  
Seattle, Wash., \* \* \* \* \* Please send a free sample.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Color of my hair \_\_\_\_\_



**KOHLER  
ONE NIGHT  
CORN CURE**

KOHLER MFG. CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

**GLASSETTE**  
CHRISTMAS FOLDERS

IN BEAUTIFUL GIFT BOX—NEW! NOVEL! DAINTY! Glassette, an exclusive richly beautiful material of watered silk finish—21 FOLDERS ALL DIFFERENT. Reproductions of magnificent paintings in multi-colored crayon and raised gold metallic effects—EACH with a TISSUE LINED ENVELOPE. COSTS YOU 50c—SELLS For \$1.00. Free Sample. Write today to WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS, 7 Water Street Dept. 118 Boston, Mass.

**Alviene** SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

and CULTURAL subjects for personal development—Stage, Teaching, Directing-Drama, Stage and Concert Dancing, Vocal, Screen, Musical Comedy, Elocution, Stock Theatre and platform appearances while learning. For catalog 16 apply P. Ely, Sec'y, 66 W. 85th St., N. Y.



# Join



## YOUR RED CROSS NEEDS YOU

cess is fascinating. But don't forget that Garbo comes back to Sweden as a distinct type, as interesting to the Swedes as to the people of other countries.

So Garbo has become, in a way, the personification of success. The story of her life has become one of the living sagas of Swedish history.

Of course, the Swedes appreciate Garbo as an actress. Her following in Sweden is no less sincere than in the United States. Interesting, too, is the fact that she is especially popular among girls and women. Here again Garbo's type proves itself irresistible.

**G**ARBO'S inherent modesty is another factor in her favor. Kreuger, the match king, got attention by forgetting to be modest. Garbo, of the two, was more typically Swedish in her attitude toward the public.

Sweden, therefore, as a whole, is proud of Garbo.

"The Swedes love her," says a man who was in the film business in Sweden when Garbo was first struggling to catch a glimmering of success.

"She's a wonderful girl," sighs an old woman who knew Garbo when the actress lived in "soder" Stockholm.

"She's a real Swedish girl," comments the woman who comes to clean my apartment.

And if you want a real indication of Sweden's attitude toward Garbo, look to the press.

Two weeks after Garbo landed in Sweden her whereabouts were still a mystery.

"Why," I said to another Swedish newspaperman, "haven't you fellows located Garbo?" He grinned. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, we sort of decided to leave her alone. If she wants a rest, let her have it." Imagine an American reporter talking that way!

Not that the Swedish papers are altogether kind and gentle to Garbo. They love, too well, their irony and caricature. And the Swedish newspaperman, as a rule, says what he thinks. When Garbo returned, several newspapers commented, a bit ironically, on the fact that Garbo couldn't keep from acting. But they made up for it by such statements as this:

"The 'Sphinx' smiles and the interview is over. She nods her head in farewell. Her smile is a tired smile, not the same happy smile that she had four years ago, but it has the same charm, perhaps it is even warmer. For, in spite of all her technique, Greta Garbo smiles with all her heart, with a real and warm Swedish girl heart, and without that genuine smile and that girlish heart, all of Garbo's technique would have availed her nothing."

So the Swedish press, on the whole, is kind to Garbo. They caricature her. But so do they every prominent person, even the king. One newspaper declared that Garbo's career had been an inspiration to the country. Another paper immediately suggested that it was therefore appropriate that Garbo be made a member of the Swedish parliament.

**B**UT I had to admit amazement when I learned that one Stockholm newspaper not only knew where Garbo was hiding, and was making no effort to interview her or photograph her, but knew also that she had been in Stockholm to place a wreath of roses on the grave of Mauritz Stiller, her first director.

"Are you printing anything?" I asked.

"No."

"Why not?"

The gentleman of the press only shrugged his shoulders, and the attitude seemed to be that Garbo's indulgence in a bit of sentiment was her own precious affair.

So Garbo remained unmolested on her vacation in the homeland. She was smiling when she came down that long gangplank. She understood her countrymen. She knew that here peace and quiet were before her.

"Heja, Greta!"

And in spite of her avoidance of the public, her heart must have warmed to that Norseman shout. For was she not homesick to hear once more the speech of her mother tongue?

**DR. WALTER'S**  
latest **REDUCING BRASSIERE** gives you that trim, youthful figure that the new styles demand. 2 to 3-inch reduction almost immediately. Send bust measure. **\$2.25**  
**HIP, WAIST and ABDOMINAL REDUCER** for men and women; takes care of that ugly roll above corset. Send waist and abdominal measures. Laced at back. **\$3.50**  
**RELIEVE** swelling and varicose veins and reduce your limbs with **DR. WALTER'S** famous rubber hose. Worn next to the skin. Send ankle and calf measure.

**\$3.50**  
9-inch.....**\$5.00** pair  
14-inch.....**\$6.75** pair  
11-inch (not covering foot)....**\$3.75** pair

All garments are made of pure gum rubber—flesh colored. Write for literature. Send check or money order—no cash.  
Dr. Jeanne P. H. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., New York

### Stop suffering from Bunions

Instant  
Foot  
Relief



Keeps  
Shoes  
Shapely

## Fischer-Protector

AVOID SUBSTITUTES

The famous Fischer Protector instantly *hides* and *relieves* bunions and large joints. Wear in any shoe, outside or under stocking. *Beware of imitations.* Accept only the original Fischer Protector sold for more than 25 years by shoe dealers, druggists and department stores. Free trial offer: Money back if not instantly relieved. Write, giving shoe size and for which foot. *Sole owners, manufacturers and patentees.*

FISCHER MFG. CO., P. O. Box 683, Dept. 35, Milwaukee, Wis.

## SUBSCRIBE FOR PHOTOPLAY

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; \$3.50 Canada; \$3.50 to foreign countries. Remittance should be made by check, or postal or express money order.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 N. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12 ]

★ **STATE'S ATTORNEY**—Radio Pictures.—Obviously built for John Barrymore—but how he plays the part! Helen Twelvetrees is good. (July)

**STOWAWAY**—Universal.—Melodrama and talk on a coastal freighter that wouldn't matter, except for Fay Wray's beauty. (May)

**STRANGE CASE OF CLARA DEANE, THE**—Paramount.—A strong picture, but so similar to "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" that it detracts from its punch. Cora Sue Collins looms up as one of the few great child performers. Frances Dee and Dudley Digges lend strength to the story. (June)

★ **STRANGE INTERLUDE**—M-G-M.—From a technical standpoint—the most daring picture ever produced. Imagine Eugene O'Neill's analytical play in movies! The utterance of unspoken thoughts makes the film both novel and interesting. Norma Shearer and Clark Gable astonishingly good. (Sept.)

★ **STRANGE LOVE OF MOLLY LOUVAIN, THE**—First National.—Suspense, humor and heart interest adroitly shaken together. Intriguing plot. Ann Dvorak and Lee Tracy do a swell job. (June)

**STRANGER IN TOWN**—Warners.—When you've seen Chic Sale in one picture, you've seen him in all. If you liked the others, you'll like this. (Aug.)

**STRANGERS OF THE EVENING**—Tiffany Prod.—Rip-roaring comedy combined with lots of mystery and shudders. (July)

**STREET OF WOMEN**—Warners.—Roland Young's sprightly acting saves this story from gloom. Kay Francis is splendid. (July)

★ **SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY, A**—Warners.—Not the greatest George Arliss picture, but distinctly worthwhile. About the problems of a modern family. (July)

★ **SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION**—Radio Pictures.—A beautifully told story of love and service for all the family to see. Ricardo Cortez is a doctor in the tenement district, and Irene Dunne a crippled girl who devotes her time to blind children. (June)

**TEMPEST**—UFA.—Emil Jannings fine in a German-made comedy-drama with English titles that help but do not adequately explain the action. (May)

**TENDERFOOT, THE**—First National.—Joe E. Brown as a cowboy from Texas hits Broadway, and the laughs begin. Weak story, but funny gags. (July)

**TEXAS BAD MAN, THE**—Universal.—Tom Mix impersonates a desperado to trap the bandits. (Aug.)

**THEFT OF THE MONA LISA, THE**—Tobis.—Love story of an Italian lad. German drama with few English titles, making the picture lack interest for those who do not understand German. (June)

**THIRTEEN WOMEN**—RKO-Radio.—Mental suggestion, with fantastic results, is the brand-new theme of this gripping picture. Myrna Loy (who plays a Hindu girl magnificently), Irene Dunne and Ricardo Cortez. (Oct.)

**THE STOKER**—First Division-Allied.—Even the American Marines get into this melodramatic jumble. Pretty poor stuff. (Sept.)

**THEY NEVER COME BACK**—First Division-Artclass.—A dull story of a prize-fighter and a night club performer. Regis Toomey and Dorothy Sebastian. (Aug.)

★ **THIS IS THE NIGHT**—Paramount.—This is a light and farcical interlude that movie-goers long for. Lily Damita is charming as is Thelma Todd. Roland Young and Charles Ruggles are marvelous comedians. (June)

**THUNDER BELOW**—Paramount.—Tallulah Bankhead emerges from melodramatic plot as an actress of distinction. Paul Lukas, Ralph Forbes and Charles Bickford. (July)

★ **TIGER SHARK**—First National.—An exciting adventure picture. Edward G. Robinson is great, and Zita Johann brings a new type of shady dame to the screen. (Oct.)

★ **TOMBROWN OF CULVER**—Universal.—All the action takes place at Culver Military Academy. A swell picture for the whole family to see. (Sept.)

**TRAPEZE**—Harmonie-Film.—A story of circus life, with German dialogue, English captions and excellent acting by Anna Sten. (July)

★ **TRIAL OF VIVIENNE WARE, THE**—Fox.—A fine balance of drama and humor. Joan Bennett plays a lovely prisoner accused of murder. Donald Cook, her attorney, will cause a flutter among feminine movie-goers. But the laughs go to ZaSu Pitts and Skeets Gallagher. (June)

**TWO AGAINST THE WORLD**—Warners.—Weak story, but Constance Bennett looks pretty and does good work in a shallow rôle. Neil Hamilton and Allen Vincent are the boys. (Oct.)

**TWO FISTED LAW**—Columbia.—Tim McCoy Western in which another villain forecloses the mortgage on the old ranch. Heh-heh! (Aug.)

★ **TWO SECONDS**—First National.—If you don't like your drama full measure, don't see this. The story of what passes through a man's mind in the last two seconds he is conscious before electrocution. Edward Robinson's work is memorable and the beauty of Vivienne Osborne impressive. (June)

**UNASHAMED**—M-G-M.—Lewis Stone tries hard to save this unbelievable story, but doesn't quite. Helen Twelvetrees and Robert Young. (Sept.)

**UNHOLY LOVE**—First Division-Allied.—Based on Flaubert's "Madame Bovary." Neither very important nor very entertaining. (Oct.)

**VANISHING FRONTIER, THE**—Paramount.—You'll like Johnny Mack Brown with a Spanish accent as the hold-up man in this story of early California. (Sept.)

**VANITY FAIR**—Allied Pictures.—They've dressed *Becky Sharp* up in modern clothes and made her Myrna Loy, and if you didn't read the book you'll enjoy the picture. (May)

**WAR CORRESPONDENT**—Columbia.—Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Lila Lee in a stirring story of activities on the Chinese battle front. (Oct.)

★ **WASHINGTON MASQUERADE, THE**—M-G-M.—Washington-politics—Lionel Barrymore as the respected attorney who goes wrong, and Karen Morley as the scheming vamp. A grand picture. (Sept.)

**WEEK-END MARRIAGE**—First National.—Wives, it seems from this, shouldn't work and Loretta Young and Norman Foster explain it all in this earnest picture. (Aug.)

**WEEK ENDS ONLY**—Fox.—Not new in plot, but camouflaged with bright tinsel. Joan Bennett does well as a rich girl made poor by the stock market crash. (Aug.)

**WESTWARD PASSAGE**—RKO-Pathé.—Ann Harding, ZaSu Pitts and Irving Pichel. The story is entertaining enough but it lacks pep and punch. (Aug.)

★ **WET PARADE**—M-G-M.—Both sides of the prohibition problem presented in two hours of exciting, thrilling drama with an excellent cast. Don't miss this. (May)

★ **WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD**—RKO-Pathé.—Fast and fascinating entertainment and all very true to Hollywood. Constance Bennett gives her finest performance. Lowell Sherman is great. (Aug.)

**WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND**—M-G-M.—The fine acting of Jackie Cooper and Chic Sale furnish such a delicious frosting, you forget the cake is a bit soggy. Full of humor and pathos. (June)

**WHILE PARIS SLEEPS**—Fox.—A rip-snorting mellerdrammer of Parisian life through a Hollywood spyglass. (Aug.)

**WHISTLIN' DAN**—Tiffany Prod.—A Ken Maynard Western with a plot above the average. (May)

**WHITE ZOMBIE**—United Artists.—An utterly fantastic tale about the half-dead, known as zombies, who rise from their graves. Madge Bellamy and Bela Lugosi. And you don't need to bother seeing it. (Sept.)

**WHY SAPS LEAVE HOME**—Best International Pictures.—England takes a jab at American gangsters in a hilarious travesty. (May)

★ **WINNER TAKE ALL**—Warners.—One of the fastest, laugh-provoking pictures on the screen. Jimmy Cagney is great. Don't miss it. (July)

**WOMAN IN ROOM 13, THE**—Fox.—Wives, sweethearts and careers. Elissa Landi gives a strong performance in a weak story. (July)

**WORLD AND THE FLESH, THE**—Paramount.—Against a Russian background are set George Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins. Mild. (July)

**WYOMING WHIRLWIND, THE**—Willis Kent Prod.—A Lane Chandler Western. (July)

★ **YOUNG AMERICA**—Fox.—This is about those youngsters who get the reputation for being the "worst kids in town." Raymond Borzage steals the show. Doris Kenyon has never been lovelier, and Spencer Tracy and Ralph Bellamy do grand work. (June)

**YOUNG BRIDE**—RKO-Pathé.—Eric Linden and Helen Twelvetrees are better than the story. (May)



Fay Wray, RKO Star

## SOFT LASHES

MEN adore them. You can have them—easily. Winx is a NEW type mascara which makes even skimpy lashes look full—dark—soft . . . It never smudges or smears.

Two forms: *Liquid Winx* — absolutely waterproof—75¢. Vanity size—10¢ in 5 and 10¢ stores . . . *Cake Winx* in a slim metal compact—\$1.00. Vanity size—10¢.

Try Winx! And watch how your eyes assume brilliance, flash and fascination!

# Winx

## HERE'S THE LATEST FAD

Carry your favorite movie star's photo

PHOTOPLAY has received so many requests for a pocket photo case that we've had a special one designed for our readers.

The case is made of handsome embossed leatherette—suitable for pocket or handbag.

Complete with a picture of any one movie star listed below—10c.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE 11

919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

I am enclosing 10c. Please send me the photo case and the star's picture I have checked.

<input type="checkbox"/> Marlene Dietrich	<input type="checkbox"/> George Arliss
<input type="checkbox"/> Constance Bennett	<input type="checkbox"/> Wallace Beery
<input type="checkbox"/> Norma Shearer	<input type="checkbox"/> Lionel Barrymore
<input type="checkbox"/> Greta Garbo	<input type="checkbox"/> Joan Crawford
<input type="checkbox"/> Ann Harding	<input type="checkbox"/> Marie Dressler
<input type="checkbox"/> Ramon Navarro	<input type="checkbox"/> Barbara Stanwyck
<input type="checkbox"/> Maurice Chevalier	<input type="checkbox"/> Jean Harlow
<input type="checkbox"/> Clark Gable	<input type="checkbox"/> Janet Gaynor
<input type="checkbox"/> Ronald Colman	<input type="checkbox"/> Helen Hayes

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....





## A SWEET STOMACH IN TWO MINUTES

What a pity when youth and vitality are set at naught by a disordered stomach and bad breath! Don't have them at any age! Hearty eaters—hard smokers—high livers—find Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets a boon and a blessing.

Why have a sour stomach, or risk a bad breath? Chew a Stuart Tablet. No soda, just a soothing combination of Calcium Carbonate, (the modern anti-acid, more effective than soda) Magnesium and the like. Result:—a sweet stomach, improved digestion, no pains, no discomfort. "A Sweet Stomach for twenty-five cents." Try them today.

**STUART'S DYSPESIA TABLETS**  
AT ALL DRUG STORES: 25c and 60c  
The Quickest Relief for Gastric disorder

### FULL BOX FREE

A regular 25c box, pocket size—ample to try thoroughly the benefits of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets—will be sent you free, if you will mail this coupon and 6c in stamps to cover mailing cost to the F. A. Stuart Co., Dept. 34-A, Marshall, Mich.

Name.....  
Address.....  
Town.....

## The MADISON ATLANTIC CITY

"The Talk of the Walk"

Folks everywhere are talking about our fine new hotel and are coming back to enjoy our hospitality again and again

**OUTSIDE ROOM \$5**  
WITH ALL MEALS

Weekly—Six times daily rate  
Bathing direct from hotel  
NEW AND FIREPROOF

FETTER & HOLLINGER, INC.  
EUGENE C. FETTER, Managing Director

Overlooking Boardwalk and Ocean at Illinois Avenue

**Popularity**  
comes quickly when you learn to play a band instrument. For quick advancement and greater musical success start on an easy-playing Conn. The choice of the world's greatest artists. Many exclusive improvements at no added cost!

**HOME TRIAL, EASY PAYMENTS**  
Write for details and free book. Mention instrument. **C. G. CONN, Ltd.**  
1128 Conn Building Elkhart, Indiana

**HOME TRIAL**

## Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.



**KNOW YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE STAR**  
Movie Fan's Greatest Bargain. Big 9x12 packet full of PHOTOGRAPHS, stories, reviews, biographies, pictures, latest news, CLIPPINGS from more than 25 fan publications—on any movie player you select. Sent postpaid for only 25c (Coin)! 5 stars for \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Our Files Complete. Subscription Catalog FREE.

**COWEN MOVIE SERVICE, Dept. 116**  
2303 West North Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

## Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

**"ALIAS MARY SMITH"**—MAYFAIR PICTURES.—From the story by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. The cast: Robert Hayes, John Darrow; Scoop, Raymond Hatton; Blossom, Gwen Lee; Atwell, Henry B. Walthall; Mary Smith, Blanche Mehaffey; Mrs. Hayes, Myrtle Stedman; Mr. Hayes, Edmund Breese; Attorney, Alec B. Francis; Snowy Hoagland, Mathew Betz; Dan Kearney, Jack Grey; Jake, Ben Hall; Yaeger, Harry Strang.

**"BIG STAMPEDE, THE"**—WARNERS.—From the story by Marion Jackson. Screen play by Kurt Kempler. Directed by Tenny Wright. The cast: John Steele, John Wayne; Sam Crew, Noah Beery; Ginger Malloy, Mae Madison; Sonora Joe, Luis Alberni; Gov. Lew Wallace, Burton Churchill; Arizona, Paul Hurst; Pat Malloy, Sherwood Bailey.

**"BILL OF DIVORCEMENT, A"**—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Clemence Dane. Screen play by Howard Estabrook and Harry Wagstaff Gribble. Directed by George Cukor. The cast: Hilary, John Barrymore; Margaret, Billie Burke; Sydney, Katharine Hepburn; Kit, David Manners; Gareth, Bramwell Fletcher; Dr. Alliot, Henry Stephenson; Gray, Paul Cavanagh; Aunt Hester, Elizabeth Patterson; Bassett, Gayle Evers.

**"BLONDE VENUS"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by S. K. Lauren and Jules Furthman. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. The cast: Helen Faraday, Marlene Dietrich; Edward Faraday, Herbert Marshall; Nick Townsend, Cary Grant; Johnny Faraday, Dickie Moore; Charlie Blaine, Francis Sayles; Dan O'Connor, Robert Emmett O'Connor; Ben Smith, Gene Morgan; Taxi Belle Hooper, Rita La Roy; Detective Wilson, Sidney Toler; Lola, Evelyn Preer; Otto, Jerry Tucker; Norfolk Woman, Cecil Cunningham; Henry, Ferdinand Schumann-Heink; Bob, Charles Morton.

**"BREACH OF PROMISE"**—WORLD WIDE.—From the story "Obscurity" by Rupert Hughes. Adapted by John Goodrich. Directed by Paul L. Stein. The cast: Pomeroy, Chester Morris; Hattie Pugmire, Mae Clarke; Millie Applegate, Mary Doran; District Attorney, Theodore Von Eltz; Cora Pugmire, Elizabeth Patterson; Joe Pugmire, Charles Middleton; Mrs. Flynn, Lucille La Verne; Hotel Clerk, Eddie Borden; Judge, Edward Le Saint; Committeeman, Alan Roscoe; Committeewoman, Harriett Lorraine; Committeeman, Philo McCullough; Committeeman, Tom McGuire.

**"CHANDU, THE MAGICIAN"**—FOX.—From the radio drama by Harry A. Earnshaw, Vera M. Oldham and R. R. Morgan. Screen play by Barry Connors and Philip Klein. Directed by Marcel Varnel and William C. Menzies. The cast: Chandu, Edmund Lowe; Princess Nadi, Irene Ware; Roxor, Bela Lugosi; Robert Regent, Henry B. Walthall; Albert Miggles, Herbert Mundin; Abdullah, Weldon Heyburn; Betty, June Vasek; Bobby, Nestor Aber; Dorothy Regent, Virginia Hammond; Servant, Charles Stevens; Yogi, Nigel de Brulier.

**"CROOKED CIRCLE, THE"**—WORLD WIDE.—From the screen play by Ralph Spence. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. The cast: Brand Osborne, Ben Lyon; Nora, ZaSu Pitts; Crimmer, James Gleason; Thelma, Irene Purcell; Yoganda, C. Henry Gordon; Harmon, Raymond Hatton; Harry, Roscoe Karns; Col. Wolters, Burton Churchill; The Stranger, Robert Frazer; Yvonne, Ethel Clayton; Rankin, Frank Reicher; Dan, Christian Rub.

**"EXPOSURE"**—TOWER PROD.—From the story by Norman Houston. Directed by Norman Houston. The cast: Doris Corbin, Lila Lee; Andy Bryant, Walter Byron; Jessie Ward, Mary Doran; John Ward, Tully Marshall; Jimmy Delane, Bryant Washburn; Praskins, Sidney Bracy; Inky, Spec O'Donnell; Nosey Newton, Lee Moran; Van Avery, Pat O'Malley; Maniac, Nat Pendleton.

**"GIRL FROM CALGARY, THE"**—FIRST DIVISION-MONOGRAM.—From the screen play by Sig Schlager and Leon D'Usseau. Directed by Phil Whitman and Leon D'Usseau. The cast: Fifi Follette, Fifi Dorsay; Larry Boyd, Paul Kelly; Mazie Williams, Astrid Allwyn; Bill Webster, Robert Warwick; Monte Cooper, Edward Fetherstone; Earl Darrell, Edwin Maxwell.

**"HAT CHECK GIRL"**—FOX.—From the novel by Rian James. Screen play by Barry Connors and Philip Klein. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The cast: Geraldine Marsh, Sally Eilers; Robert Collins, Ben Lyon; Jessie King, Ginger Rogers; Felix Cornwall, Arthur Pierson; Ted Reese, Monroe Owsley; Tony, Dewey Robinson; Dan McCoy, Noel Madison; Mr. Collins, Purnell Pratt; Mrs. Marsh, Eulalie Jensen; Walter Marsh, Harold Goodwin.

**"HEARTS OF HUMANITY"**—MAJESTIC PICTURES.—From the story by Olga Printzlau. Screen play by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: Sol Bloom, Jean Hersholt; Shandy, Jackie Searl; Tom O'Hara, J. Farrell MacDonald; Ruth Sneider, Claudia Dell; Tom Varney, Charles Delaney; Mrs. Sneider, Lucille La Verne; Joey Bloom,

Dick Wallace; Tony, George Humbert; Hilda, Betty Jane Graham; Dave Haller, John Vosburgh; Mr. Wells, Tom McGuire.

**"HELL'S HIGHWAY"**—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Samuel Ornitz, Robert Tasker and Rowland Brown. Directed by Rowland Brown. The cast: Frank (Duke) Ellis, Richard Dix; Johnny Ellis, Tom Brown; Mrs. Ellis, Louise Carter; Mary Ellen, Rochelle Hudson; Blacksnake Skinner, C. Henry Gordon; Pop-Eye Jackson, Warner Richmond; Blind Maxie, Sandy Roth; Matthew, the Hermit, Charles Middleton; Rascal, Clarence Muse; Whiteside, Stanley Fields; Romeo Schultz, Jed Kiley; Society Red, Fuzzy Knight; Hype, Bert Starkey; Spike, Bob Perry; Buzzard, Harry Smith; Turkey Neck, Edward Hart; Billings, Oscar Apfel; Blubber-mouth, John Lester Johnson.

**"HERITAGE OF THE DESERT"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Zane Grey. Screen play by Harold Shumate and Frank Partos. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The cast: Jack Hare, Randolph Scott; Judy, Sally Blane; Adam Naab, J. Farrell MacDonald; Judson Holderness, David Landau; Snap Naab, Gordon Westcott; Lefty, Guinn Williams; Windy, Vincent Barnett.

**"KLONDIKE"**—MONOGRAM.—From the screen play by Tristram Tupper. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: Dr. Cromwell, Lyle Talbot; Klondike, Thelma Todd; Donald Evans, Capt. Frank Hawks; Mark Armstrong, Henry B. Walthall; Jim Armstrong, Jason Robards; Tom Ross, George Hayes; Sadie Jones, Ethel Wales; Editor Hinman, Tully Marshall; Burke, Pat O'Malley; Miss Porter, Priscilla Dean; Miss Fielding, Myrtle Stedman; Seth, Lafe McKee.

**"LAST MAN, THE"**—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Keene Thompson. Directed by Howard Higgin. The cast: Bannister, Charles Bickford; Marian, Constance Cummings; Mr. Wingate, Alec B. Francis; Marsden, Alan Roscoe; English Charlie, Robert Ellis; Won-Le-Ton, Jimmy Wang; Egyptian Spy, Johnny Eberts; Gibbs, Bill Williams; Halborn, Al Smith; Captain Ballentyne, Hal Price; 1st Mate (Ballentyne), Kit Guard; Capt. Glencoe, Ed Le Saint; 1st Mate (Glencoe), Jack Carlisle; 2nd Mate (Ballentyne), George McGrill; Doctor, Jack Richardson; Swede Sailor, Bill Sundholm; Joe, Bob St. Angelo.

**"MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM"**—CARL FROELICH PROD.—From the play "Yesterday and Today" by Christa Winsloe. Adapted by Christa Winsloe. Directed by Leontine Sagan. The cast: The Principal, Emilia Unda; Fraulein von Bernburg, Dorothea Wieck; Fraulein von Kesten, Hedwig Schlichter; Ilse von Westhagen, Ellen Schwannecke; Manuela von Meinhardis, Hertha Thiele.

**"MERRY-GO-ROUND"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the stage play by Albert Maltz and George Sklar. Screen play by Tom Reed. Directed by Edward Cahn. The cast: Ed Martin, Eric Linden; Peggy Martin, Sidney Fox; Anderson, Tully Marshall; Wade, Louis Calhern; Stransky, Robert Warwick; Manning, Burton Churchill; Jig Skelli, Edward Arnold; Lennie, George Meeker; Marge, Mayo Methot; Chief, Ian MacLaren; Joe Skelli, Matt McHugh; Commissioner, Frank Sheridan; Benchley, Tom Jackson; Berger, Gustav von Seyffertitz; Judge McMurray, Reginald Barlow; Jamison, Edward Martindel; Alice, Joyce Compton; Molly, Lita Chevret; Burns, Tom Carrigan; Archie, Arthur Housman; Pete, George Chandler; Quinn, G. Pat Collins; Kippie, Dorothy Granger; Doctor, Charles Giblyn; Mailman, Lew Kelly; Police Officer, King Baggot; Police Sergeant, James Farley; Detective, John Ince; Detective, Ben Taggart; Wade's Secretary, Lynton Brent; Sam, James Eagle; Mike, Lorin Raker; Third Degree Doctor, Clarence Geldert; 1st Third Degree Detective, William B. Farrell; 2nd Third Degree Detective, Robert Morris.

**"NIGHT OF JUNE 13, THE"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel "Suburb" by Vera Caspary. Screen play by Agnes Brand Leahy, Brian Marlow and William Slavens McNutt. Directed by Stephen Roberts. The cast: John Curry, Clive Brook; Trudie Morrow, Lila Lee; Philo Strawn, Charlie Ruggles; Herbert Morrow, Gene Raymond; Ginger Blake, Frances Dee; Mazie Strawn, Mary Boland; Elva Curry, Adrienne Allen; Martha Blake, Helen Jerome Eddy; Otto, Richard Carle; Grandpaw Strawn, Charlie Grapewin; Junior Strawn, Billy Butts; Mr. Morrow, Edward J. LeSaint; Mrs. Morrow, Helen Ware; Attorney for the Defense, Wallis Clark; Prosecuting Attorney, Arthur Hohl.

**"OUTLAW JUSTICE"**—MAJESTIC PICTURES.—From the story by Scott Darling. Adapted by Oliver Drake. Directed by Armand Schaefer. The cast: Jack, Jack Hoxie; June, Dorothy Gulliver; Bob, Donald Keith; Volger, Charles L. King; El Diablo, Chris Martin; Faro Black, Jack Trent; Sheriff Rankin, Walter Shumway; Hank, Jack Rockway; Jake, Tom London; Pete, Kermit Maynard; Dynamite, Dynamite.

**"OUT OF SINGAPORE"**—GOLDSMITH PROD.—From the story by Frederic Chapin. Adapted by Jack Natteford. Directed by Charles Hutchison.



The cast: *Wolf Barstow*, Noah Beery; *Concha*, Dorothy Burgess; *Mary Carroll*, Miriam Seegar; *Scar Murray*, Montagu Love; *Steve Trent*, George Walsh; *The Bloater*, James Aubrey.

"PARISIAN ROMANCE, A"—ALLIED PICTURES.—From the play by Octave Feuillet. Screen play by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by Chester M. Franklin. The cast: *Baron*, Lew Cody; *Claudette*, Marion Shilling; *Victor*, Gilbert Roland; *Marcelle*, Joyce Compton; *Pauline*, Yola D'Avril; *Emil*, Nicholas Soussanin; *Pierre*, George Lewis; *Yvonne*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Briac*, Bryant Washburn; *Déville*, Paul Porcasi; *Pascal*, Luis Alberni; *Marie*, Nadine Dore; *Paul*, James Eagle.

"PHANTOM EXPRESS, THE"—MAJESTIC.—From the story by Emory Johnson. Directed by Emory Johnson. The cast: *Smoky Nolan*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Bruce Harrington*, William Collier, Jr.; *Carolyn Nolan*, Sally Blane; *President Harrington*, Hobart Bosworth; *Smoky's Fireman*, Axel Axelson; *Dick*, Eddie Phillips; *Jack Nolan*, David Rollins; *Telegraph Operator*, Tom O'Brien; *Betty*, Lina Basquette; *Mrs. Nolan*, Claire McDowell; *President of Rival Railroad*, Huntly Gordon.

"PHANTOMPRESIDENT, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by George F. Worts. Screen play by Walter DeLeon and Harlan Thompson. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: *Theodore K. Blair*, Peter Varney; *George M. Cohan*, Felicia Hammond; *Claudette Colbert*, Jimmy Durante; *Jim Ronklon*, George Barbier; *Professor Aikenhead*, Sidney Toler; *Senator Sarah Scranton*, Louise Mackintosh; *Jerrido*, Jameson Thomas; *Senator McIrose*, Julius McVicker.

"RAIN"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play "Rain" adapted by John Colton and C. Randolph from the story "Miss Thompson" by W. Somerset Maugham. Screen adaptation by Maxwell Anderson. Directed by Lewis Milestone. The cast: *Sadie Thompson*, Joan Crawford; *Reverend Davidson*, Walter Huston; *Sergeant O'Hara*, William Gargan; *Mrs. Davidson*, Beulah Bondi; *Dr. McPhail*, Matt Moore; *Mrs. McPhail*, Kendall Lee; *Joe Horn*, Guy Kibbee; *Quartermaster Bates*, Walter Catlett; *Griggs*, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; *Hodgson*, Fred Howard.

"SMILIN' THROUGH"—M-G-M.—From the play by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin. Screen play by Ernest Vajda and Claudine West. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: *Kathleen*, Norma Shearer; *Kenneth Wayne*, Fredric March; *John Carteret*, Leslie Howard; *Dr. Owen*, O. P. Heggie; *Willie Ainley*, Ralph Forbes; *Mrs. Crouch*, Beryl Mercer; *Gardener*, David Torrence; *Ellen*, Margaret Seddon; *Orderly*, Forrester Harvey.

"STRANGE JUSTICE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by William A. Drake. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Rose*, Marian Marsh; *Judson*, Reginald Denny; *Kearney*, Richard Bennett; *Wally*, Norman Foster; *Waters*, Irving Pichel; *Gwen*, Nydia Westman; *Smith*, Thomas Jackson.

"THEY CALL IT SIN"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Alberta Stedman Eagan. Screen play by Howard Green and Lillie Hayward. Directed by Thornton Freeland. The cast: *Marion*, Loretta Young; *Tony*, George Brent; *Jimmy*, David Manners; *Humphries*, Louis Calhern; *Dixie*, Una Merkel; *Mr. Hollister*, Joe Cawthorn; *Enid*, Helen Vinson; *Mrs. Hollister*, Nella Walker; *Mato*, Mike Marita; *Timothy Cullen*, Erville Alderson; *Mrs. Cullen*, Elizabeth Patterson.

"THOSE WE LOVE"—WORLD WIDE.—From the play by S. K. Lauren and George Abbott. Screen play by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: *May*, Mary Astor; *Valerie*, Lilyan Tashman; *Fred*, Kenneth MacKenna; *Blake*, Hale Hamilton; *Rickie*, Tommy Conlon; *Bert Parker*, Earle Foxe; *Jake*, Forrester Harvey; *Bertha*, Virginia Sale; *Daley*, Pat O'Malley; *Mr. Hart*, Harvey Clark; *Mrs. Henry Abbott*, Cecil Cunningham; *Marshall*, Edwin Maxwell.

"THIRTEENTH GUEST, THE"—FIRST DIVISION-MONOGRAM.—From the novel by Armitage Trail. Adapted by Frances Hyland and Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Albert Ray. The cast: *Marie Morgan*, Ginger Rogers; *Winston*, Lyle Talbot; *Captain Ryan*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Harold Morgan*, James Eagle; *Thor Jensen*, Eddie Phillips; *Adams*, Erville Alderson; *Barksdale*, Robert Klein; *Dr. Sherwood*, Crauford Kent; *Marjorie*, Frances Rich; *Mrs. Thornton*, Ethel Wales; *Mr. Thornton*, Phillips Smalley; *Grump*, Paul Hurst; *Capt. Brown*, William Davidson.

"THRILL OF YOUTH, THE"—FIRST DIVISION-INVINCIBLE.—From the story by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Jill Fenwick*, June Clyde; *Jack Thayer*, Allen Vincent; *Seena Sherwood*, Dorothy Peterson; *Chet Thayer*, Matty Kemp; *Jeff Thayer*, George Irving; *Alice Fenwick*, Ethel Clayton; *Grandma Thayer*, Lucy Beaumont; *Grandpa Thayer*, Tom Ricketts; *Marcia Dale*, Caryl Lincoln; *Colby Sherwood*, Bryant Washburn.

"WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Maxwell Anderson. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: *Bullton Gwinnet Brown*, Lee Tracy; *Alice Wylie*, Constance Cummings; *Norton*, Alan Dinehart; *Senator Wylie*, Walter Connolly; *Clarence*, Clarence Muse; *Beef Brannigan*, Arthur Vinton; *Kelleher*, Frank Sheridan; *Conti*, Clay Clement; *Martin*, Sam Godfrey; *Willis*, Arthur Hoyt; *Beauchard*, Ernest Wood.



## Have You a Boy Friend WHO NEEDS A JOB?

**Y**OUNG woman, you can help him get one! Strange as it may seem in these times, there is a group of 500 manufacturers seeking bright young men—and women, too.

They can work right in their own home towns, and are offered an amazing variety of quick-selling novelties and high grade merchandise which every home must have.

Go right out today and invest ten cents in a copy of OPPORTUNITY MAGAZINE. It's on all newsstands. Give it to him and say, "Boy, there's your chance. Don't say I never gave you a start in life. Some day you may come to me and thank me for starting you in a real business career."

Even if he has never sold anything—if he has the gumption and any personality at all, he can make a success of direct selling. OPPORTUNITY tells him how to do it. The positions are there. It's up to him.

Obeys your impulse and do it today. You will probably be doing him a great favor at a time when he needs it.

**Special Limited Offer.** Send us the names of any friends that need work and we will send them a free sample of OPPORTUNITY without obligation. Address Dept. 2F.

## OPPORTUNITY

The Magazine That *Finds Jobs* and  
*Teaches Salesmanship*

919 North Michigan Avenue

CHICAGO



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109 ]

HOLLYWOOD is fast becoming one, big, happy nursery. Barbara Stanwyck is the latest to adopt a baby. For a long time she was to be found gazing longingly at toys in shop windows.

Little Dickie Moore was lucky enough to play with her in a picture and she showered him with all sorts of gifts.

She has been nurturing the names Michael and Kathleen for years and her adopted boy is called Dion, instead of Mike. No one knows the reason and she won't tell even her dearest friends where she found the child.

There is a trained nurse with him all day and that is the only cloud in Barbara's happiness.

She is trying to make up for the years by playing with the baby, but the nurse puts a limit on this with a time watch.

Husband Frank Fay adores the child almost as much as Barbara does.

AT last, the movie stars win the social recognition they've craved for lo, these many years.

A rather hoity-toity foreign consul in Los Angeles who has been very much wine and dined by the elite of Beverly Hills, recently remarked that he would now proceed to weed out his many acquaintances and concentrate

upon the motion picture folk, as they are really the only ones in California worth knowing.

And have those certain social leaders who treated the movie folk like book agents got red faces!

IF you had gone early to the last concert in the Hollywood Bowl this season, you would have seen Hedda Hopper and Verree Teasdale (old friends) calmly sitting on one of the hard benches eating chicken sandwiches and drinking coffee from a thermos bottle.

They wanted good seats so they came early, made their choice and brought their supper along!

A HOLLYWOOD columnist vouches for this one.

It seems Groucho Marx was parked double on Hollywood Boulevard and a huge truck tried to get by.

"Hey, there," the truck driver shouted, "get that thing out of there."

Groucho's little son popped his head out of the window and yelled, "Hey, there, yourself. That's no way to talk to an actor."

WHEN Director Frank Borzage chose Alice Adair for a part in Helen Hayes' and Gary Cooper's "A Farewell to Arms," he an-

nounced that it was because of her *expressive* legs.

He was swamped by inquiries. What did he mean—*expressive legs*?

So Frank prepared a statement showing how feet and legs express emotion and why they are valuable to pictures for other things than attracting the male attention. Here it is, dried down to a few sentences:

*Love*: the girl who likes to rise on her toes likes to be kissed.

*Anger*: the young lady who keeps the ball of one foot off the ground is subject to fits of anger.

*Shyness*: the girl who winds one foot around the calf of the leg is a shrinking violet.

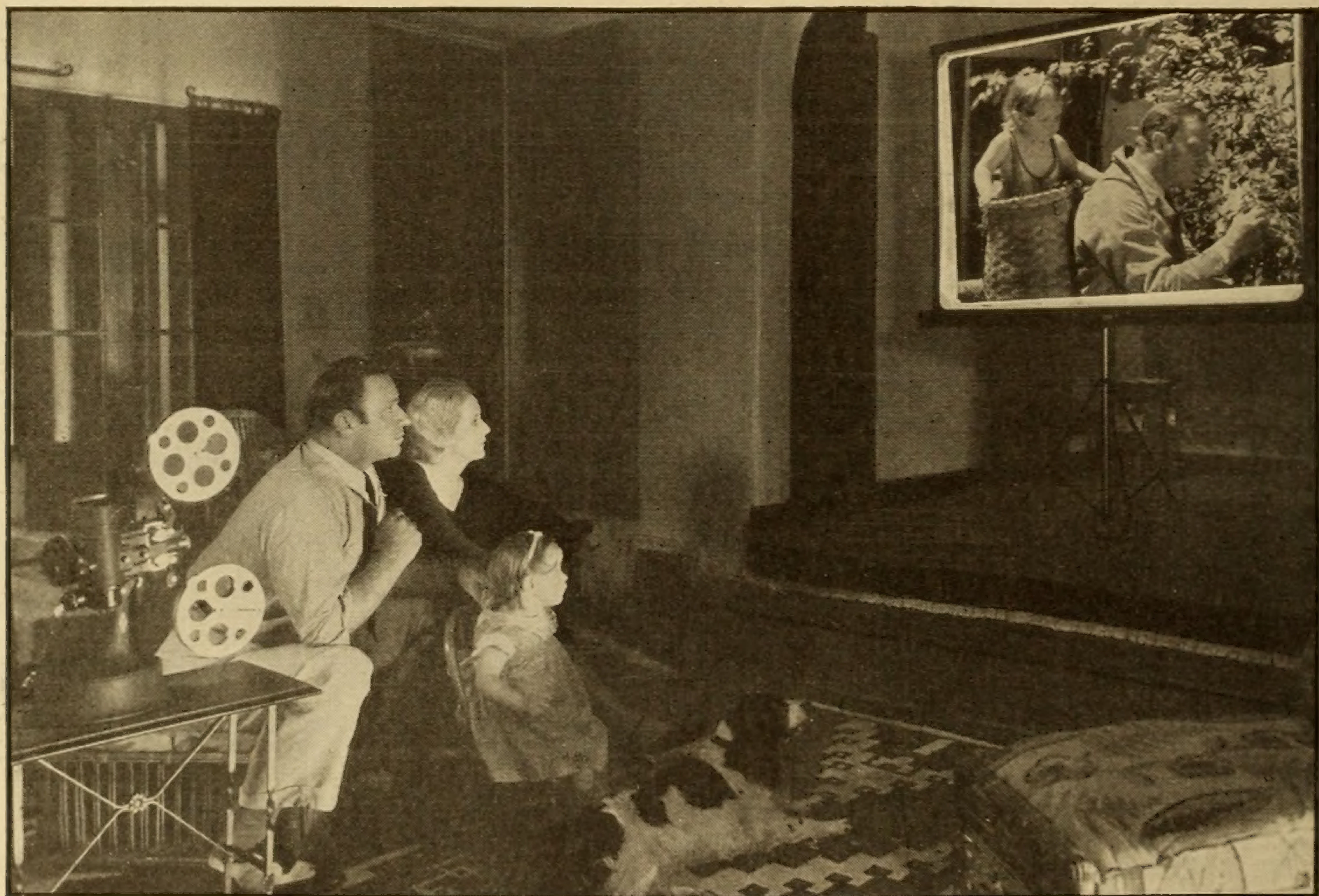
*Embarrassment*: she who presses one foot with the ball of the other reveals embarrassment.

*Covetousness*: the gold digger invariably puts the toe of one slipper under the arch of the other.

*Confidence*: one who crosses her legs unconsciously is always at ease and believes in herself.

*Defiance*: if a girl takes a seat, stretches her legs out with knees nearly straight—she defies convention. And she's a dangerous dame.

Read your characteristics by your legs, girls. It's Hollywood's latest method!



Clarence Sinclair Bull

We'll leave it up to you—did you ever see a cuter picture? Wally Beery, his wife and their precious adopted child, Carol Ann, watching movies that Mrs. Beery took of Wally and the baby. That's how Wally carries little Carol around when he is working in his garden. Just look at Carol as she sees herself!





*"Nature in the Raw  
is seldom MILD"*

THE RAID ON THE  
SABINE WOMEN

"Nature in the Raw"—as portrayed by Saul Tepper... inspired by the story of the Roman warriors' ruthless capture of the Sabine village for the express purpose of carrying off its women (290 B. C.).

## —and raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes

They are *not* present in Luckies  
... the *mildest* cigarette  
you ever smoked

WE buy the finest, the very  
finest tobaccos in all the  
world—but that does not ex-  
plain why folks everywhere  
regard Lucky Strike as the  
mildest cigarette. The fact is, we  
never overlook the truth that  
"Nature in the Raw is Seldom

Mild"—so these fine tobaccos,  
after proper aging and mellow-  
ing, are then given the benefit  
of that Lucky Strike purify-  
ing process, described by the  
words—"It's toasted". That's  
why folks in every city, town  
and hamlet say that Luckies are  
such mild cigarettes.

**"It's toasted"**  
That package of mild Luckies

*"If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, tho he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."*—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.  
Does not this explain the world-wide acceptance and approval of Lucky Strike?





FOR ALL CLEANING FROM VITREOUS CHINA TO FIREPLACES



PLUMBING FIXTURES BY KOHLER OF KOHLER

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER IS

# the only cleanser you need in your home

*What a saving that is!...one cleanser that eliminates the need for all others, that cleans more things, cleans quicker, and costs less to use because it goes further*

Old Dutch is unequalled for bathroom, sink and refrigerator, as well as for the heavier cleaning tasks of removing smoke, soot and stains from porcelain stoves, brick fireplaces, and accessories.

There's a simple scientific reason why Old Dutch costs less to use. It is because its flaky, flat-shaped particles cover more surface, consequently go further and do more cleaning.

Old Dutch Cleanser doesn't scratch, doesn't clog drains, keeps hands lovely too, because it contains no caustic or acid. Possessing a distinctive detergent energy Old Dutch Cleanser quickly removes both visible dirt and invisible impurities, bringing wholesome healthful cleanliness.

Use this modern cleanser throughout your home, and like millions of other women you will find it is the only cleanser you need.

**The largest selling cleanser in the world**

## Read Mrs. Petrey's interesting experience with Old Dutch

"Being a graduate nurse, cleanliness to me does not mean ordinary cleaning or ordinary cleansers. Therefore, from my front door to my back door, the woodwork is kept spotless, light fixtures gleaming, bathroom bright, mirrors and windows polished, china and silver free from stains with nothing but Old Dutch Cleanser.

"It is unsurpassed for cleaning linoleum, painted furniture, tiled or brick fireplaces, children's toys or pearl buttons on their clothes. Also for removing vegetable stains from aluminum or china.

"For these reasons my supply shelf is always stocked with Old Dutch Cleanser"

(Signed) MRS. FRANK PETREY, JR.  
Florala, Ala.



**This is the Old Dutch Rubber Cleaning Sponge.** Convenient and practical. A little Old Dutch and this sponge do a quick, thorough cleaning job. An attractive bathroom accessory. Send for it today. Mail 10c and the windmill panel from an Old Dutch Cleanser label for each sponge.

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER,  
Dept. M237, 221 North LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_